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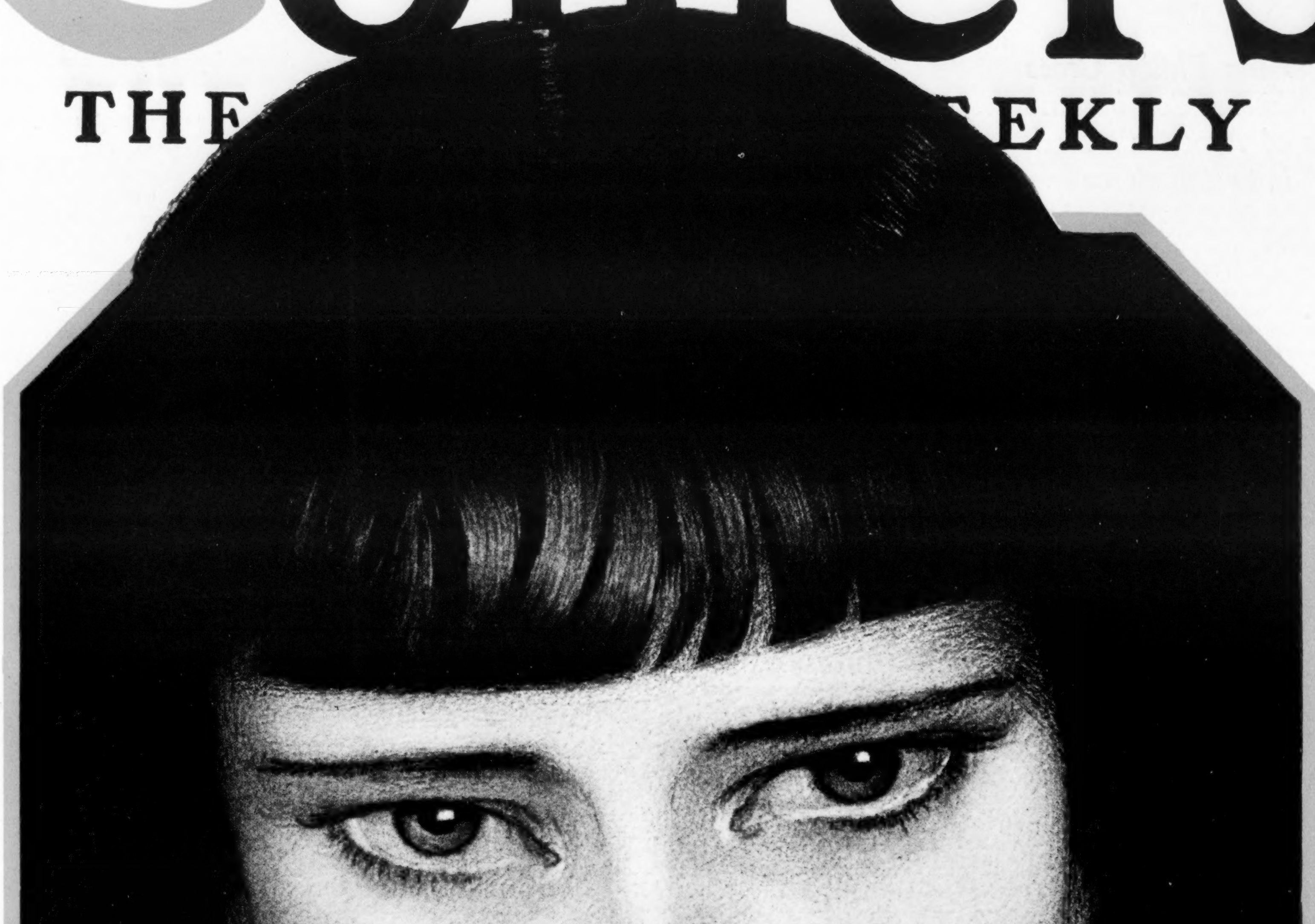

Cover by
W. T. Benda

"WHITE FIRE"—*By Louis Jos*

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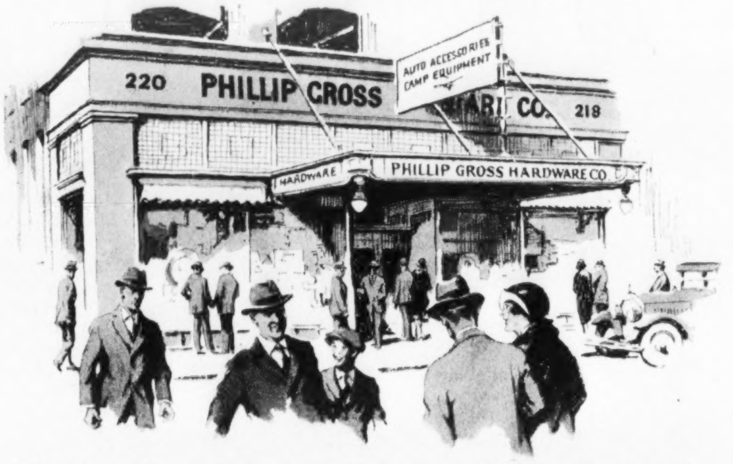
An idea that built a $2,000,000 hardware business



Hardware dealers generally have been slow to realize the value of carrying nationally advertised products, always thinking that a small extra discount or a trifle lower price was to be desired in preference to large turnover. That is why hardware stores on the whole have only from 2 to 3 turnovers a year, although the turnover on nationally advertised products is from 5 to 6 times.

Arthur E. Gross, *President*

How the Phillip Gross Hardware Co. became one of America's leading retail stores

ONE of the largest and best equipped hardware stores in the United States is the Phillip Gross Hardware & Supply Company, of Milwaukee.

Although most retail hardware stores come well under the $100,000 class, Gross does a business of $2,000,000 annually.

This remarkable business has been built upon an *idea*, part of which is expressed in the slogan, "If it's from Gross it's Good."

The rest of the idea has been expressed by Mr. Gross in the statement above—*reliance upon nationally advertised products.*

A policy that has paid

"Our slogan," says Mr. A. G. Heinmiller, merchandise manager of Gross Hardware, "has made it almost necessary for us to carry nationally advertised products, as they carry a guarantee that stands right back of our promise.

"In all of our advertising, most of which is done in the daily papers, we make an effort to tie-up with national advertisements in the Woman's Home Companion and other magazines."

A portion of the company's business is wholesale—and that too stresses nationally advertised products.

How manufacturers help

The Phillip Gross Hardware & Supply Company has simply demonstrated in a striking manner a fact that successful merchants in *all* lines of business recognize: *National advertising is the best kind of local advertising for the retail merchant.*

In the columns below, for instance, is a list of products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion—America's greatest woman's magazine.

Every month women in 2,000,000 of America's best homes read Companion advertisements featuring these products.

Right now scores of women *in your neighborhood* are reading manufacturers' advertisements in the August Woman's Home Companion—advertisements of products *you* carry.

Who these women are

They are the women in 2,000,000 of the better homes. They belong to the above average families—people whose incomes are above the average, who own their homes, who have families to clothe and feed, who buy steadily and in good volume.

These are the kind of customers that make a retail business pay. Only a *few* more, added to your regular business, would make a big difference in your net profit at the end of each month.

Tie-ups that bring business

Every month these women spend thousands of dollars for merchandise in your trade area as a direct result of manufacturers' advertisements in the Woman's Home Companion.

Are you getting this trade?

Are you letting these women know that *your* store is the place to get this merchandise?

Manufacturers are ready to help you do this. They supply you with window trims, counter displays and other means of tying up with their national advertising.

They are willing to do everything possible to help you let people know *where to get the goods*—after the desire for them has been created.

The open door to better business

This is the method by which Gross Hardware and a great many other successful retailers have built up volume and profit.

Irrespective of the kind of business you are in, the same method is at your disposal. You too can get this profitable, above average trade in the same way that others are getting it.

FIRST: Carry the merchandise advertised in the Woman's Home Companion.

SECOND: *Feature* this merchandise—let people know that you carry these Companion-advertised products.

In the list of Companion-advertised products below check those you carry and start featuring them now. Also ask the salesmen and representatives of these lines for advertising and display suggestions. They will be glad to give them to you.

Why not start *now* to make your store known as the place where these products can be bought? Begin this week to use more and more of the display material manufacturers have sent you, and to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion customers.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

2,000,000 CIRCULATION THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion

AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY
Dodge Automobile
Franklin Automobile

BUILDING MATERIALS
American Face Brick
American Walnut
Church Sani-White Toilet Seats
Niagara Blue Ribbon Wall Paper
Standard Plumbing Fixtures
Truscon Home Building Products
Upson Processed Board
Wall Paper Manufacturers' Association

CAMERAS & SUPPLIES
Eastman Films
Kodaks

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS
B. V. D. Underwear
Bon Ton Corsets
Bucilla Embroidery Cottons
Carter's Knit Underwear
Clark's O-N-T Spool Cotton
Deltor Patterns
Denton's Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments
Forest Mills Underwear
Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear
Gordon Hosiery
Gossard Corsets
Holeproof Hosiery
Kotex
Meadow Lane Cloth
Modart Corsets
Munsingwear Hosiery and Underwear
Nashua Blankets
Pamico Cloth
Pepperell Sheets, Sheeting, Pillow Cases and Pillow Tubing
Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases
Pictorial Review Patterns
P. N. Practical Front Corsets
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits
Rubens Infant Shirts
Scranton Laces
Treo Elastic Girdle
Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases
Warner's Corsets
Yeoman Cloth

CONFECTIONERY & SOFT DRINKS
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Coca Cola
Wrigley's Chewing Gum

DRUGS & TOILET GOODS
Absorbine Jr.
Albright Tooth Brush
Allen's Foot Ease
Ajax Combs
Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations
Armand Cold Cream Powder
Blue-Jay Corn Plaster
Boncilla Preparations
Brownatone
Cheramy's Cappi and April Showers Perfumes
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Cutex Manicure Preparations
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream
Del-A-Tone
Deodo
Eno's Fruit Salts
Fairy Soap
Forhan's For the Gums
Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
Glostora
Glyco-Thymoline
Goldman's, Mary T., Hair Color Restorer
Hopper, Edna Wallace, Beauty Preparations
Hygeia Nursing Bottle
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Ipana Tooth Paste
Ivory Soap
Jergen's Lotion
Johnson's Baby Powder
Kleenex, The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
Kolynos Dental Cream
Lablache Face Powder
Lifebuoy
Liquid Arvon
Listerine
Listerine Tooth Paste
Lysol Disinfectant
May Breath Tablets
Mennen Borated Talcum Powder
Mum Preparations
Neet
Nonspi Deodorant
Norida Vanitie Case
Nujol
Odorono Preparations
Ovaltine
Packer's Liquid Tar Soap Shampoo
Palmolive Soap
Pepsodent Dentifrice
Pinaud's, Ed., Hair Tonic
Pompeian Creams
Pond's Creams
Primrose House Preparations
Princess Pat Preparations
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Resinol Soap
Roger & Gallet Products
Squibb's Products
Vantine's Temple Incense
Vauv
Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Cocoa Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Hair Tonic
Woodbury's Facial Preparations
Yardley's Old English Lavender
Zip
Zonite

FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES
Armour's Star Products
Beech-Nut Products
Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
B. & M. Fish Flakes
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Brer Rabbit Molasses
Campbell's Soups
Certo
Cream of Wheat
Crisco
Del Monte Products
Diamond Crystal Salt
Dromedary Dates
Eatmor Cranberries
Ferry's Purebred Seeds
Fleischmann's Yeast
French's Cream Salad Mustard
French's D. S. F. Mustard
Gold Medal Flour
Grape Nuts
Hawaiian Pineapple
Heinz 57 Varieties
Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour
Jell-O
Klim
Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Libby's Products
Maxwell House Coffee
Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
Mellin's Food
Minute Tapioca
Morton's Salt
None Such Mince Meat
Nucoa
Pillsbury Pancake Flour
Post Toasties
Postum
Premier Salad Dressing
Quaker Oats
Quaker Puffed Rice
Quaker Puffed Wheat
Royal Baking Powder
Snowdrift
Sun-Maid Raisins
Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
Sunshine Biscuits
Swift's Premium Brand Products
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
Washington, G., Prepared Coffee
Wesson Oil
Wheatena—The Whole Wheat Cereal

FURNITURE & FURNISHINGS
Armstrong's Linoleum
Bee-Vac Standard Electric Cleaner
Berkey & Gay Furniture
Bird's Neponset Rugs
Bissell Carpet Sweeper
Blabon Art Linoleum
Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Davenport Bed
Dupont Tontine
Everhot Electric Cooker
G. E. Electrical Supplies
Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle
Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs
Griswold Kitchen Ware
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, The
Hotpoint Electric Devices
Imperial Tables
Kiddie Koop
Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting
Kroehler Living Room Furniture
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriage and Furniture
Loraine Oven Heat Regulator
Marsden Kold-or-Hot Utility Glass
Masland Argonne Rugs
Mirro Aluminum Ware
Mohawk Rugs
Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
Niagara Refrigerator
Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
Ozite Rug Cushion
Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
Standard Hood Seal
Stevens Bed Spreads
Universal Cutlery
Whittall Rugs

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE
Community Plate
Heirloom Plate Silverware
Holmes & Edwards Silver
Sessions Clock
Seth Thomas Clocks
Tudor Plate
Wallace Silver

MUSICAL
Atwater Kent Radio
Brunswick Phonographs—Records—Radiolas
Music Master Radio Products
Victrola—Victor Records

PAINTS AND HARDWARE
Acme Quality Paints
Alabastine
Kyanize Varnish Enamel
Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
Valentine's Valspar Varnish and Enamel

SHOES & SHOE FURNISHINGS
2-in-1 Shoe Polish
Arch Preserver Shoe, The
Bixby's Liquid Polish
Cantilever Shoe
Endicott-Johnson Shoes
Jung's The Original Arch Braces
Queen Quality Shoes

SOAPS & HOUSEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES
A. P. W. Toilet Papers
Bon Ami
Chipso
Colgate's Fab
Fairbank's Gold Dust Washing Powder
Fels-Naptha Soap
Ivory Soap Flakes
Johnson's Liquid Wax
LaFrance for Washing
Lux
O-Cedar Polish
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
P & G, The White Naphtha Soap
Rinso
Rit Fast Dyes and Tints
Sani Flush
Sapolio

STATIONERY & BOOKS
American Boy, The
Dennison Paper Novelties
Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
Le Page's Glue
Wahl Co. Products—Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

It was *News* to her

THE idea came to her through a magazine advertisement she happened to see:

Using Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a perspiration deodorant:

"Just apply it clear with a towel or wash cloth," the magazine said. "It evaporates quickly, leaves you immaculate and so refreshed. Try it. You'll be delighted."

It was news to her. But she tried it that evening and it worked. She has been using Listerine this way ever since.

Particularly, she is pleased with the fact that Listerine does not irritate even the most tender skin. Nor does it injure or stain the most fragile fabric.

If you question the deodorizing properties of Listerine, make this simple test some day:

Rub a little fresh onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears!

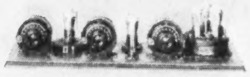
We felt you'd be glad to know about this new use for an old friend—pass it along to friends of yours. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*the safe antiseptic*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

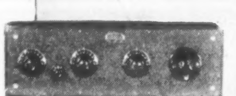
ATWATER KENT RADIO

A glimpse of the studio of COLES PHILLIPS, *the artist, where the Model 20 Compact is installed This set is priced at $80*

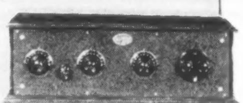


Model 10—$80

Radio Speakers
priced from $12 to $28



Model 20—$80



Model 24—$100

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada

Make your decision on MERIT *alone*

WHEN you buy your radio go about it this way: See every make you are considering. Look at it inside and out. Is it a clean, workmanlike job?

Hear every radio in action. Judge it for tone and volume, selectivity and distance. Has any one feature been sacrificed to over-emphasize another?

Ask the dealer who wants your business. What does he say of each manufacturer? What set does he know will make and keep friends for him?

Consider cost. Think of appearance and performance, length of service and ease of operation. What does each set offer for the money?

Then make your decision on merit alone. Every Atwater Kent Receiving Set and Radio Speaker has been sold on that basis. That is the only basis on which we want to do our future business.

*Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock (eastern daylight time) through stations—*WEAF *New York;* WJAR *Providence;* WEEI *Boston;* WFI *Philadelphia;* WCAE *Pittsburgh;* WGR *Buffalo;* WWJ *Detroit;* WCCO *Minneapolis-St. Paul;* WOC *Davenport;* WSAI *Cincinnati.* : : : : : : : :

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4751 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Write for illustrated booklet telling the story of Atwater Kent Radio

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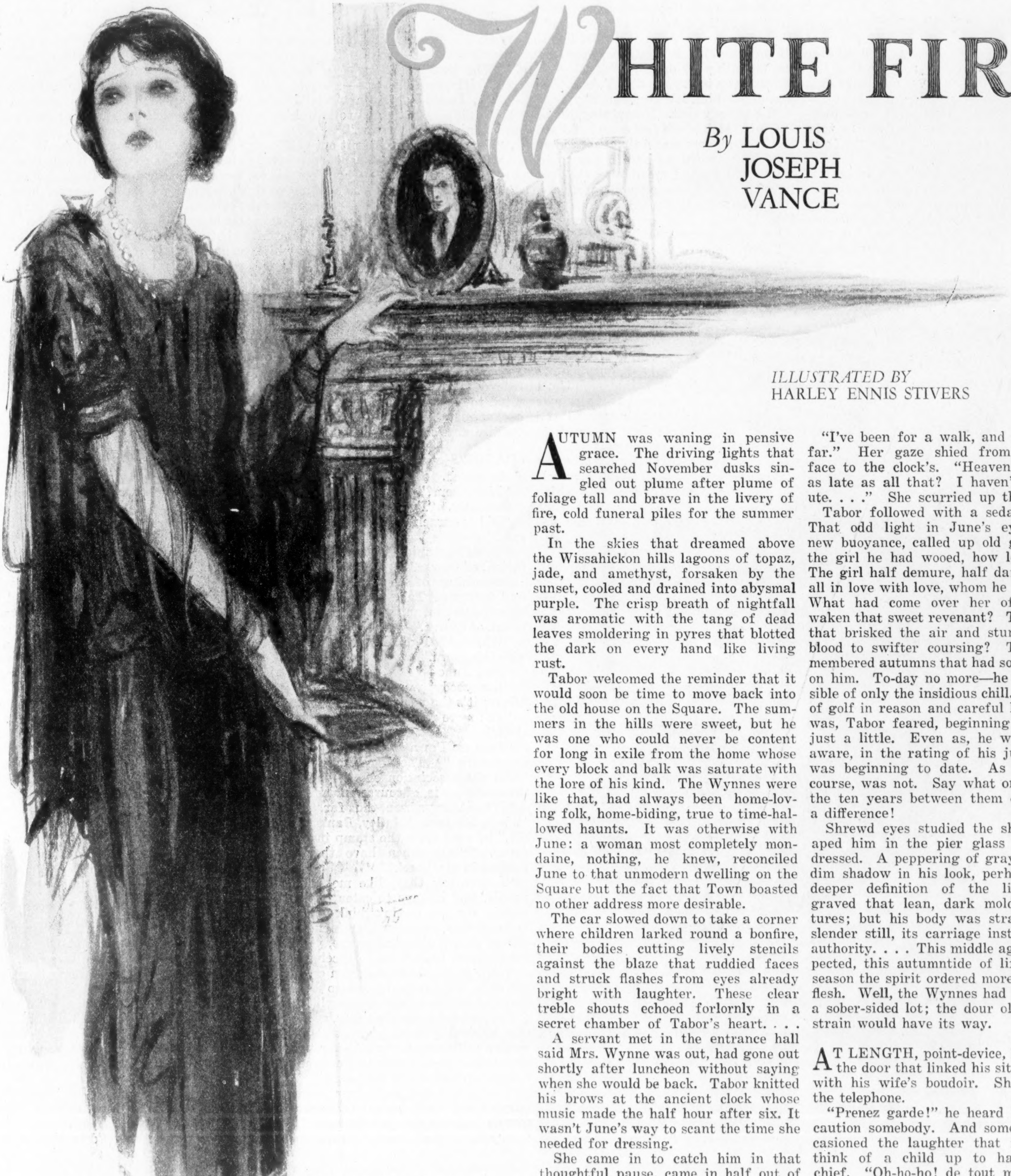
WHITE FIRE

By LOUIS
JOSEPH
VANCE



"Don't you understand I can't bear any more of this? Don't you think I've been insulted enough to deserve to be left alone?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

AUTUMN was waning in pensive grace. The driving lights that searched November dusks singled out plume after plume of foliage tall and brave in the livery of fire, cold funeral piles for the summer past.

In the skies that dreamed above the Wissahickon hills lagoons of topaz, jade, and amethyst, forsaken by the sunset, cooled and drained into abysmal purple. The crisp breath of nightfall was aromatic with the tang of dead leaves smoldering in pyres that blotted the dark on every hand like living rust.

Tabor welcomed the reminder that it would soon be time to move back into the old house on the Square. The summers in the hills were sweet, but he was one who could never be content for long in exile from the home whose every block and balk was saturate with the lore of his kind. The Wynnes were like that, had always been home-loving folk, home-biding, true to time-hallowed haunts. It was otherwise with June: a woman most completely mondaine, nothing, he knew, reconciled June to that unmodern dwelling on the Square but the fact that Town boasted no other address more desirable.

The car slowed down to take a corner where children larked round a bonfire, their bodies cutting lively stencils against the blaze that ruddied faces and struck flashes from eyes already bright with laughter. These clear treble shouts echoed forlornly in a secret chamber of Tabor's heart. . . .

A servant met in the entrance hall said Mrs. Wynne was out, had gone out shortly after luncheon without saying when she would be back. Tabor knitted his brows at the ancient clock whose music made the half hour after six. It wasn't June's way to scant the time she needed for dressing.

She came in to catch him in that thoughtful pause, came in half out of breath, and brought a face, that softly burned beneath a skin, to Tabor's lips, like cool damask, and eyes in whose deeps a strange glow pulsed, as they might have harbored memories, slow to fade, of those autumnal bonfires. Her husband's arms, his kiss, she suffered like a half-tamed creature, unafraid but hardly patient.

"I've been for a walk, and went too far." Her gaze shied from Tabor's face to the clock's. "Heavens! Is it as late as all that? I haven't a minute. . . ." She scurried up the stairs.

Tabor followed with a sedater gait. That odd light in June's eyes, that new buoyance, called up old ghosts of the girl he had wooed, how long ago! The girl half demure, half daring, and all in love with love, whom he had won. What had come over her of late to waken that sweet revenant? This frost that brisked the air and stung young blood to swifter coursing? Tabor remembered autumns that had so wrought on him. To-day no more—he was sensible of only the insidious chill. In spite of golf in reason and careful living, he was, Tabor feared, beginning to creak just a little. Even as, he wasn't unaware, in the rating of his juniors he was beginning to date. As June, of course, was not. Say what one would, the ten years between them did make a difference!

Shrewd eyes studied the shape that aped him in the pier glass while he dressed. A peppering of gray hairs, a dim shadow in his look, perhaps some deeper definition of the lines that graved that lean, dark mold of features; but his body was straight and slender still, its carriage instinct with authority. . . . This middle age, he suspected, this autumntide of life, was a season the spirit ordered more than the flesh. Well, the Wynnes had ever been a sober-sided lot; the dour old Quaker strain would have its way.

AT LENGTH, point-device, he opened the door that linked his sitting-room with his wife's boudoir. She was on the telephone.

"Prenez garde!" he heard her gayly caution somebody. And something occasioned the laughter that made one think of a child up to happy mischief. "Oh-ho-ho! de tout mon cœur! Alors. . . ." For no reason apparent, June changed her mind about saying more. "Au 'voir," she all but brusquely uttered. Her eyebrows climbed a line. "Oh, Tabor! You there? I didn't hear you."

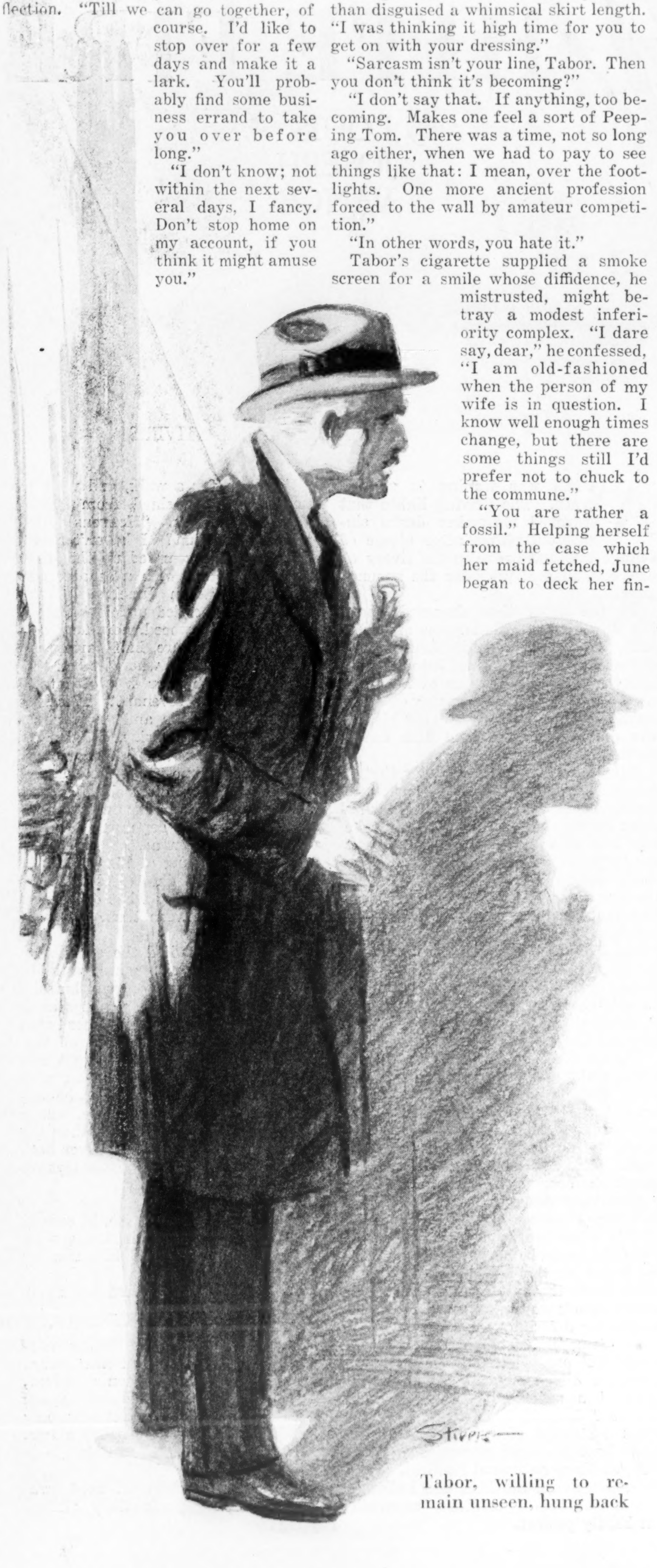
The least inquisitive of men pronounced a quite perfunctory "Interrupting?"

"Dear, no! It was only May." That elder sister of June's was the wife of a fellow named Todwarren who had recently made too many millions manufacturing automobiles. "She and Tod are motoring over to New York to-morrow and want me to go along." June turned to study herself in a full-length mirror. "I suppose I really ought to do some shopping, but it can wait."

"For what?"

She made an impish face at his reflection. "Till we can go together, of course. I'd like to stop over for a few days and make it a lark. You'll probably find some business errand to take you over before long."

"I don't know; not within the next several days, I fancy. Don't stop home on my account, if you think it might amuse you."



Tabor, willing to remain unseen, hung back

"Oh, there's no hurry." June put on a critical frown. "You haven't told me whether you like this frock."

Tabor focused a stare. "Is it a frock?" It seemed more a sketch, cynical and exquisite, done in wisps of silk crêpe lightly sown with seed pearls, over a meager slip of the same pale peach color that toned so confusingly into tints of naked flesh; with no back to speak of above the waist line and panels from it trailing to the floor that rather paraded than disguised a whimsical skirt length. "I was thinking it high time for you to get on with your dressing."

"Sarcasm isn't your line, Tabor. Then you don't think it's becoming?"

"I don't say that. If anything, too becoming. Makes one feel a sort of Peeping Tom. There was a time, not so long ago either, when we had to pay to see things like that: I mean, over the footlights. One more ancient profession forced to the wall by amateur competition."

"In other words, you hate it."

Tabor's cigarette supplied a smoke screen for a smile whose diffidence, he mistrusted, might betray a modest inferiority complex. "I dare say, dear," he confessed, "I am old-fashioned when the person of my wife is in question. I know well enough times change, but there are some things still I'd prefer not to chuck to the commune."

"You are rather a fossil." Helping herself from the case which her maid fetched, June began to deck her fingers with jewels. "But rather a lamb too. Not like Tod. He's such a stick, forever making May uncomfortable in public when he doesn't choose to approve her taste."

"Tod and May coming to-night?"

"No fear. Just enough to make up two tables: Alice Meade and Effie, Lance Fairless, Everett Flynn, Tom Whitaker, and Sibyl Frazier."

"Lance Fairless?"

"For Effie's sake."

"Oh?" Tabor was frankly amazed. "Really?"

"Why not?"

"Well! But Fairless—

"Oh, Lance has sown his wild oats. And Effie's just the girl to keep him in the straight and narrow."

"Hope so, I'm sure. Is it out yet?"

"Their engagement hasn't been given to the papers, if that's what you mean. But everybody knows they're as good as." June topped off her bedizenment with a string of smoky, beadlike objects which she took from a flat box, bound in emerald shagreen and lined with white satin. "Speaking as a Wynne," she pursued, clasping this ornament round her neck, "and an F. F. P.—"

"Hello?"

"First Family of Philadelphia, of course. . . . Speaking as such, have you any further exception to take to Lance Fairless as a guest?"

"Not if the boy's decided in his own mind to put his morals on a par with his manners. His father set a pattern worth Lance's living up to."

TABOR'S eyes puckered under brows to match. "Black pearls, dear?"

"Like them?" June laughed a shade consciously. "I've been shopping."

"Did yourself rather well, didn't you?"

"Don't be stupid, Tabor. They're imitation, of course."

Something of the indulgence that had informed Tabor's bearing passed. "You're not meaning to wear them to-night, of course."

"Why not? I got them specially to go with this gown."

"But, June—"

"Everybody wears imitations nowadays; it's the mode."

"The more reason why you shouldn't, then."

"Because I'm a Wynne by marriage, I presume!" The laugh was brittle. "And the association of a Wynne with sham jewelry is, of course, unthinkable."

"It has always been, thus far." Tabor took up the box. "Bailey, Banks & Biddle," he read from the stamp inside the cover. "Since when have they been dealing in pinchbeck?"

"I dare say they, like most tradespeople, find it pays to cater to the demand. But you needn't think that these are ordinary imitations, or inexpensive either. . . . Unless, of course, you prefer to think I'm trying to deceive you."

Tabor dropped the shagreen case.

"Well, what else is one to believe? . . . the way you keep nagging!"

Confounded to see that face, of beauty ever unrivaled in his sight, sullen of a sudden with cheap rage, Tabor put off his frown. "You misunderstood me," he quietly protested. "I am sorry."

"I should hope so!" June retorted, nursing her made-up grievance with a savage jealousy that bewildered. "Most assuredly I shall wear them to-night, since you have chosen to be so petty."

A moment of falter ended in a slight bow, "As you like." A round white shoulder was firmly cool to him. Tabor went to the door and let himself out.

But the riddle fretted him all evening long. What could have made June so keen to pick a quarrel? He had intended no offense, but merely to indicate native inability to relish the thought of his wife tricked out in trumpery. And on that flimsy pretext for holding herself affronted she had pounced with an appetite as indisputable as incomprehensible.

And then that curt rejection of an apology he hadn't owed! . . .

In the background of consciousness misgivings stirred like formless wraiths. Their life in marriage had been so notable for its freedom from shabby frictions. The adjustments that had from time to time become necessary had in every instance been effected without ill feeling. Whereas to-night . . .

A LANE of candles led down the dinner table to June's poised and suavely modeled bust. Their tricky light made it difficult now, in fact, to discriminate the flesh from its silken sheathing. Even the jewels she was wearing seemed peculiarly integral to June's person—bar, of course, those confounded "pearls." For all that, one could readily credit them with being what June had asserted they were, counterfeits anything but cheap. Or was it to candleshine they owed that weird luster which would have better suited fruit of black alchemy than standardized products of a latter-day commercial laboratory? They stained the fairness of that bosom like a lawless caress, yet curiously enhanced June's troubling charm, lent her the look, the lure, even to eyes that long years had loved her, of an unknown woman.

Young Fairless, placed between June and Effie Meade, was aware of his hostess as though her wit and loveliness eclipsed all else at that end of the table. as Tabor had no doubt they did. . . . Not that Lance was slighting the pretty young person to whom "everybody" knew he was "as good as," but that, however nicely studious he might be to include Effie in their conversation, it was to June that his delight turned constantly. Or was something amiss with Tabor's vision? Was it, too, fogged by the confusion that trifling scene upstairs an hour ago had brewed? Effie's soft radiance was patently ignorant of any shadow; Alice Meade was plumply beaming on the picture of her darling's happiness. . . .

Looking round at random, June surprised Tabor's dark stare. She gave it a countenance tranquil and smiling till something else Fairless found to say claimed her attention; yet Tabor was left with an impression that she had looked through and beyond more than at him, as she might have been lightly mused by thoughts not his to fathom. And he observed, too, eyes again warm with that strange candescence which they brought home from June's walk. The cloud on his understanding thickened.

But then he saw June collecting the eyes of the other women. There was a thrusting back of chairs, and in an atmosphere at once gratefully eased, for Tabor at least, the males drew in to his end of the table.

"I wanted to ask you, sir," Lance Fairless said directly, with a light nod that remarked the detachment of Whitaker and Flynn in friendly wrangling—"if you could manage a few minutes for me some time to-morrow at your office."

Tabor said "Gladly"—his eyebrows taking a moderate slant, so that Fairless nervously smiled.

"There's something I'd be glad to get your professional advice on, if you don't mind; a little matter that's worrying me more than I like. And I know Dad would rather I consulted you than anybody."

Tabor's rather wintry courtesy was touched by a slight thaw. "I shall be happy if I can be of service to your father's son, Lance."

"He thought an awful lot of you, sir, and your father too. About what time would it be convenient to have me stagger in?"

Tabor suggested four in the afternoon, but promptly, seeing his guest's eyes go blank, set that hour forward to half after twelve.

"Splendid! Look for me on the dot. Frightf'ly good of you, sir."

Something in Tabor, sense of proportion as much as vanity, repudiated so much deference. He didn't mind being sirred in reason, but he wasn't entirely a venerable relic yet, or Lance still a raw cub. Though it might seem no time at all since the Square had been making allowances for Lance on the ground that boys would be boys, to allege that excuse—presuming, what would be lamentable, any need to—on behalf of this finished product of to-day would be straining charity a bit.

Come to think of it, Lance couldn't be more than two or three years younger than June—he looked her senior by as many. The webbing round those clever eyes, their cast of slightly fagged derision, the rakish set of full lips in the shadow of that curt mustache, lent Lance the look they wear who have learned to know their way about too well; a look that will carry a passably personable man far with the run of women; as, going on all reports, it had carried Lance, with his peculiarly picturesque gesture, too far with too many. Though that was no more than Town expected of a Fairless.

Well, it was to be hoped this latest report was well grounded, that Lance had at last decided to settle down. If he had, chances were he wouldn't find life too difficult. They had a way of getting on, those Fairlesses, when they put their minds to it. A brilliant lot, too brilliant at times for their own good. Secret history accredited them with more than one flaming antic from whose issue they had in most instances owed immunity, and social amnesty as well, to those very personal graces which had been responsible for their lapses. Lance's father, far and away the best of his lot, had been deeply indebted to Tabor's for friendly offices, once upon a scandalous time. . . .

A HEAVY evening in the rôle of host, and a whim Tom Whitaker had to stop behind the other guests for gossip which ran well into an hour, kept Tabor's mind busy enough till bedtime. It was hard on to one o'clock when he was free to go the rounds of conscientious habit and make sure the house was properly locked up; a duty which he declined to delegate because he was a Wynne and took a sort of sober pleasure in celebrating this nightly rite. A sense, that only householders know, of property organized and functioning in smooth obedience to its owner's will, a comfortable sense of command over material environment, impregnated his temper like a soothing draft when he turned out the lights and addressed himself to the stairs—and was dispelled only in his own rooms when he discovered that the door to June's boudoir was closed.

This reminder that his wife had gone to bed without bidding him good night halted Tabor in a long dark stare. He could not remember when this had ever happened in all their time together, or that June had ever before neglected to leave her door ajar the night long, either.

He undressed slowly, loath to read the symbol of that shut door, loath to believe the woman he loved could still be fomenting an irrational spite. And long after his eyes had tired of conning type that held neither meaning for him nor forgetfulness, and he had put out his bedside light, he lay wakeful.

It seemed to Tabor at length that he might not rest so long as that misunderstanding remained an open wound, and that it did not matter if he must humble himself to heal it who had done nothing willfully to create it. He switched on the lamp, got into a dressing gown, and quietly opened the communicating door.

A shaded small light burned in the boudoir; the chamber beyond was dark and silent.

Tabor went on, however, padding noiselessly in his slippers, till he stood over June's bed. Her head made a smudge upon the pillow; an arm that lay outside the covers described a cool, fair curve. In the vibrant stillness measured breathing was just distinguishable. Yet he had a feeling that she was not asleep, that she had counted on his making this overture and had kept awake for it—felt quite sure that June was sorry she had treated him unkindly and was only waiting for him to be the first to sue for reconciliation. He was touched and forgiving, as one will be who is ready to sacrifice *amour propre* to love, was moved by deep tenderness for the woman lying there, and his heart yearned upon her who was flesh of his flesh.

Still, she made no sign.

He said at length, in a hushed voice: "June?"

Not so much as a lifting finger answered.

TABOR was satisfied, notwithstanding, that his wife was completely aware of him. All at once he was affected as though the very air between them were charged with emotions his presence at her bedside inspired in June—with an aversion that lacked little of hatred's stature, the growth of an inexplicable inability in her to be generous as her husband was prepared to be generous. He could by no means understand how this should be, but only that it strangely and most terribly was, and knew of it heartsickness. Still, and for all that, presently Tabor bent over the bed till his lips touched June's hair, and his whisper said, "I am sorry, June. . . ."

She made no stir whatever.

He went heavily back to bed, and only toward daybreak drifted into a drowse from which he broke punctually, if rustily, to get ready for his day in harness.

June's maid met him in the boudoir with the guarded information that Mrs. Wynne had not waked up yet. His car was already crunching the drive, and at the office more than one importunate affair was awaiting his attention. Tabor went sadly out into sadness of the morning.

Overnight the weather had changed, making an end to a long spell of fair, dry days. The hills were swathed with gauze of heliotrope and pearl, mist clung like smoke to the silver reaches of the Wissahickon, the splendor the trees yesterday had flaunted was faded as if overlaid with a film of ash. The roads were greasy with dew which the sodden air might not take up. Stalks of thick gray fume grew tall from mounds of leaves that burned without flame.

Tabor dully wondered if life too signalized the turning into its last phase with days of such melancholy.

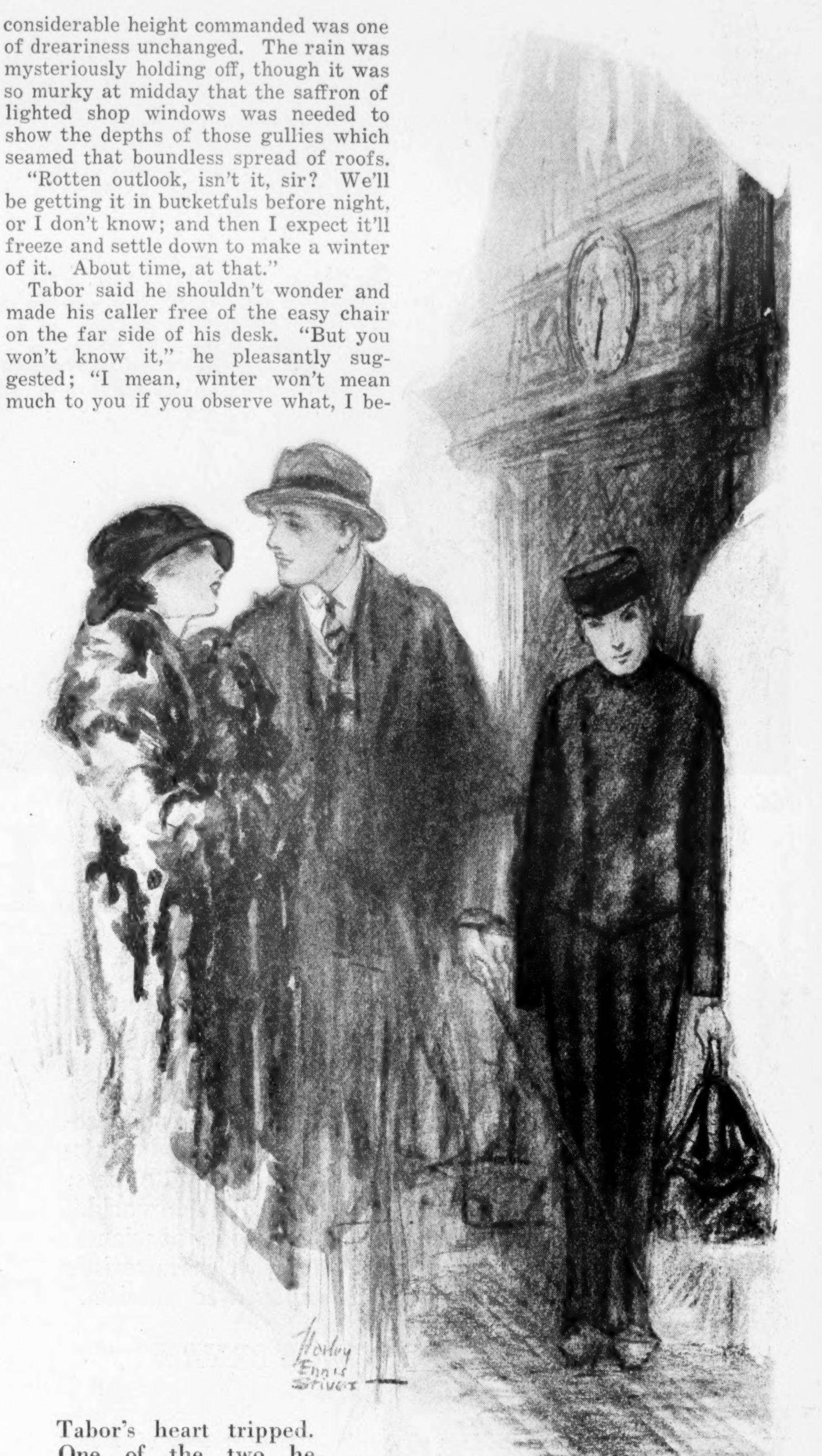
The ordering of clients' affairs aided to keep him forgetful at the office till Lance Fairless called.

On the light-hearted evidence of morning coat, white spats, and topper this new client might have been—Tabor didn't much doubt that he was—going on from their conference to give Effie Meade luncheon at the Ritz. And when Lance followed his name in with the countenance of one fresh from a brisk turn in sunshine, Tabor quite involuntarily glanced out of the window to see if the day had really cleared behind his back.

But the view of the city's heart that considerable height commanded was one of dreariness unchanged. The rain was mysteriously holding off, though it was so murky at midday that the saffron of lighted shop windows was needed to show the depths of those gullies which seamed that boundless spread of roofs.

"Rotten outlook, isn't it, sir? We'll be getting it in bucketfuls before night, or I don't know; and then I expect it'll freeze and settle down to make a winter of it. About time, at that."

Tabor said he shouldn't wonder and made his caller free of the easy chair on the far side of his desk. "But you won't know it," he pleasantly suggested; "I mean, winter won't mean much to you if you observe what, I believe, is your usual program—Asheville and Palm Beach till Easter."



Tabor's heart tripped. One of the two he watched was Lance Fairless; the other, June

"Afraid that's out this year," Fairless cheerily returned—"and for a good many years to come, if nothing goes wrong. I've got enough for a single man to live on in comfort, but if I'm to take unto myself a wife—and I hope I'm not going to be disappointed about that—it means I've got to settle my shoulders into the yoke and do some heavy pulling."

"And how do you feel about that?"

"Why, I'll be the happiest man alive if it comes off without any hitch." Fairless made a worried face for the first time as he deposited the polished hat crown down on Tabor's desk and draped a pair of biscuit-colored new gloves over its brim. "That's what I want to consult you about," he added, and sat down and nursed his stick.

"Indeed?" Tabor had a thin smile. "About some threat of a 'hitch,' do you mean?"

"That's it," Fairless gloomily assented.

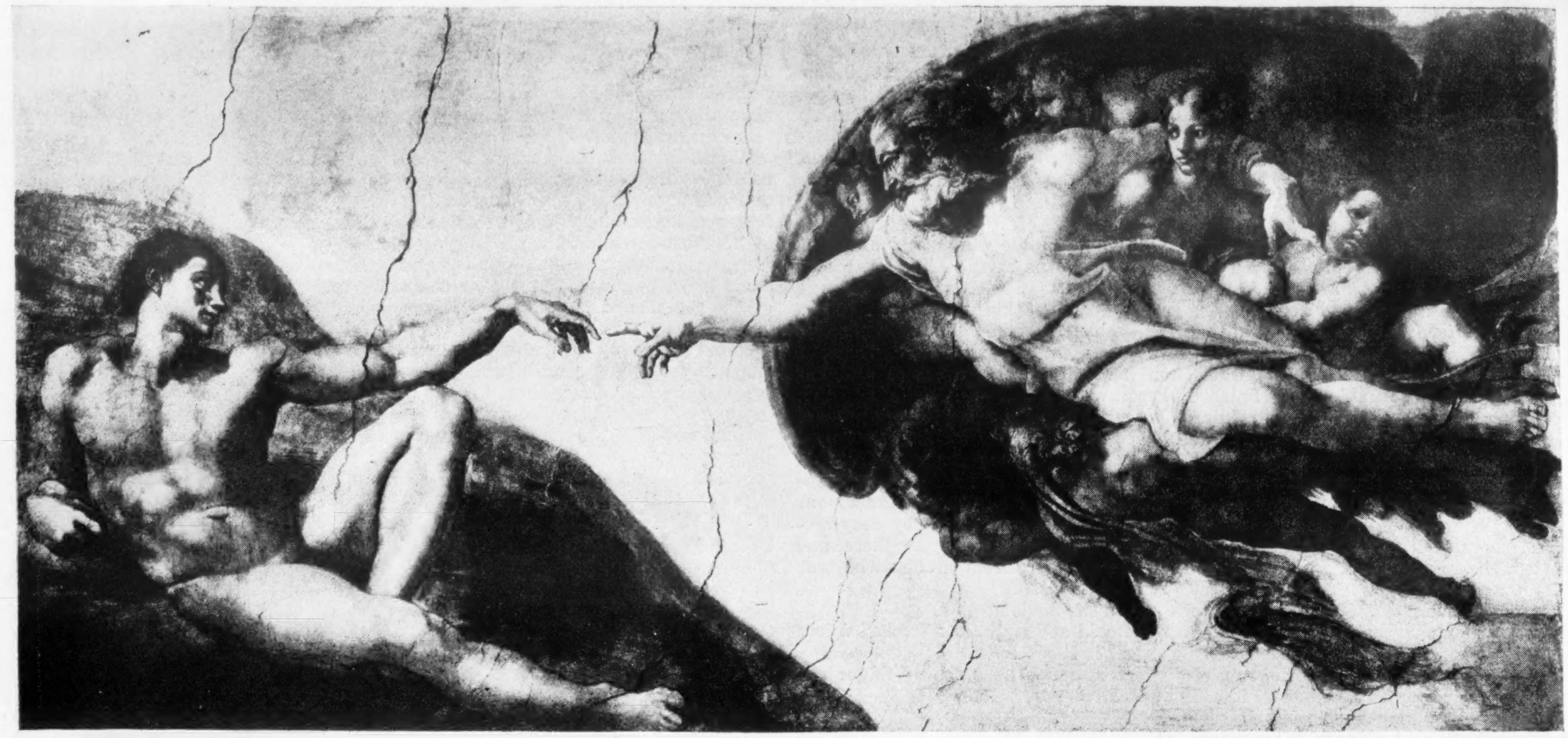
"But I must say I failed to notice any sign of parental opposition in Alice Meade's manner last night; all the world knows Alice is the head of the family."

"Oh"—Fairless blinked—"somebody's told you."

"June hinted you had arrived at an understanding with Effie."

"Yes; we're only waiting to give out our engagement till—well, until it seems wise. The truth is," Fairless blurted with a show of some desperation, as one who held it deplorably vulgar to drag stark truth into one's relations with life—"I've been stalling off the announcement till I've about come to the end of my rope. Effie's getting impatient—it's only natural she should—and if I go on making excuses she'll get suspicious; and then there'll be the devil to pay."

Tabor, rigid in his swivel chair, joined slender white fingers before him and let a (*Continued on page 32*)



In the painting of Michelangelo's "The Creation of Adam," skeptical science played no part

"The BIBLE is good enough for me"

Here is what Mr. Bryan thinks about evolution. It's his answer to Leonard Darwin's article on heredity, in last week's issue. He doesn't yield an inch. He calls the Darwinian theory "cold, cruel, merciless;" and he doesn't think there is the remotest possibility of reconciling evolution and Christianity. "Darwinism," he says, "enthrones selfishness; the Bible crowns love as the greatest force in the world." Unlike Mr. Darwin, he believes that religion, not science, is the vital factor in our lives; and with characteristic vigor he attacks "the doctrines of avowed atheism."

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

I AM familiar with the writings of Darwin. They present a philosophy of brute fatalism; I prefer Christianity, which places before man infinite possibilities and invites him to improve them to the uttermost.

One cannot accept either the theory of evolution or the theory of heredity, born of and built upon the evolutionary hypothesis, without discarding the Bible and rejecting the dominant note in Christianity; viz., regeneration.

We are not progeny of the brute; we have not been forced upward by heredity alone. We have not tumbled upward by chance, but rise by a power which finds its highest expression in Christ.

The theory of evolution is dangerous to society. When one considers man but a "bundle of characteristics inherited from brute ancestors," as many evolutionists do, it not only libels man, the greatest handiwork of the Almighty, but it paralyzes all efforts at reform.

Followers of Darwin have carried this doctrine so far as to declare that pity and sympathy, the greatest of moral forces, are unmanly and interfere with the coming of their merciless "superman."

Few people who profess to believe in evolution have ever read Darwin. Let me quote from one of his best known works, "The Descent of Man." He said: "With savages, the weak in body or mind are soon eliminated; and those that survive commonly exhibit a vigorous state of health. We civilized men, on the other hand, do our utmost to check the process of elimination; we build asylums for the imbecile, the maimed, and the sick; we institute poor-laws; and our medical men exert their utmost skill to save the life of everyone to the last moment. There is reason to believe that vaccination has preserved thousands who from weak constitutions would formerly have succumbed to smallpox. Thus, the weak members of civilized societies propagate their kind. No one, who has attended to the breeding of domestic animals, will doubt that this must be highly injurious to the race. It is surprising how soon a want of care, or care wrongly directed, leads to the degeneration of the domestic race; but, excepting the case of man himself, hardly anyone is so ignorant as to allow his worst animals to breed."

Where can one find, except in the doctrines of avowed atheism, anything so cruel as the spirit that animates this quotation from Darwin? Contrast the spirit of Darwinism with the teaching and promises of Christ, who healed the sick, the halt and the blind; who scorned no human creature; who made the weak, the unfit, and those "possessed of devils" clean and upright and whole; who went to no blue book of aristocracy for His disciples, but picked the humblest, some of them fishermen from the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and made them the greatest preachers and leaders of all time; they have done more for the moral and spiritual elevation of man than all the philosophers of Greece and Rome.

All Darwinians are prone to underestimate the relative importance of environment. To argue that descendants inherit intelligence because of physical laws is to ignore the fact that intelligent people surround their children with an environment that cultivates intellectual ideals and furnishes educational opportunities to the children.

The Family Tree Isn't Everything

THERE is proof in abundance to support the proposition that a child born into a home where neither parent can read or write may, in spite of such an inheritance, rise to intellectual heights, provided the environment is favorable.

It is increasingly the aim of society to furnish this environment and thus to increase the number of the educated; and this, in turn, raises up in the next generation an increasing number of families with higher intellectual ideals, who, in turn, provide better facilities for the education of youth. No teacher would undertake to determine the intellectual status of parents by examining either grades or the ambitions of students.

Most of our great men in the United States come from the common people, and it is no reflection upon the parent to say that a child surpasses him in breadth of mental vision or in depth of intellectual enthusiasm. And this is not an evolution, because we have examples of ignorant children who were the descendants of intelligent parents. They simply lack the ambition and ideals that inspired industry. This is not a defect that comes in the blood, but is the result of bad companions or bad habits.

Nothing could be more disastrous to the race than to have parents act according to the philosophy of the evolutionists. If every parent, who, lacking education, attributed it to an inherited defect, and believed that his children would inherit that defect, it would chill the spirit which has led parents to devote themselves to the improvement of their children.

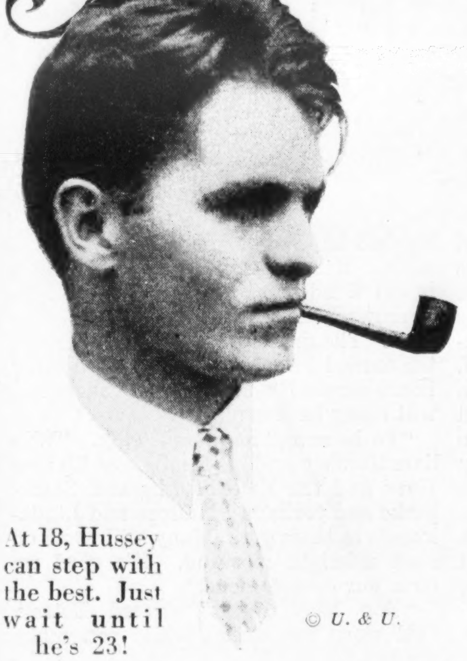
And this paralyzing hypothesis would likewise breed indifference among the intellectual, for why need they make sacrifices to improve their children if they are bound to improve anyhow, because "it is in the blood"? Childless parents would hesitate to assume the care of any child of less than the best parentage, if the child's possibilities were necessarily limited by what his ancestors had done.

There is only one real alternative to the brutal doctrine of hereditary limitations, and that is religion—I speak especially of the Christian religion. Darwinism gives us the doctrine of despair; Jesus brought into the world the Gospel of Hope.

Jesus taught that one can be born again—reborn in an instant—and gives us the doctrine embodied in the most beautiful story ever written.

A father had two sons. They were of the same blood and were reared in the same (*Continued on page 38*)

You'll cheer them to-morrow



At 18, Hussey can step with the best. Just wait until he's 23!

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By GRANTLAND RICE

To a Champion

Here in the midst of tumult and acclaim
You hold the lofty heights which you have won,
To-day the king and master of your game,
Cheered loudly as the far-famed paragon;
Another Cæsar sitting on his throne
By right of might and conquest on the field,
Where summer sundrifts send to you alone
The shining glory of your sword and shield.

You do not hear, far off, the endless tread
Of raw youth forming for the next attack,
Strong as the north wind sweeping on ahead
To clear each barrier from the upland track;
Wild as the surf that rushes for the shore
To strike with all the fury of a Thor,
As you but dimly hear the crashing roar
Of some mad mob that hails your conqueror.

Keystone

Helen Jacobs is only 16, but already she's on the championship trail

AS THEY march by with their crowns on straight, firmly adjusted to their brows, they all look invincible.

Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, Helen Wills, Jack Dempsey and the line of laurel wearers at large look as impregnable as the well-known rock which typifies enduring strength. As champions, in the glow of their power, they seem to walk on sacred ground beyond invasion.

But the span is often brief. Just back of these there is a second line composed of such pretenders to the throne, princes of empire, as Vincent Richards, George Von Elm, Gene Tunney and others who are even now crowding the title wearers.

Richards, Von Elm and Tunney are all set to strike, close to their prime with just about enough to carry them through. It takes no slant of expert prophecy to suggest the possibilities of their triumph not so far away.

Last fall at Merion in the amateur golf championship George Von Elm was paired with a young golfer named Roland McKenzie of Washington. Few took the match seriously. Von Elm was a seasoned veteran, a brilliant golfer, a hard fighter. McKenzie was only seventeen years old, playing in his first tournament. He was over six feet, weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, with a free, smooth swing, but he was still a kid meeting one of the favorites.

Von Elm was eight up at the twenty-second hole, eight up with only fourteen holes left. It was a rout, as everyone figured it to be. And then Von Elm played his first careless stroke. Through this first opening the younger golfer made his dash for glory. He began to cut away hole after hole until he finally stood upon the last tee only one down.

The Kid Keeps His Head

IT HAD been a marvelous rally, but there were two incidents connected with the play at this thirty-sixth hole which proclaimed a coming champion. Young McKenzie's drive barely cleared the deep ravine, stopping 275 yards from the green with a sharp uprise ten yards beyond his ball. Von Elm was far up the course, only a mashie shot from home.

But in place of getting flurried, worried, excited or depressed, McKenzie was as cool as any veteran I ever saw. He took his time and studied the situation carefully. He finally decided that he needed a spoon to be sure to clear the rise ahead, and with a spoon only a pulled shot would get him home. The assignment seemed to be beyond any man's power. But the youngster, with an unhurried, unrushed swing, crashed into the ball and placed it hole high, 275 yards away. Here was evidence not only of fine competitive spirit, but also the needed power to carry out a job.

The second incident took place upon the green, surrounded now by a rushing, excited swarm of spectators. Just as McKenzie started to putt there was a forward surge back of him. He stopped his swing, glanced around casually and then walked twenty feet away from the ball to give himself time in which to get adjusted once more, running his approach putt close to the cup and winning the hole. He lost on the thirty-seventh green through a treacherous slant or slope; but he remained cool and determined to the end.

McKenzie, under the careful coaching of Freddie McLeod, a former Open Champion, has been willing to face the drudgery and discipline of training, and the day is coming when he will find his reward.

There is still a younger product than the Washington star in another game. A camera artist not so long ago went to California to get some action pictures of Helen Jacobs, sixteen years old. When he arrived at the court he found her playing—with Little Bill Johnston on the other side of the net.

Helen Jacobs, even at sixteen, has a fine stroking game that has an extra allotment of power. As Junior Champion she has shown a rare competitive spirit, and the training and improvement she gets in meeting the best of California's male stars will lift her game into championship mold.

Among the younger players Vincent Richards is now closer to Tilden, but there are others still younger who will soon be crowding Richards. There are young Pare, George Loft and Lucien Williams of Chicago and Horace Orser of Brooklyn. Tilden figures that Pare and Orser have all the qualifications needed to reach the height when more experience under fire comes to their help. They have sound styles and the natural tennis knack. They have speed of foot and the quick reactions which tennis demands.

There has been no age quite like this. One might consider the case of young W. L. Stribling. Young Stribling was an acrobat shortly after he began to walk. He was a professional boxer when he was sixteen. In four or five years he has come from the featherweight to the heavyweight grade. His record now is something like 170 battles—more ring experience than most veterans ever get in an entire career. He isn't twenty-one, and yet he is one of the most famous figures in sport with a bank account above $200,000.

Young Stribling at twenty-two will have these qualifications—height (around 6 feet 1 inch), weight (at least 190), speed, agility, great cleverness, unusual strength and the experience of 200 fights. That's something with which to start on the big quest at twenty-two.

Slattery Too is a "Comer"

HIS main rival under twenty-one will be Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo. Slattery has all that Stribling has, with one exception. In the last year Stribling has gone from 167 to 180. Slattery has gained no more than a pound or two in the same length of time. He is a brilliant boxer with a slashing punch, a ring marvel for his weight, but he must find at least twenty more pounds before he can reach for the heavyweight scepter with an even chance.

Here is another youngster in the amateur field who still has his harvest to reap and who at least has his chance. This is Frank Hussey, the schoolboy sprinter, who at eighteen was fast enough to make the American Olympic team for the relay.

Hussey has been timed under ten seconds more than once. He will not enter college until fall, and in the meanwhile his various trainers have been bringing him along slowly without attempting to crowd his pace before he is fully developed.

As a rule, sprinters rarely reach their best form or come to their top speed before they are twenty-three, twenty-four or older. So Hussey has a world of time ahead.

When Glenna Collett first appeared upon the scene the voices of prophecy all proclaimed a coming champion. The present Eastern women's golf champion is young Maureen Orcutt of New Jersey, a girl who has shown steady improvement in the last two seasons and who now only needs more experience to be a leading factor in a year or two. New Jersey has other young golf stars in Gene Homans and Dick Bomann, who in their prep school days are dallying in the low 70's.

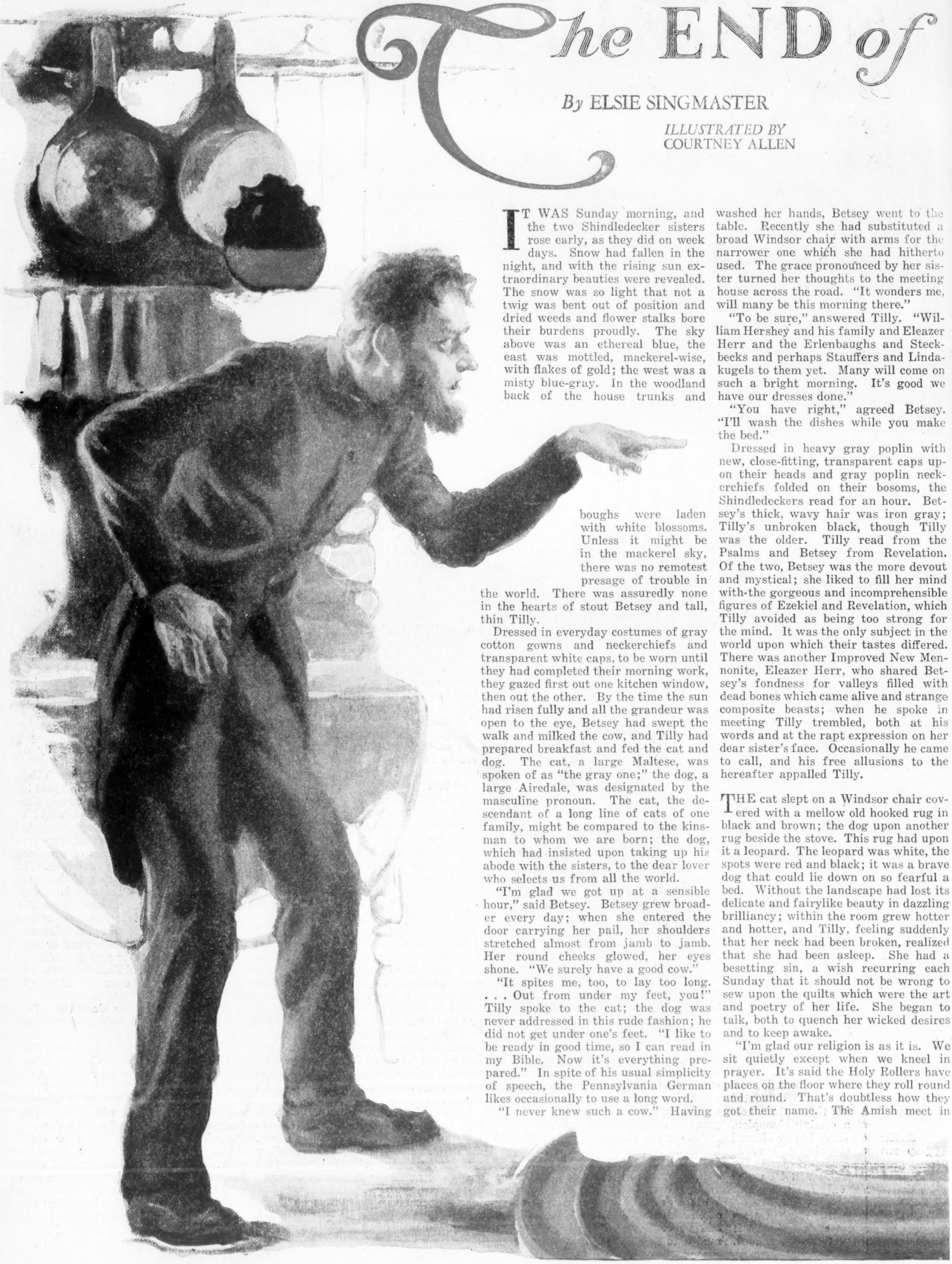
Just a trifle further along there is a college pitcher who may swing out on the trail once held by Mathewson and later followed by Walter Johnson. This is Owen Carroll of Holy Cross. As the vital statistics linger in memory, Carroll pitched fifty games for Holy Cross during his stay against the strongest colleges of the East, with a record of forty-eight victories and two defeats. He whipped Harvard seven or eight times. He was invincible in his final year. Called in for hurried relief work in one contest, he struck out the side with the bases full.

There is always a loud call for the headliners in modern sport; and they're coming on—an army of them. It is a good sign for the days that are and the days on ahead.

The END of

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY
COURTNEY ALLEN



IT WAS Sunday morning, and the two Shindledecker sisters rose early, as they did on week days. Snow had fallen in the night, and with the rising sun extraordinary beauties were revealed. The snow was so light that not a twig was bent out of position and dried weeds and flower stalks bore their burdens proudly. The sky above was an ethereal blue, the east was mottled, mackerel-wise, with flakes of gold; the west was a misty blue-gray. In the woodland back of the house trunks and boughs were laden with white blossoms. Unless it might be in the mackerel sky, there was no remotest presage of trouble in the world. There was assuredly none in the hearts of stout Betsey and tall, thin Tilly.

Dressed in everyday costumes of gray cotton gowns and neckerchiefs and transparent white caps, to be worn until they had completed their morning work, they gazed first out one kitchen window, then out the other. By the time the sun had risen fully and all the grandeur was open to the eye, Betsey had swept the walk and milked the cow, and Tilly had prepared breakfast and fed the cat and dog. The cat, a large Maltese, was spoken of as "the gray one;" the dog, a large Airedale, was designated by the masculine pronoun. The cat, the descendant of a long line of cats of one family, might be compared to the kinsman to whom we are born; the dog, which had insisted upon taking up his abode with the sisters, to the dear lover who selects us from all the world.

"I'm glad we got up at a sensible hour," said Betsey. Betsey grew broader every day; when she entered the door carrying her pail, her shoulders stretched almost from jamb to jamb. Her round cheeks glowed, her eyes shone. "We surely have a good cow."

"It spites me, too, to lay too long. . . . Out from under my feet, you!" Tilly spoke to the cat; the dog was never addressed in this rude fashion; he did not get under one's feet. "I like to be ready in good time, so I can read in my Bible. Now it's everything prepared." In spite of his usual simplicity of speech, the Pennsylvania German likes occasionally to use a long word.

"I never knew such a cow." Having washed her hands, Betsey went to the table. Recently she had substituted a broad Windsor chair with arms for the narrower one which she had hitherto used. The grace pronounced by her sister turned her thoughts to the meeting house across the road. "It wonders me, will many be this morning there."

"To be sure," answered Tilly. "William Hershey and his family and Eleazer Herr and the Erlenbaughs and Steckbecks and perhaps Stauffers and Lindakugels to them yet. Many will come on such a bright morning. It's good we have our dresses done."

"You have right," agreed Betsey. "I'll wash the dishes while you make the bed."

Dressed in heavy gray poplin with new, close-fitting, transparent caps upon their heads and gray poplin neckerchiefs folded on their bosoms, the Shindledeckers read for an hour. Betsey's thick, wavy hair was iron gray; Tilly's unbroken black, though Tilly was the older. Tilly read from the Psalms and Betsey from Revelation. Of the two, Betsey was the more devout and mystical; she liked to fill her mind with the gorgeous and incomprehensible figures of Ezekiel and Revelation, which Tilly avoided as being too strong for the mind. It was the only subject in the world upon which their tastes differed. There was another Improved New Mennonite, Eleazer Herr, who shared Betsey's fondness for valleys filled with dead bones which came alive and strange composite beasts; when he spoke in meeting Tilly trembled, both at his words and at the rapt expression on her dear sister's face. Occasionally he came to call, and his free allusions to the hereafter appalled Tilly.

THE cat slept on a Windsor chair covered with a mellow old hooked rug in black and brown; the dog upon another rug beside the stove. This rug had upon it a leopard. The leopard was white, the spots were red and black; it was a brave dog that could lie down on so fearful a bed. Without the landscape had lost its delicate and fairylike beauty in dazzling brilliancy; within the room grew hotter and hotter, and Tilly, feeling suddenly that her neck had been broken, realized that she had been asleep. She had a besetting sin, a wish recurring each Sunday that it should not be wrong to sew upon the quilts which were the art and poetry of her life. She began to talk, both to quench her wicked desires and to keep awake.

"I'm glad our religion is as it is. We sit quietly except when we kneel in prayer. It's said the Holy Rollers have places on the floor where they roll round and round. That's doubtless how they got their name. The Amish meet in

the WORLD

Do you know the "Pennsylvania Dutch"? Here is a charming, humorous story about them

houses. I wouldn't like that for a cent. I wouldn't like to have church where it smells of sauerkraut, and how then can these women cook with people kneeling in the way? As little as I would like to roll round, so little would I like to bow down to graven images. It gives those who do that. Would you like any of these things?"

Betsey looked up as though recalled from a far place. "What did you say?"

"Would you like to roll round or to bow to images?"

"No!" answered Betsey, scandalized. "No!"

The gray one purred, opening and closing his long claws; the dog whimpered, then looked alertly round, pretending he had not slept. Tilly's head dropped upon her breast. Her neck seemed to crack and she sprang up.

"Betsey! William Hershey's buggy is at the meeting house. Can it be we're late?"

Neither glanced at the clock; the clock, like the sun, told whether it was daylight or dark, but for anything fixed and definite it was not to be depended upon.

"There's no one else there," said Betsey. "We're yet in good time."

Donning their stiff black bonnets and soft gray shawls and black knitted mittens, the two locked the cat inside the house and the dog outside and went down the path and across the road. They had made their dresses and bonnets and mittens; their shawls were an inheritance from two grandmothers. They looked and were gentlewomen to the core.

In the meeting house they found William Hershey and his little family. He had already a roaring fire in the large stove.

"It ought to give a good meeting," said Tilly happily when the good mornings were exchanged.

Elder Nunnemacher arrived to preach the sermon and the Erlenbaughs and the Stauffers and the Lindakugels and Eleazer Herr, of whom Tilly was afraid. The men had shaven upper lips and bearded chins and the women wore dark dresses made alike with full skirts, close-fitting waists and kerchiefs. When the women lifted their black bonnets from their transparent coifs, angels seemed to display lovely, placid faces.

Tilly had a powerful soprano voice and Betsey a powerful alto, and there were other voices equally strong. Singing together, they produced a great volume of sound. Little Mary Hershey laughed sweetly in her sleep, her head pressed against her mother's soft breast, and her brothers, Amos and David, smiled.

Now and then a light slide of snow from the roof darkened the window as though loosened by the reverberation of the song.

William Hershey prayed before the sermon, and to his petitions Tilly uttered several amens, but when Eleazer prayed afterward she shivered. Eleazer was taller than she and even thinner, and many persons believed him marked for early death. Being without kin, he lived alone in a little house at the foot of Shankweiler's Hill, a small pointed elevation bare as a skull, a half mile distant from the Shindledeckers'.

He had none of the instincts of youth, he attended no weddings, and courted no wife and went only to church, to funerals, and to the Lanesville factory where he rolled cigars. When he spoke in meeting everybody listened earnestly but unwillingly.

This morning he appeared more than usually emaciated and his eyes more than usually hollow. As he made earnest allusion to some impending event, it seemed to Tilly that the day grew dim. There would be a judgment—everyone knew that; but to speak of it on this bright morning was like prophesying the death of a bride at her wedding. The singing revived Tilly's spirits, but she was disappointed to see, as the meeting closed, that the bright day was fading.

At once Eleazer approached, his thin hand outstretched.

"I want to see you," he said to Betsey.

"Yes, well," said she.

"I'll come this afternoon."

"Yes, well," said Betsey.

Tilly said nothing. Eleazer forgot to shake hands with her; he stood holding Betsey's hand.

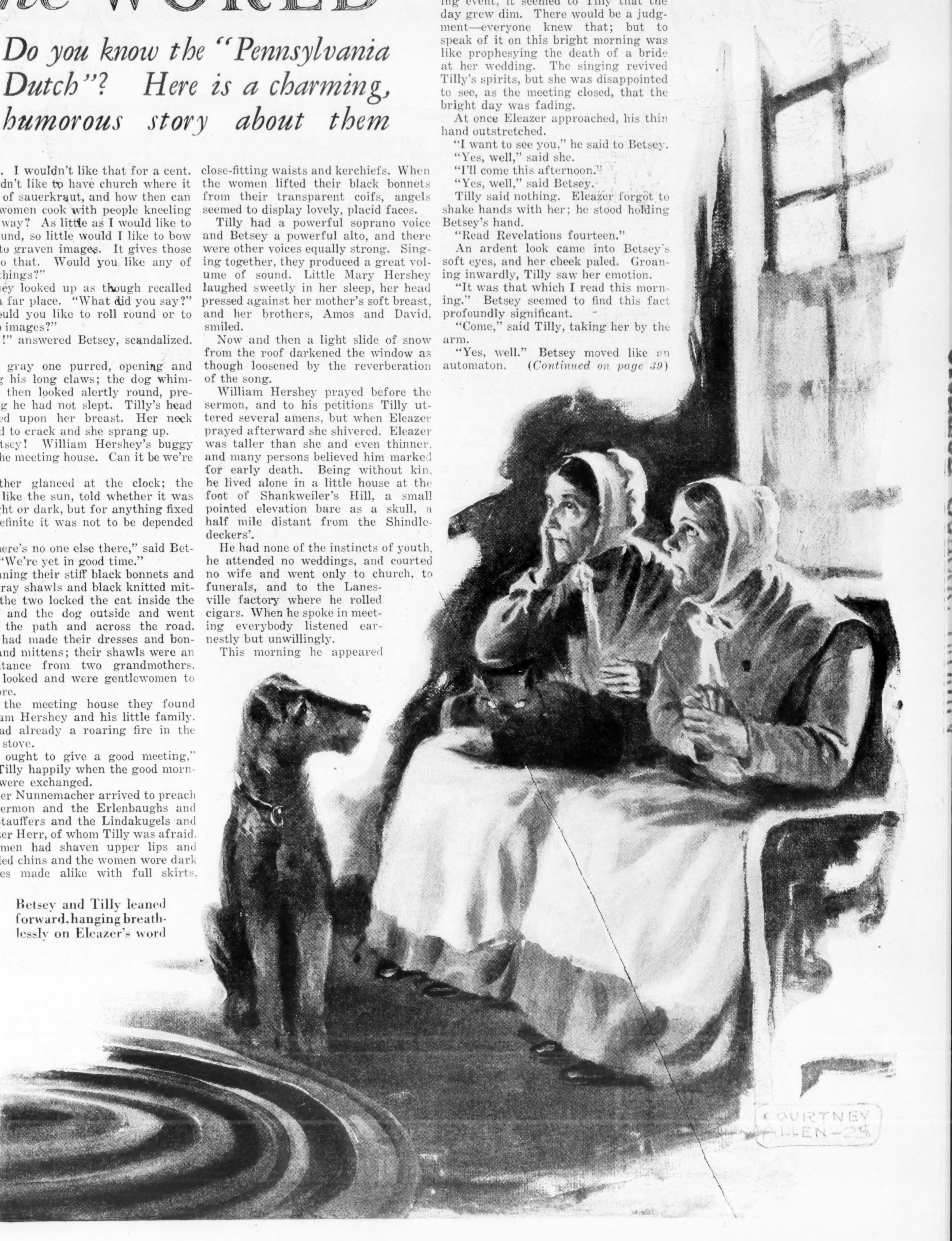
"Read Revelations fourteen."

An ardent look came into Betsey's soft eyes, and her cheek paled. Groaning inwardly, Tilly saw her emotion.

"It was that which I read this morning." Betsey seemed to find this fact profoundly significant.

"Come," said Tilly, taking her by the arm.

"Yes, well." Betsey moved like an automaton. (*Continued on page 39*)



Betsey and Tilly leaned forward, hanging breathlessly on Eleazer's word

They're still wild in spots

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATED BY
G. H. WERT

WHY does a dog turn around in a circle each time he lies down? Why does a cat flick her tail as she stalks a mouse? Why does the barnyard cow lower her usually placid head and turn ugly at the harmless approach of a casual strange dog? Why does a small boy inevitably run along the top of a stone wall instead of choosing the sidewalk?

There are reasons for all these things. Let us consider.

Why does a dog wag his tail? Not by accident. It is part of an ancient signal code, a veritable wig-wag with a white flag. For we must remember, every dog that has any white on him at all has a white tip to his tail, at the least a few white hairs. We know, too, that the wild ancestor of the dog also had a white tail tip. We know that this wild ancestor was a small yellowish animal with light spots over the eyes, that he was indeed a kind of jackal.

Suppose our wild dog jackal sees a strange animal coming. The first wise thing to do is hide and watch the stranger—that is, crouch in the grass. The stranger comes nearer. The crouching dog sees now that the newcomer is one of his own kind—and maybe even a friend, therefore not desirable food.

The stranger is now so near that concealment is no longer possible. So the first wild dog rises and walks stiffly and guardedly forward. Then seeing no threats, the first dog raises his tail, so that the white flag it bears is above the level of his back, and waves it from side to side. The other, not desiring war, responds with the same wig-wag signal. They are now friends.

These things happened continually in the wilds long ago. To-day you may see them in our towns every day where there are roaming dogs.

No creature has any habit through freak or accident. There is a reason back of every established practice.

Leading Up to Horseshoes

THE wild dog, for instance, usually slept where bedtime found him. His blanket was on his back. He selected a dry, sheltered spot. Then he smoothed the grass or moved the sticks and pebbles by turning round two or three times. And his town-bred cousin does the very same to-day. The wild dog had his bushy tail for a final wrap. His nose and his four paws, his only thinly clad parts, he huddled together, and around them he curled the woolly, warming tail. So do chow and mastiff yet. If the terrier does not hide his nose with his wig-wag flag it is because his tail has been cut off.

Of all our domestic animals the cat has changed least. Its life to-day is virtually the same as that of its wild ancestor of the upper Nile.

There is one singular habit of the cat that needs explanation. That is the eternal twisting of the tail tip when she is crawling after a bird or watching for a mouse. Her color blends her with the ground. Her actions are perfectly silent and perfectly timed. But that tail tip keeps on twisting in a way that one might think would surely betray her and block her every effort at a close approach. But this is how it helps her.

Crawling through the grass she takes advantage of every scrap of cover. Any animal seeing her would see only a dim furry something at the most. Another cat comes along, sees the furry something as a possible meal, and proceeds to stalk it. But long before the second cat is near enough to spoil the first one's game that waving tail tip waves its signal, "Keep off! I am a cat like yourself."

Our horned cattle are descended from the wild cattle that one time roamed the woods and plains of Europe. Their chief enemy was the wolf. When one of the herd was attacked the rest rallied to the defense, but when one of them was seriously wounded the herd turned upon it and drove it out to perish. Such a cripple would be an invitation for every dangerous beast of prey to follow the herd.

In the barnyard to-day nothing rouses the mother cow so furiously as a dog—the barnyard wolf. Watch a cow some time when a strange dog comes near.

It is commonly believed that our horses are descended from two different strains. One was the hairy, rough-fetlocked roach-maned Asiatic horse of roan color, that had ever to face and fight the wolves as its chief foes. The other was a smooth-coated, smooth-footed, heavy-maned creature of surpassing speed, with dun coat, a dark stripe down the spine and probably crossbars on the fore legs; a native of northern Africa or southwestern Asia. Its dreaded foe was the lion, and its chief protection its speed. It shied at the slightest hint of a crouching hidden enemy. And to this day we see two characters in our much mixed horses—the swift one that shies and runs, and the rough one that faces and fights.

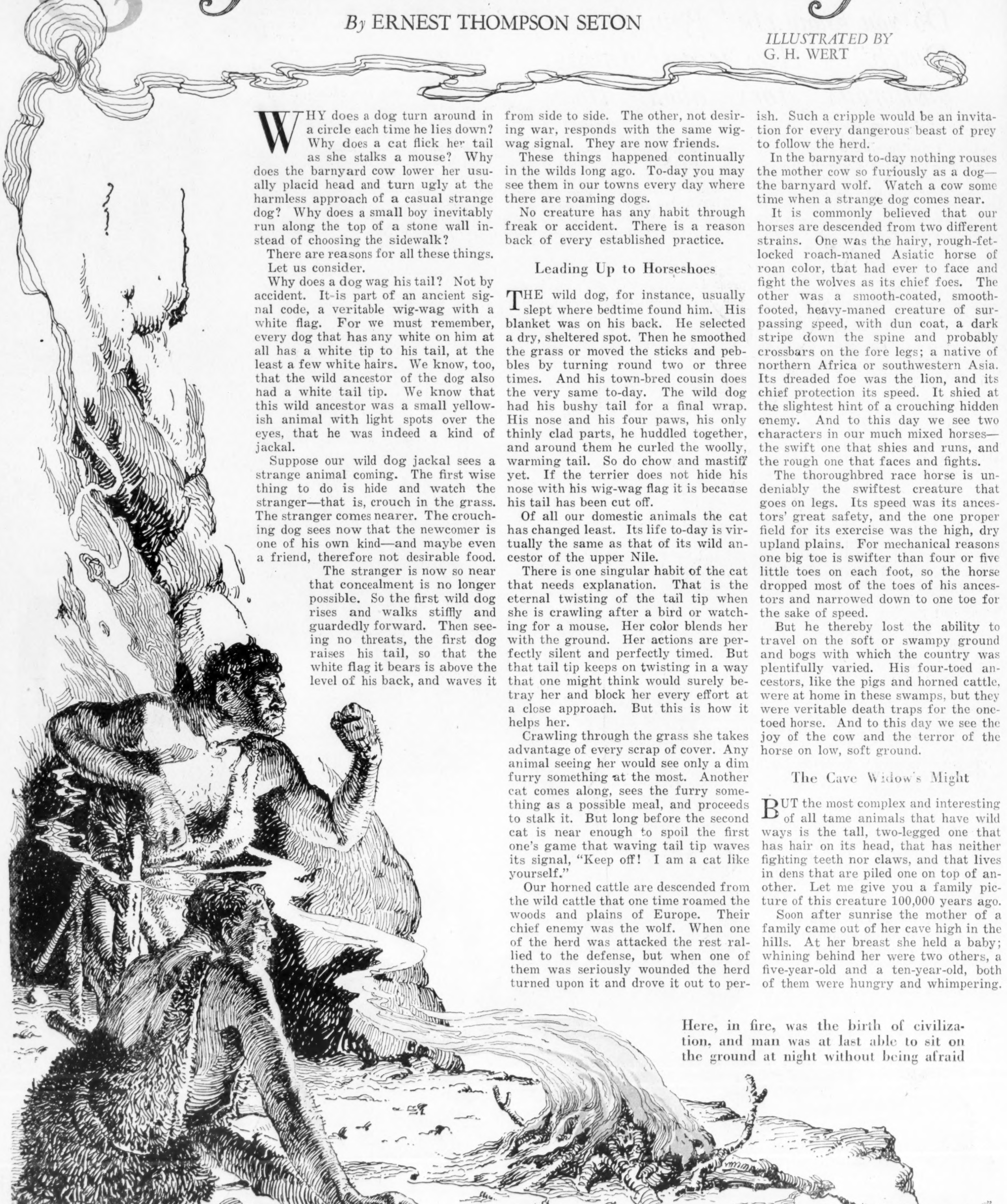
The thoroughbred race horse is undeniably the swiftest creature that goes on legs. Its speed was its ancestors' great safety, and the one proper field for its exercise was the high, dry upland plains. For mechanical reasons one big toe is swifter than four or five little toes on each foot, so the horse dropped most of the toes of his ancestors and narrowed down to one toe for the sake of speed.

But he thereby lost the ability to travel on the soft or swampy ground and bogs with which the country was plentifully varied. His four-toed ancestors, like the pigs and horned cattle, were at home in these swamps, but they were veritable death traps for the one-toed horse. And to this day we see the joy of the cow and the terror of the horse on low, soft ground.

The Cave Widow's Might

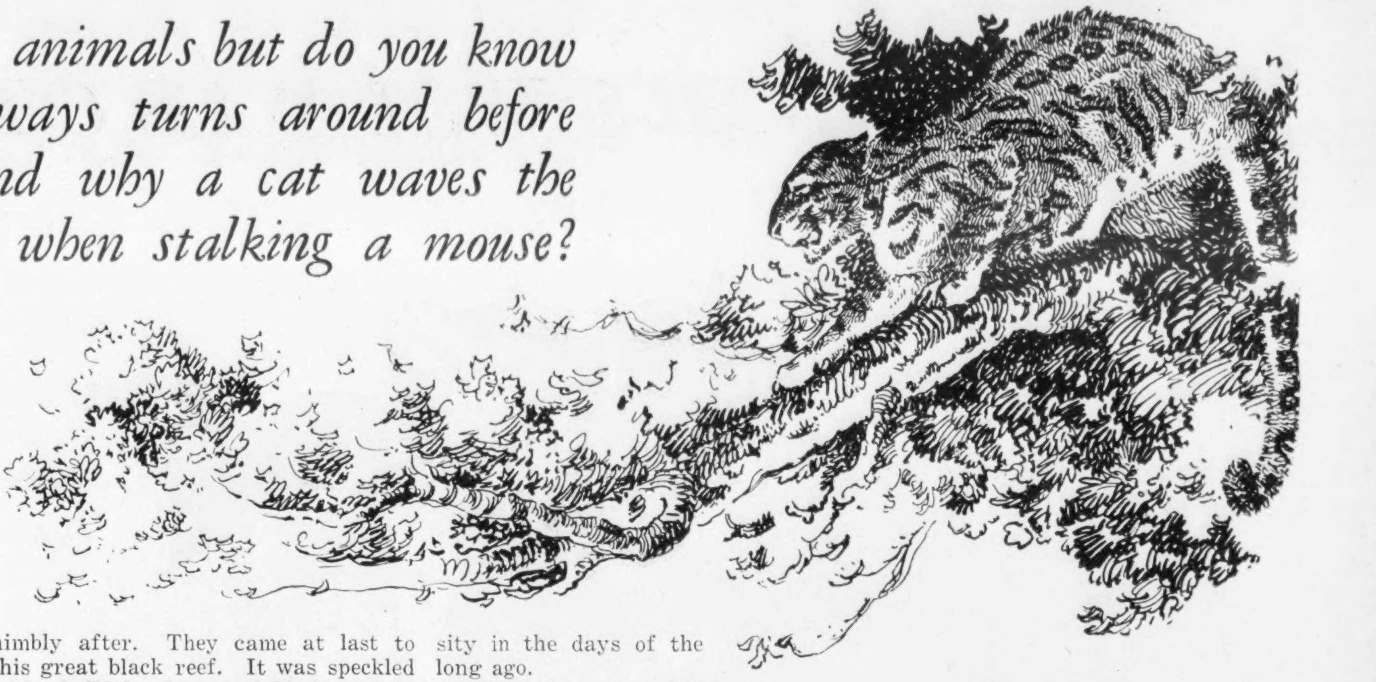
BUT the most complex and interesting of all tame animals that have wild ways is the tall, two-legged one that has hair on its head, that has neither fighting teeth nor claws, and that lives in dens that are piled one on top of another. Let me give you a family picture of this creature 100,000 years ago.

Soon after sunrise the mother of a family came out of her cave high in the hills. At her breast she held a baby; whining behind her were two others, a five-year-old and a ten-year-old, both of them were hungry and whimpering.



Here, in fire, was the birth of civilization, and man was at last able to sit on the ground at night without being afraid

You know these animals but do you know why a dog always turns around before lying down and why a cat waves the tip of its tail when stalking a mouse?



From a ledge one of them pulled down a rawhide, a skin of a wild horse killed by their father, and now used as a basket.

The woman stared at the rawhide and at the three children. Her man had been gone for moons. Maybe he was dead. There was no food in the cave. All of them were hungry. Game there was in abundance, but it was big and strong, and it kept beyond reach of club and spear. There were no wild fruits or birds' eggs at this season, but the female could do as she and her kind had done millions of times before. She could feed on the bounty of Mother Sea.

She took the rawhide basket and said to her offspring, "Follow me and put your feet where I put my feet," then started down the rocky hill.

Trails of Our Great-Grandfathers

AT THE bottom was a long stretch of tumbled stones and rock lumps fallen from the cliff. Across this was one well-known trail with easy steps from level rock to level rock.

From that they entered a great spruce forest belt that now lay across their path. This forest was dense and gloomy, cut in all directions by the trails of animals.

Soon the family took one of the game trails, the mother watching for warnings of pitfalls or of animal danger. And in single file, a step apart, they wound in and out. Then the ten-year-old lingered to pluck a thorn from his foot, and, as the trail circled a big tree, he tried to make a short cut.

His mother growled savagely and gave him a cuff on the head. "Go back and follow where I went," she snapped. So he followed the single-file trail. He did not know and she did not express this thought born of experience: "The woods are full of winding trails leading to death."

At last the two miles of dark woods passed and they were now on the open seashore. The tide was out, there was a great stretch of sea-worn bowlders, slippery with seaweed. Far out beyond a long black reef lay bare.

She led them across the slippery, sea-worn rocks, planting her feet always on the level crown and in the middle of the round rock. Then they came to a stretch of deep water in which the broken ice of the winter was still heaving and grinding with the tide.

"Set your feet as I do," said the mother, and the youngsters stepped nimbly after. They came at last to this great black reef. It was speckled with shellfish of several kinds and in sundry pools were fish that could easily be clubbed, and then such a feast!

With bellies full and with rawhide basket full, they set about the return journey. The tide was rising. The grinding ice was yet more dangerous, but the long drilling was their safety. They set their feet in the middle of each cake of ice, avoiding all cracks. They trod on the high level bowlder tops. They reached the black spruce forest. The sun was low and the wolves were howling when they reached their cliff and climbed to safety, to sleep.

Thus were drilled into those children the ancient lessons of the trail; never step on a crack; never let a tree come between; walk along fallen logs; keep in the cave after dark.

Here I have given you a purely imaginary chapter of ancestral wild life, and yet it is unquestionably one that has happened millions of times, yes, daily to every child of the human race not only during that long cave period but ever since.

What proof is there of this? The proof is in ourselves. Watch two little children going home from school. See how invariably they walk along the top of a water main lying by the pavement, how they love to balance along a low parapet wall. How world wide and spontaneous is this old game of follow-the-leader! How careful they are not to let a post or tree in the passage come between them! How careful they are never to step on the cracks of the flagstones, always stepping on the center of the stone, or at least away from the edge!

All children do these things. Why? No one taught them. It comes from the inner impulse that was implanted there by ages of necessity in the days of the long ago.

There is one other chapter of the dreadful past that is written in our hearts and ancestral memories. Why do we love the fire? Why do we fear the dark?

In those far-back dreadful days man was the under dog. The beasts were too strong for him. There can be no doubt that groups of the human species were wiped out again and again by the wild beasts that were terribly fierce and strong and numerous.

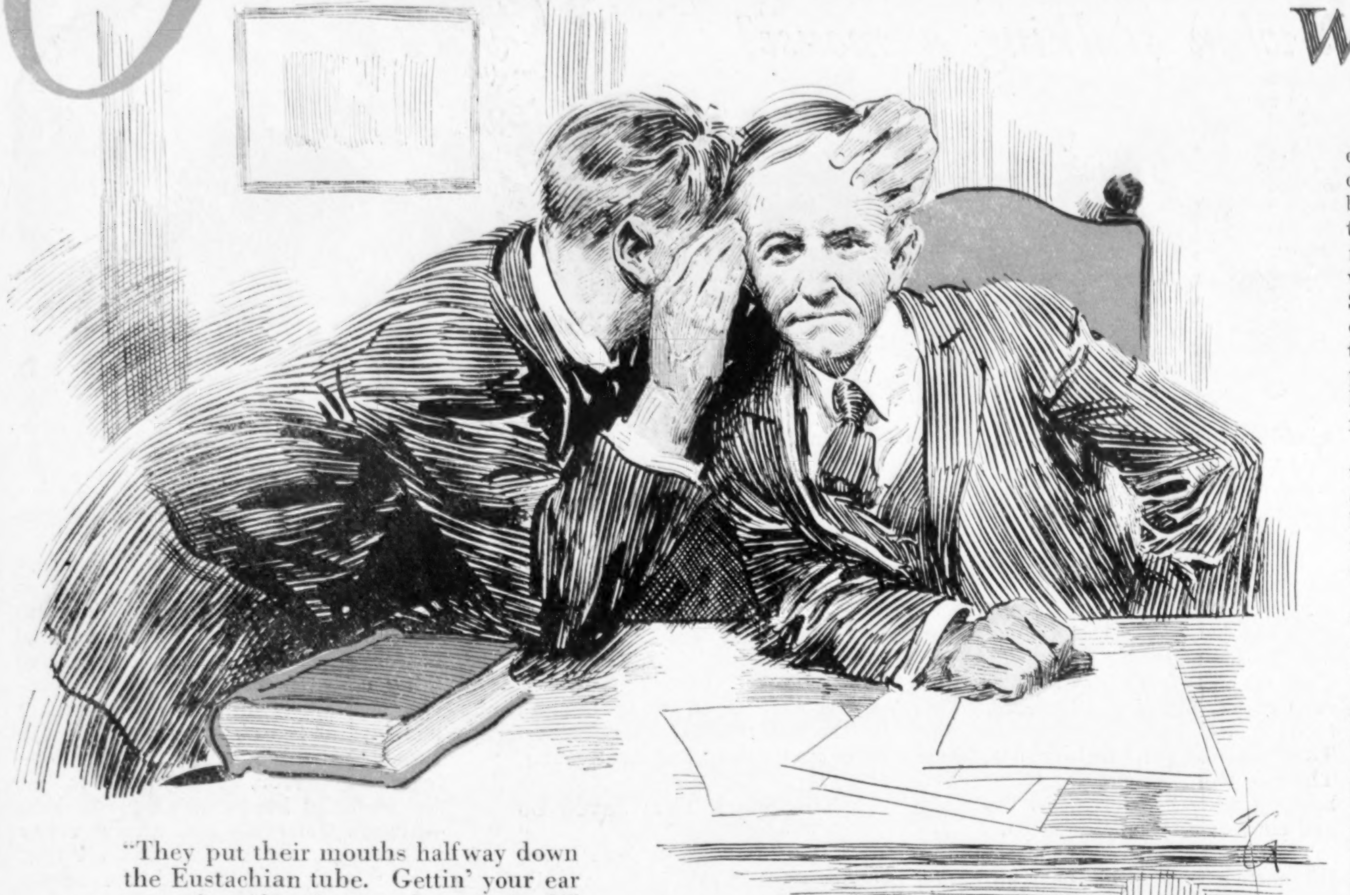
The Spark That Saved Us

WE WOULD not be here to-day but for the fact that in those early days our ancestors could climb a tree. There they sat in rows all night, shivering and looking down at the shining eyes of the beasts below. Or, if perchance, our folk got into a cave, it was still a case of shivering all night with cold and fear.

Then came a change, a stupendous change. *Man discovered fire.* How? No doubt by accident; maybe in the track of a thunderstorm, perhaps from some volcano. Here was a strange apparition that drove away the fiercest brutes of the forests and, thanks to its beneficent power, man was at last able to sit on the ground at night without being afraid. Here, in fire, was the birth of civilization, and probably of religion too, for the fire was worshiped as the comforter, the protector, the Great Mystery.

There are many proofs of this ancient fact. When in some forest glade at night we light the camp fire, the wonder-thing that turns the gloom and horror of the woods into the blessed thing called home, do we not experience once again all the thrills and fears and joys of the distant time when the eyes in the night stood not for some imaginary terror, as they do now, but for powerful beasts of prey watching—always watching—and always ready to spring, and the fire was all that held men in safety and the beasts away?

One man's work is another's workout



"They put their mouths halfway down the Eustachian tube. Gettin' your ear away from 'em is a workout in itself"

Uncle Henry thinks a man gets more exercise from an absorbing job than from running about the yard in his underwear

"THE President seems to keep pretty well," said Mr. Stubbs. "Never sick, barrin' a head cold now an' then, yet the papers say he don't take exercise of any kind."

"Stuff an' nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "Why, he's exercisin' all the time. Doughnuts are his favorite breakfast food, an' anybody that's ever gone up against the crullers of New England will bear testimony that they develop muscle jes' as much as catch-as-catch-can rasslin'. A meal with the President works senators up to such a pitch of vitality that they come out of the White House on the run.

"Except on Sundays, when the pores are closed, Cal's 'most always in a sweat. Pickin' up pins is somethin' that brings the whole spinal column into play, likewise the abdominal muscles, an' hitchin' away at suspenders is every bit as good as a Daily Dozen. Cal also wears those button-in-the-back shirts that pull on an' off over the head, an' they're equal to a strenuous hour with wall pulleys, especially if a stud happens to get caught in the hair.

"How did Daniel Boone an' Kit Carson manage to stay fit? History does not record that they spent an hour each mornin' on the bathroom floor liftin' up first one leg an' then the other. The answer is old-fashioned dress. I don't know of anything callin' for such constant muscular effort as tryin' to keep a nightgown from bunchin' about the neck.

"Yes, the President has plenty of exercise. What the papers really mean is that he doesn't play baseball, golf, tennis or run around the White House yard in his underwear. It does seem a little bit strange until you stop an' consider Cal's early environment. Lord knows, I hate to talk about a man behind his back, but the thing's been so noised around it's virtually an open secret. Y'see, 'Lonzo, he was born an' brought up in Vermont.

"What chance did he have to learn any games? Vermont happens to be laid out at an angle of forty-five degrees, an' there isn't enough level ground for croquet an' four-handed card games, much less a horizontal sport like baseball. People have to cross their corn with ivy to keep it from fallin' out of the fields, an' if they didn't nest their hens in hammocks, all the eggs would roll down into Massachusetts.

Golf is Hazardous

"FOOTBALL was too hard on clothes, an' runnin' games like tag an' hide an' seek couldn't be said to make much of an appeal to the youth of a state where every boy comes into the world with a full-grown stone bruise. Skatin' wasn't allowed because it wore out the ice, an' fishin' was likewise frowned upon because it made the two trout so nervous they weren't good for the summer tourist trade.

"He couldn't go in swimmin', for up there the streams are all macadamized, an' he had no opportunity for bean bag, as Vermont barred the game by statute in 1856. That was the year some careless lad lost a bean. Mumbletypeg was too dangerous. If the knife bounced off a rock, you'd be arrested the next day for woundin' a man in Hartford, Conn.

"Of course you'll ask why he doesn't play tennis now that he's got four or five courts that he can use any time they're not dryin' clothes on 'em. There he runs up against another Vermont inhibition. Owin' to the fact that the score has got to be called out on every play, the game's too garrulous for Cal, even if public use of a word like 'Love,' no matter what the connection, didn't savor of downright indecency to the New England mind.

"Horseback ridin' is equally out of the question, for it would mean another pair of pants, an' I doubt whether his constitution could stand the strain of hearin' what Washington livery stable keepers charge an hour. It's jes' as bad if you keep a horse, the way oats cost nowadays.

"Same way with golf. A caddie gets as much for an afternoon nap as Vermont farm hands used to earn in a month, an' there's always the depressin' fear that you won't be able to find your ball. What could a silent, tight-lipped man like Cal do if he got in a heel print in a sand trap? An' there's always some man in the foursome who wants to throw dice to see who'll pay for the lunch. Havin' a fear such as that hangin' over you doesn't do a man's game any good.

"What you've got to remember, however, is that there are more ways of exercisin' than games. In addition to bein' an old-style dresser, not to mention the crullers, you've got to bear in mind that the President has daily talks with men like Jim Watson an' Reed Smoot. They belong to the night school of politicians, an' can't even mention the weather without pullin' you over an' puttin' their mouths halfway down the Eustachian tube. Gettin' your ear away from 'em is a workout in itself.

"On top of those activities, there is all the walkin' Cal does. The White House contains from forty to fifty rooms, an' he trudges through 'em all the first thing in the mornin' an' the last thing at night.

"No sooner does the sun's first timid ray hit his window than he's out of bed an' over the house, makin' sure that all the blinds are pulled down.

"Every evenin' he makes the rounds again, lookin' to see if any careless maid has left a light burnin'. There's one phase of economy, however, where New Englanders have got to take second place. I remember readin' once that the Rockefellers figured out what their light bills ought to run a month, if used in moderation, an' then told the young people that any savin' would be given to 'em as an allowance. Old John still laughs heartily as he tells how he an' his wife used to have to strike matches as they groped their way from room to room.

"Nor is that the extent of Cal's daily walkin'. Don't you remember my tellin' you about how he'd cut out paper towels as part of his economy campaign? Well, now he's got to chase clear down to the kitchen every time he gets mucilage on his fingers or shakes hands with a Southern delegate who's not a fast color. Although physical-culture experts may choose to ignore the humble roller towel, let me tell you that there's no finer exercise for the busy man. Runnin' one round an' round, tryin' to find a clean place, is as good as an hour on the parallel bars.

"No, 'Lonzo, I don't think there's any need for you to worry about the President's health. Jes' the other day some learned doc was sayin' that the secret of keepin' well wasn't so much a matter of diet an' exercise as of havin' some congenial an' absorbin' occupation. Well, Cal's got one if any man ever had, for there's nothin' more congenial to a Vermonter—nothin' half so absorbin'—as *savin'*. Thrift is his one intemperance, an' he brings to it the same passion that a Latin does to illicit love, that a Briton does to food or a Southerner to family trees. An' down in Washington Cal's got the field all to himself."

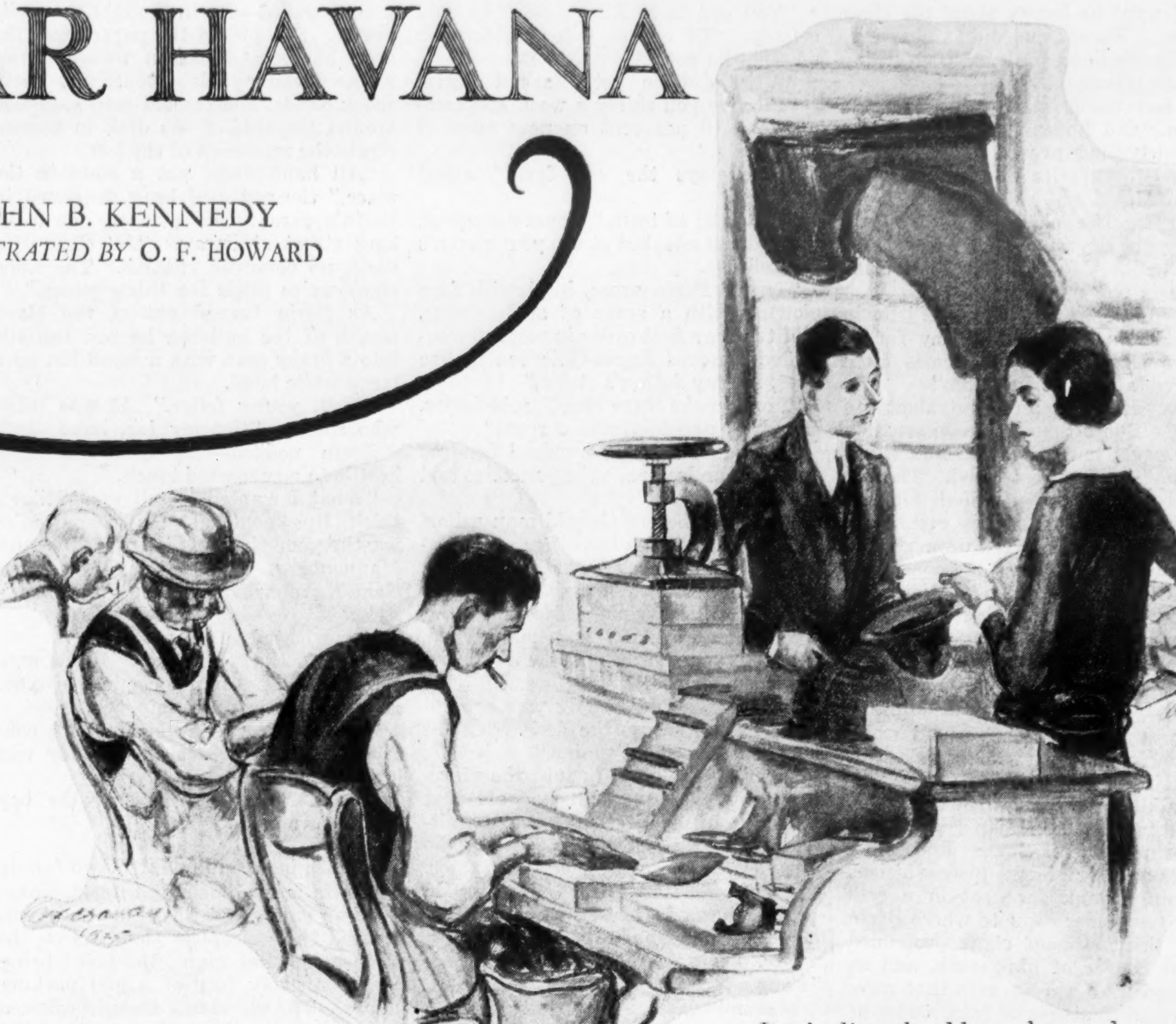
"I like Coolidge," affirmed Mr. Stubbs, "but I must say that I don't think he knows the United States like he oughta."

"He's comin' over next year," explained Uncle Henry. "This year the New England quota was exhausted."

CLEAR HAVANA

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD



Inez' slim shoulders shrugged as the young man expostulated

OLD Jacinto Lopez, high-hatted, waistcoated, his cigar sticking out defiantly under an exaggerated mustache, which rolled from the roots of an exaggerated nose, would have served for the central lay figure of an old print of Manhattan—street scene, say—in 1869. The drab front of his cigar factory on Franklin Street was, indeed, dirty, dour and mid-Victorian. With its senile fellow buildings on the block it made an anachronism out of the distant T of the elevated. It looked, and was, the perfect backdrop for a cross-patter team when Tony Pastor was young.

Abruptly there hung from the lintel of the dark open doorway an iron shingle, placed there more than thirty years ago by old Jacinto's skilled hands. The mottled white letters crawled through the rusty black background like prematurely gray caterpillars. "Lopez, Guitella y Ca. Clear Havana Cigars," was the sign. Of old it had been a badge and herald of the building—in the dead days when cigar stores were social institutions, carefully unhygienic hang-outs—not the modern, crisply efficient, coupon-baited service stations for smokers. But Guitella had died, at the right time—for Guitella—on the eve of the trade-revolutionizing discovery that tobacco grown under canvas shade in Connecticut or Wisconsin can become just as alluring in texture and almost as rich and mild in flavor as the more aromatic weed of the Cuban Vuelta Abajo.

In the days of Guitella, Lopez, Guitella y Ca. produced more clear Havana cigars than any other factory outside Tampa. All the five lofts of the Franklin Street building were crewed to the limits of municipal regulations, scores of deft brown fingers cutting and clipping and rolling out the deep khaki cylinders that solaced the fancy. But Guitella's death, and his widow's precipitate withdrawal of her interest from the company, combined with the vast stimulation of demand for the shade-grown cigar, had swung wide open the door of the Franklin Street factory for the exit of workers, had closed it gradually, fatefully, to the entry of orders.

Old Lopez trudged the long, creaking stairway to his loft on the second floor. On the first floor was a dealer in spurious furs, and on the floors above him he knew what not of queer and furtive tradesmen. Pushing open the half-glassed door of Factory No. 0321, 11th District of New York, he sniffed the odor of cedar from the piles of boxes that shut out half the scanty light from the murky loft windows. His desk was pushed peevishly against the rear wall of the factory, beside it a typewriter desk, at which sat a young woman—Lopez' daughter—her dark profile bent with stoic melancholy over a thin sheaf of letters from the morning mail. Both desks formed the truncated base of a right angle to a long bench, punctuated with heaps of tobacco, filler, binders and wrappers, at which five veteran cigarmakers toiled unceasingly, their yellow faces hollow and intent under the glare of a lone electric bulb that dangled from the ceiling like a naked, incandescent pear.

The young woman glanced up at her father unsmilingly. He nodded, his grin revealing the grip his macled teeth held on a kindling cigar. He muttered her name, "Inez," as he squirmed between her desk and his own. It had never occurred to him that it was superfluous to bid good morning to the girl who prepared his and her own breakfast before she hurried from Brooklyn to the factory while he made gossipy calls at leaf houses on Water Street. The old man hooked his cane to a crotch of the steam pipe that spindled through the ceiling back of his desk, pushed his hat brim high up on his wrinkled forehead with the gesture of a radio fan fumbling for distance, and sat down.

HIS daughter, rising, placed before him three or four letters and, without comment, left his desk, to face, in the center of the littered loft, a young man who had just entered. Old Lopez scowled at his letters, and the cigarmakers—stonily indifferent to anything but the leaf, half blades and tip paste at their hands—worked away rustlingly, all but their fingers immobile, like the dwarfed Indians that were, in ancient days, the symbols of their trade. Trailing upward, the blue ribbons from their sempiternal cigars fused and drooped in a gray blanket, a common yoke above their bent necks. The young man was neatly clad in a cheap, ready-made way. His complexion was almost as dark as that of the girl who confronted him. His eyes were black, deep-set, piercing; his oval face pointedly eager. He spoke with a nervous jerkiness, his syllables clipped smartly or slurred through inborn unfamiliarity with a strange tongue.

Glancing over the letters before him, Lopez saw his daughter's slim shoulders shrug as the young man expostulated. The girl turned suddenly and went to her father, the young man following, uncertainly, his eyes questingly fixed on the old man.

"Man from Mr. Werner of the Tobacco News," the girl announced.

"What does he want?" Lopez' tone was deep—a habitual growl.

"A job." The girl uttered the word mockingly, as if amused at the paradox of anybody seeking or finding a job with Lopez, Guitella y Ca., in the moribund stage of fortune of this ancient clear Havana house.

"I'll see him," growled Lopez.

The young man's pointed ears caught the words. He stepped forward.

"Check the Detroit order, Inez," old Lopez directed.

Inez retired, her eyes resting on the young man's eager face as he brushed past her to take the old treacherous visitor's chair before her father's desk.

The cigar man found his crafty assay beaten back by hungry, challenging eyes. The young man, skillfully forcing an inch of clean cuff through his well-brushed sleeve, had an assuredness of look. He had instantly sized up Jacinto as accurately meeting description—an old-model, picturesque, passé figure in a striding trade whose strides left old models rapidly behind.

Smoke clouds climbed with tantalizing slowness between him and the old man. The black eyes bored through them.

"My name's Max Berin," the young man announced. "Mr. Werner spoke to you yesterday about me."

Lopez nodded. To Werner, an old friend, an intimate of days of glory, he had confided the fact that he was firing Riley, his lone salesman; that he wanted a young and energetic fellow with no handicapping traditions of the obsolete saloon business. This was Werner's young, energetic fellow. He looked it.

"My father runs the cigar stand in the Leiterhoff Building," the young man raced on. "I helped him out all summer after school, so I got to know something about the business. Mr. Werner says you're lookin' for new blood."

LOPEZ smiled cynically. So long had he accepted the progressive decay of his trade, so stoically had he surrendered in a struggle he had no energy to understand, that this audacity amused him. His face had the awed alertness of an old fighting animal fearing attack.

"I need a salesman," he admitted, a trail of smoke following the words—giving his mouth the effect of a joss weary of stale incense.

"I want to get into the selling game," the young man countered. "Mr. Mannenberg offered me a job, but I figure I stand a better chance with a smaller house first."

"Mannenberg?" The old man ignored Berin's tactlessness to make a personal point. "You mean the Utopia Mannenberg?"

Berin nodded.

"It's a big cigar. But that's the trouble, it's so big that the salesmen are nothing but messenger boys."

"Louis Mannenberg," Lopez pronounced with shabby grandeur, "got his start with me."

Berin, impressed, stared the harder through the smoke.

"He used to work for me," Lopez went on—Berin welcoming the narrative as a symptom of the old man's interest—"fifteen years ago. This is where he learned what he knows about the cigar business. Except he didn't learn to make shade-grown junk here. Nothing but clear Havana."

The last words had a ring of pride in them. Old Lopez puffed a cloud as if demonstrating proof. Berin grinned.

"The Utopia sells like wildfire," he commented.

"Sells!" The old man's tone was edged with contempt. "Of course it sells. Smokers don't know what clear Havana is any more."

"The filler's Havana, isn't it?" Berin put in. "His salesmen tell my father that the Utopia filler all comes from the Palenda district in Cuba."

Lopez growled an equivalent to "Tush!" But although his expression was gloomy, even resentful, Max Berin knew that he had registered. The old man went on into personal history. How his son had steadfastly refused to go into the business, taken up medicine, and tapped the resources of Lopez, Guitella y Ca. for support. He dismissed the son with a bubbling pout.

When he had finished, Berin knew the job was his.

THE loft door opened to admit a heavy-set figure with a round white head showing under a shabby fedora at least a size too small. He moved forward bulkily—familiar with the place. Lopez stirred at the man's approach, and Berin saw his lower lip stiffen under its awning of iron gray whisker.

His puffy, pink face set in a cold leer, the newcomer came to where Berin sat. A thick stub of cigar protruded from the corner of his mouth, and as he grinned at Berin—a grin that gave his overdone features a false twist of impudence—"Got my check?" he demanded. He had the husky voice of an ancient bibber.

Berin, amused rather than alarmed by the interruption, saw Lopez' pliant nostrils curl in a sneer. The old man took a check book from his desk drawer. He called his daughter, who advanced, her eyes ranging coldly over the white-haired visitor.

"Write Mr. Riley's check," he bade her.

The girl tore a blank from the book, slipped it in her machine, and filled the spaces. Then she passed the check through a cheap protector and handed it back to her father, returning to the packing table beside the cigar bench without another glance at either Riley or Berin. Lopez signed the check, wafted it a while for his signature to dry, then handed it to Riley. Pressing his pince-nez on his fleshy nose, Riley read the check, grinningly folded it, tucked it in his vest pocket and shook himself down as though throwing off the atmosphere of the place.

"I start in with Mannenberg Monday," he boasted. "That shade-grown stuff suits my trade better."

LOPEZ paid no heed, his eyes stubbornly downcast on papers before him. Riley, with a flourishing glance at the bent cigarmakers and the nimble-fingered girl, turned and stalked away.

As the door rattled behind him, Lopez lifted fire-flecked eyes.

"Drinking bum," he growled. "Ten years I kept that fellow on the saloon trade. When the saloons closed he made his calls as usual."

"Now he's going to Mannenberg?" Berin observed.

The old man pouted.

"Talks of his trade—and shade-grown stuff. Mannenberg will fire him in three weeks—one week to try him, one week to find out he's a bum, and another week to fire him."

Berin laughed infectiously, causing Lopez to smile at his own terse summary of Riley's transition. The old man leaned across the desk.

"You can have Riley's job," he said crisply. "Of course I don't start you on what he got."

"What did he get?" asked Berin.

"I'll give you thirty a week and commission—10 per cent on new sales—7 on repeats."

"Who pays the car fare?" asked Berin.

"I do—out of town," Lopez answered, thrilled and abashed at the young man's pointedness.

"Then," Berin arose, his boyish face glowing with a sense of achievement, "I'll turn my first order in now. Twenty-five hundred Lopez-Guitellas in five sizes, for my father's stand."

"I only make three sizes," said Lopez. "Londres, panetela, and corona."

"All right. Fifteen hundred Londres and five hundred each the panetelas and coronas."

He placed before the old man a half letterhead on which the order was written. Lopez scanned it. He looked up from the order to his new salesman, pleasure in his wrinkled face.

"To show I like this," he drawled, "I'll bill your father less the 10 per cent commission."

"Oh, no," Berin's reply was prompt as he leaned across the desk. "Credit me with that. That's mine."

Lopez looked sharply into the piercing black eyes; but all he said was "Oh." He pushed the order into a waiting basket, then stood up to close the interview, first calling his daughter. The girl came forward. Berin could see weariness in her slim body, hopelessness in her shadowed eyes.

"Mr. Berin," her father announced, "is our new salesman, Inez. Make him up a sample case. He starts to-morrow morning."

Inez smiled—Berin thought the smile pretty. She picked the paper from the order basket and without a word turned to the packing table. Lopez and Berin shook hands, and the old man stumbled around the side of the desk to demonstrate the resources of the loft.

"All hand-made, not a mold in the place," the guttural brag drummed in Berin's ears as he escaped down the long street stairway. "All clear Havana, no domestic rubbish. The same cigar we've made for thirty years."

As Berin turned out of the black mouth of the building he ran full tilt into a fleshy man with a small hat on a large white head.

"Well, young feller." It was Riley who spoke. "Got my job, have yer?"

Berin nodded—his eyes freezingly hostile to a suspected touch.

"What I wanted to tell yer," Riley's thick lips confided, "is that you're wastin' your time. If there's a job with Mannenberg, I'll let yer know. The clear Havana game's gone. Nothing to it."

Berin halted.

"Watch that old bird," Riley cautioned. "Get what's comin' to you. He's tight as a mule's hip."

And the veteran plodded off. A confident smile and an assured reply was his parting memory of Berin.

"I can look after myself," the boy had thrown back.

LOPEZ, in his dilapidated two-family house in Flatbush, and Berin, wakeless in a stuffy mid-East Side tenement, focused their sleepless thoughts on the same point that night, the point being the melancholy face of a girl packing cigars. The old man's thoughts flowed from a well of sentiment—the girl ought to be married. He was guiltily conscious of the impediment his misfortunes had been to her rightful ambition, but the sense of guilt was lightened by the reflection that if it was her ambition she had never made it known. At one time he thought Riley might have married her. Now the mere suggestion appalled him. Here had entered the scene a young, energetic fellow—new blood. Perhaps—there was a prospect. He had seen the two confront each other that morning, observed vagrant glances of interest. Discussing the young man with Inez at dinner, his halting shrewdness divined that the girl was impressed.

The young man's waking dreams were untempered with emotion. His breast held no stirring. The cold light of ambition, of figure-and-fact calculation, illumined his thought. Lopez, he calculated, had, in his anger, left his perverse son out of any inheritance consideration. The business would be the girl's. Not an unattractive girl, physically. Melancholy-appearing, with a suggestion that she was not fully nourished. But young men about him in the tenements—pushingly eager young men—were marrying girls of less distinction, of smaller prospects.

BOTH men carried the corollaries of their dreams into the loft the following day, and it seemed, as their eyes met over the sample case which Inez was quietly explaining to Berin, that each was aware of what the other thought.

When Berin returned, late in the afternoon, hot and tired, but eager to relay the tidings of minor success, Lopez unhesitatingly invited him to dinner. With father and daughter, Berin rode the long way to Flatbush. It was the first of many such evenings. The old man rolled out endless stories of better days, and futile prophecies that were nothing but lazily animated hopes of better days to come for manufacturers of clear Havana. The girl modestly displayed her accomplishments: she was a sound if unimaginative cook; could play the piano passably—strange and solemn stuff with which Berin was unfamiliar, but which he found subtly appealing. And she sewed skillfully and could mention books without number. Himself reared in an atmosphere where time was measured in wages per hour, he marveled how she could find leisure for culture.

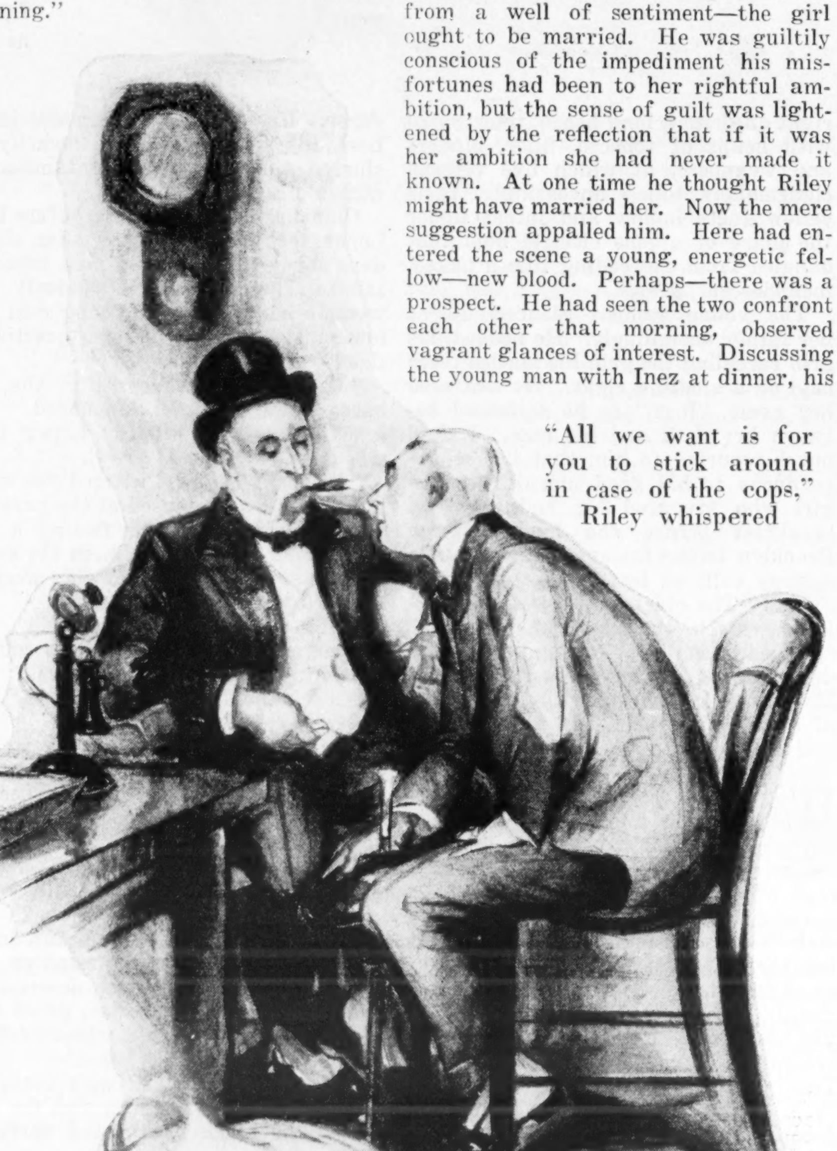
At the end of his second moderately successful week Berin took Inez to a theatre. He had calculated the exact cost—of a table d'hôte dinner, no taxis going or coming, and seats bought at a drug store renowned among the poorer but not unfaithful patrons of the arts for cut rates on the strugglers. To Berin it was an investment; to the girl an exciting experiment. Old Lopez had tacitly retired against their return, but in his room at the rear of the lower two-family lay-out he measured the minutes of his salesman's stay. Promising, he concluded, when the street door finally closed at half past one. The boy was smart, did business where Riley couldn't. Very promising.

He abstained from discussion with his daughter. Inez, naturally reserved, made no sign. During the daytime the loft was the last place where even the edges of romance would be suspected of lurking. His daughter went about her chores as secretary, bookkeeper, and packing supervisor; the five automats clipped and crammed and rolled the panetelas, Londres, and coronas; smoke-haze clung to the roof and the cedar odor of boxes intensified the stuffiness.

Yet Lopez observed that the girl brightened when Berin returned, like a homing pigeon, to the loft at evening, his worn-handled sample case swinging at his side, his gradually filling order book leapingly produced.

Lopez, long inured to inactivity, found himself dazzled by the energy of youth. Berin covered ground in a week that Riley had taken two weeks even vaguely to report on. The old man found it solacing—when it was also enervating—for him to sit quietly in his chair through the day, conscious that the evening would find a small quota of orders that would keep the five images bent over their bench, relentlessly piling cylinder on cylinder, jealously rebuilding

(Continued on page 28)



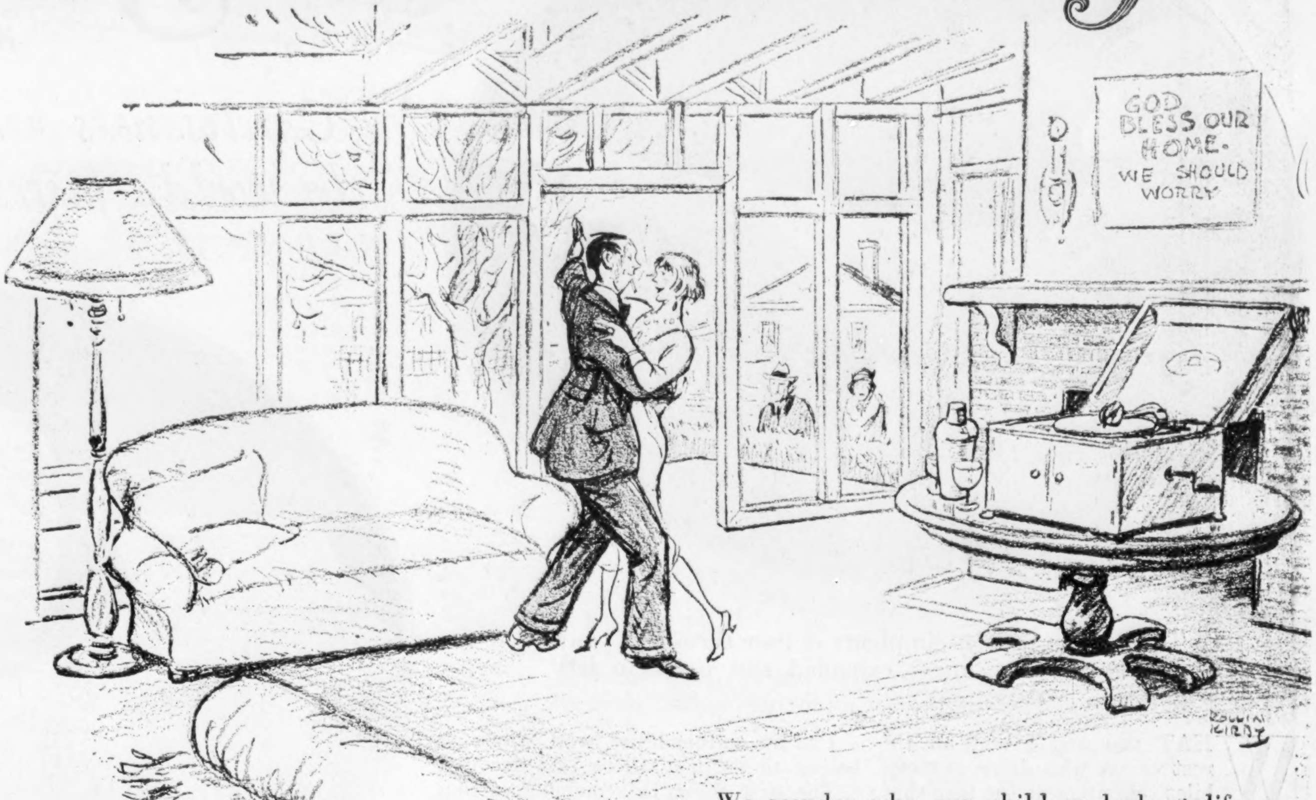
"All we want is for you to stick around in case of the cops," Riley whispered

Home can make or break you

An interview with Mrs. Thomas A. Edison

By MARTHA COMAN and HUGH WEIR

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY


GOD BLESS OUR HOME- WE SHOULD WORRY
ROLLIN KIRBY

We wonder why our children look at life as a merry-go-round. Home is too often just an address

Mrs. Edison has managed a successful home for thirty-eight years. Here's what she has learned about the job

"AMERICA," said Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, "has taken the drudgery out of the kitchen, and the horsehair furniture out of the parlor, but it has also taken something else out of its homes . . . something for which scientific discovery and invention cannot offer a substitute.

"We wonder why our children are looking at life as a dizzy merry-go-round—why many of our boys and girls are coming to laugh at our laws as jokes—why youthful crime is so alarmingly increasing. And some of us question anxiously what we are going to do about it, and where it is all going to end.

"But we don't approach the subject from the right angle. We don't go back to real causes. It seems to me that it is time for a woman—a wife and a mother—to look at the problem of moral unrest among our boys and girls, and to point out some intimate facts which most of our learned investigators seem to be stumbling by."

We had gone to Mrs. Edison to ask how a new moral vision is to be given to the homes and the youth of to-day, because her husband has done more than any other living man to make over physical conditions of home life of the last half century.

We were certain that the wife who had seen the development and the expansion of the electric light, the phonograph, and the motion picture from a woman's viewpoint could, if she would, give us a unique message to the parents of America.

And we found that if the consuming passion of Thomas A. Edison is the laboratory, that of Mrs. Edison is the home.

We Need a Home Revival

"NOT long ago I was visiting in Richmond, Va.," she continued, "and in that delightful Southern city I had a remarkable experience. I was invited to an old-fashioned family party. I didn't know there were such things in this country any more. And the most astonishing fact was that nobody seemed to think it *was* old-fashioned or out of the ordinary. Parents were there with their children. Mothers danced with their sons and friends of their sons. Fathers danced with their daughters and their daughters' chums. There was no thought of domestic boredom.

"I did some serious thinking when I left. It seemed to me that I had found one answer to a great national problem. We go to high-priced investigators to find out what is wrong with our boys and girls when we would get the answer a whole lot quicker and a whole lot better if we went to our boys and girls themselves. We don't need elaborate diagrams and ponderous discussions to teach our children a new code of moral conduct. What we need is a more intimate companionship with our children.

"The teaching of moral character—the development of moral stamina—is not an abstract proposition. Our schools can do much but they can't do it all—and they can do little or nothing without the active, practical coöperation of the home.

"And so in any effort to develop a new meaning to the business of life we get back to the fact that our schools can do their part *only* if our homes do their part. And there is no use in trying to dodge the confession that an increasingly large percentage of our homes are failing to measure up to their opportunities—and responsibilities.

"The first thought of our growing boys and girls is to get away from home. Many of their parents began to set the example long since. Instead of a national institution or a domestic inspiration, home is too often just an address—to be used when absolutely necessary.

"After all, our boys and girls are simply following the habits of the times. It would be untrue and unjust to brand them as vicious or wicked. They are natural products of their environment.

"We need a revival as we never needed it before—not a revival of religion, nor a revival of business, but a revival of the home. The rest will take care of itself.

"The log cabin of Abraham Lincoln, where a labor-saving device was unheard of, saved more inspiration for posterity than thousands of our modern homes where everything is provided ready made.

"The woman who had to make the family clothes by hand often had to her credit a more wholesome household than the woman with the electric sewing machine has to-day. The mother with the kerosene lamps did more for her children and with her children than many mothers enjoying the benefit of the incandescent light.

"I sometimes think that the present-day descendants of the women who conquered the wilderness are being conquered by a wilderness of leisure. Our constant cry is to make things 'easy;' and we are getting less real happiness for ourselves and our children than the families whose only alarm clock was the war whoop of the savage.

"Here is a suggestion:

"The next time we use a home labor-saving device suppose we employ the extra leisure it has given to us by making a visit to our children's teachers, and getting acquainted. If we have never met them, so much the better.

"We might go another step farther—a big step farther. We might get acquainted not only with the teachers of our children, but also with our children—and the world in which they live.

Ask Yourself These Questions

"DO YOU know your children's hidden lives? I don't mean in a physical sense, but their mental, imaginary lives—their secret dreams and longings and make-believe hero rôles.

"Do you know your children's friends? Do you know their books? Will your daughter exchange bedtime confidences with you? Will your son open up to Dad man-to-man fashion? If they will, you haven't much need to worry about what will happen to them.

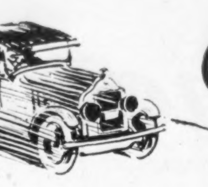
"There remains yet another step in connecting our homes more adequately with the needs and opportunities of life. This is a sympathetic study of the new profession of home-making—for it is a definite profession, and one of the most important that we have.

"The making of an attractive, efficient and harmonious home life is not a question of heavy expenses, possible only to large incomes. It is simply a question of intelligent study.

"For instance, there is the domestic application of the opportunities provided by scientific progress. These are not all labor-saving devices. Modern invention has made facilities for home decoration as available to the woman on the Dakota farm as to the woman in a Fifth Avenue mansion. She doesn't need expensive tapestries nor priceless paintings. Science has shown us how to get more wonderful color tones and shades from our lights. The woman who has to watch her allowance can do as much with the new art of lighting as the woman who finds it difficult to spend her allowance.

"Perhaps we may go even farther than physical decoration. When I suggest there may be an intimate connection between your restless boy or your melancholy, fretful girl and the lights in your home you may doubt my seriousness. But careful investigation has shown that in this age of abundant light over fifty per cent of our families are suffering from eyestrain due to the wrong kind of light received in the wrong way. And eyestrain affects not only the physical senses but the hidden nerve tissues and the mysterious brain cells which must function right if we are to build any kind of enduring moral health.

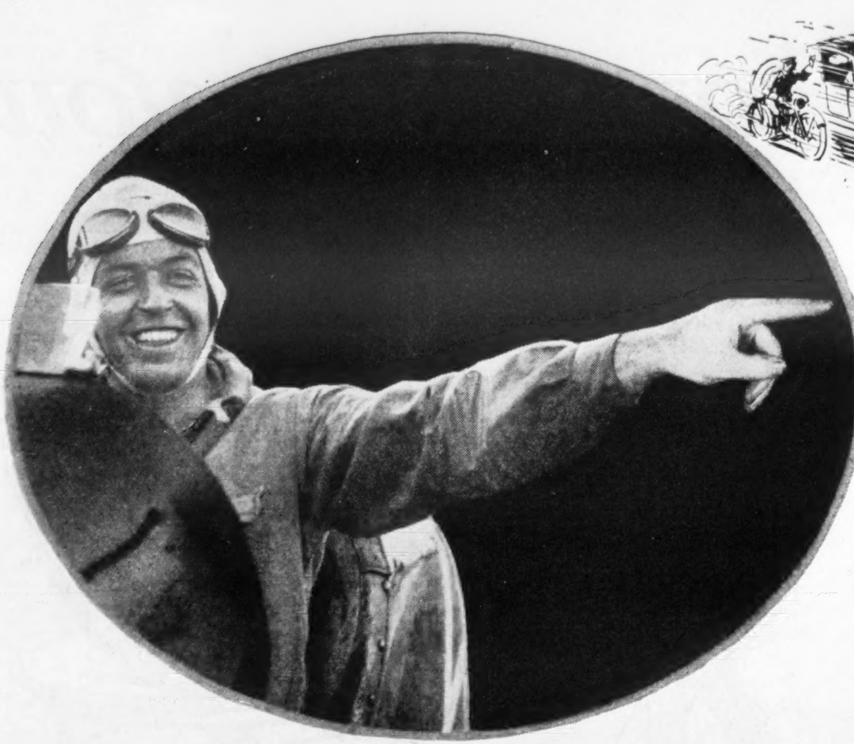
"America was conceived by home-makers who invaded an unknown wilderness. It was developed by home-makers who chopped away that wilderness clear across the continent. The saving of the most vital product of America to-day—our boys and girls—depends upon a revival of our home-makers, who will really put our homes adequately to work."



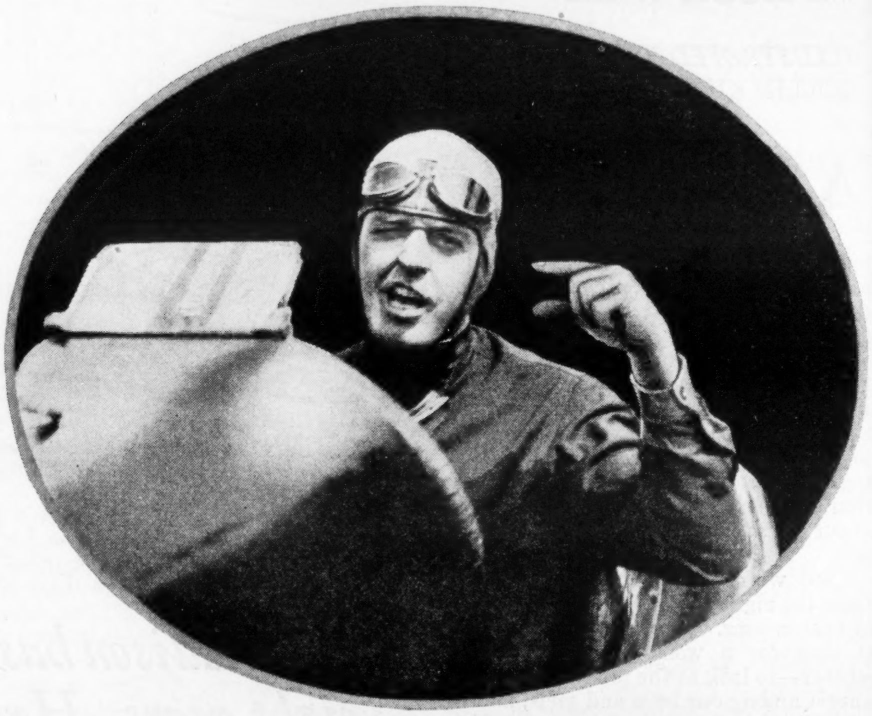
FAST *and*

By TOMMY MILTON

"Carelessness kills, not speed," says the world's fastest automobile driver



Turning left corner—in plenty of time thrust out your arm with index finger extended and point to left



Turning right corner—raise your forearm from the elbow and plainly point the index finger to right

WHAT you and I and all the rest of us who drive automobiles trip up on is the idea that fast driving is dangerous driving. Let's get this down in our books—and into our heads:

It isn't speed so much as recklessness that kills. When America, the first nation that took to wheels, really learns how to drive—learns the "inside" of driving—we'll all know, as an axiom, that it is not necessarily the fast driver but the selfish, reckless or ignorant driver that is a killer.

Of course there is a limit to speed; at 100 or 110 miles an hour any racing driver can handle his car on a decent track, even if he does have a blow-out; at 130 or 135 miles an hour he's almost helpless. But I'm writing about ordinary street and road driving. Our yearly automobile killings are absurd; our automobile accidents are inexcusable. Five cars out of every hundred are in accidents every year. Drive a car twenty years, say the casualty insurance men, and you're bound to be hurt.

Every day in the year, clustered around fifty-two graves in America, bereaved men, women and children gather and look down upon the caskets of fifty-two Americans who have been killed by some of the 16,000,000 automobiles in the land!

Don't you get a thrill of pride over the scientists who fight and conquer disease? You and I have cheered them while they fought down the death rate of diphtheria and croup from 21 per 100,000 in 1910 to less than 14 per 100,000 in 1925. To see scarlet fever drop in its killing power from 12 per 100,000 every year to less than 4 makes us proud of medical science. But—we automobilists to-day are killing 15 out of every 100,000 of our fellows. And only six years ago we were killing only 11 out of every 100,000.

Automobile killings have increased as much as 20 per cent in one year, while our science of medicine has been striving to cut down death, by disease, in terms of small fractions.

While great "safety first" campaigns have cut down the perils of accidents in factories and mines, the killings on our highways have more than tripled in percentage. The race tracks are safer than some of our streets. There's no on-coming traffic there. I feel safer. Roads and streets to-day are about as deadly as sawmills, mines and factories.

I'm an automobilist who wants to belong to the non-killers. So are you.

The first thing to remember is that the man who doesn't keep his car in order is a potential killer.

Worn front tires render an automobile as dangerous as a mad dog. Blowouts, records show, kill not only the driver but others. Here's a driver with a loose steering wheel; he has to whirl it halfway around to get results. That man in that car is deadly—he ought to know he's deadly. The day will come, after we autoists are fully educated in driving, when he *will* know it.

You and I who do not keep our brakes in order are killers.

Brains galore have been expended by automobile engineers to make our brakes safe. Cars *have* been built in other days with brakes that were bound to become covered with grease and thus rendered useless, but they are built that way no longer.

Be Careful of Your Brakes!

IT IS difficult, of course, to get under your car and adjust your brakes. Perhaps some automobile maker, some day, will build a car in such a way that brakes can be adjusted through the floor boards. Until then, the man who doesn't want to deserve being thrown into jail as a reckless potential killer must go to the pains of getting under his car and adjusting his brakes regardless of the trouble it costs.

There is a rule regarding brakes, set by engineers, that you ought to know. It is: Your brakes ought to hold your car on any hill your car can climb. Graded hills ought not to be steeper than a rise of one foot in every sixteen feet of roadway, but if there are steeper hills on your automobile routes you ought to test your brakes on them.

What's more, buy a car that you can "brake on the engine," without hurting engine parts. Automobile engineers say that most cars are made, these days, so that "braking on the engine" does no injury. Continue the ignition while you're "engine braking" and throttle the engine as low as possible.

Automobile makers can help us to avoid accidents to some extent. For instance: How do you know that you have plenty of vision in your car? Thirty-five degrees of vision is not enough. Forty-five degrees is right, say the car builders. Do objects, such as pedestrians or other cars, turn up unexpectedly on your right or left, so that you frequently have trouble in stopping your car in time to avoid accident? If so, look over your car; there may be a post or the edge of a door that is serving you as blinders serve a horse. No one knows how many thousands of persons have been killed because car drivers were unconsciously partially blinded. Car makers everywhere to-day are trying to work out forty-five-degree vision for us.

Learn to know a sign of danger on the road when you see one. In order to do this you must use your brains. There is an "inside" of driving just as there is an "inside" of baseball. There is a "low-down" of the road that everyone ought to know.

Here's a fellow with a spotlight on his car. It isn't on the left side of the car but in the middle or perhaps even on the right side where he can easily reach it with his right hand. It would be better to arrest this man now than to arrest him after he has killed some one. His spotlight, at night, actually invites on-coming traffic to hit him.

Here's another killer—this *overloaded* truck. You think a speed maniac, doing sixty miles an hour, is dangerous. "Inside driving knowledge" shows that the speed maniac is harmless compared with this slow, lumbering, overloaded truck.

In the first place, this truck is practically "brakeless." It was made to carry a certain weight. Its brakes were made to handle a certain load. An overweight of half a ton renders the brakes practically useless. A driver with useless brakes is like a man in a crowd with a bomb in his pocket. What's more, this great truck, especially if the driver sticks to the middle of the road, is a veritable death trap. It forces every car that comes up from behind to break the law by going to the left and facing on-coming traffic.

The fellow who passes you recklessly from behind is a killer. He gets out of line, into the middle of the road. He makes a bet with himself that if he meets an on-coming car the line will open and let him in again. But suppose it doesn't. The man who drives or bets like this is a menace.

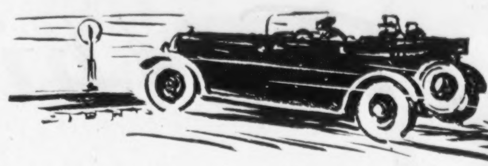
"Don't speed up when a car attempts to pass you from behind" is one of the primary rules of the road. I never do. The road is no place for a race. Analysis of thousands of accidents show that trying to head off one of these "passing" fools is deadly.

Don't Blame Joy-Riders Alone

HERE'S a joy-rider. You can tell him by his speed and perhaps by the crowd that's with him. Tens of thousands of cars are stolen every year by joy-riders and left at the curbside after the ride is over. Thousands are killed by joy-riders; hundreds by drivers of stolen cars. Car thieves always drive recklessly. Don't blame the joy-riders alone. What about the man who owns the car? Did he have a lock on the car of a sort that would make theft impossible? An auto owner has no more right to leave his car unlocked on the street than he would have to leave a loaded shotgun or a bomb on the sidewalk in front of his house. "Who let these killers have this car?" is a question that policemen will ask in that day when you and I and the rest of us begin to understand the "inside" of driving.

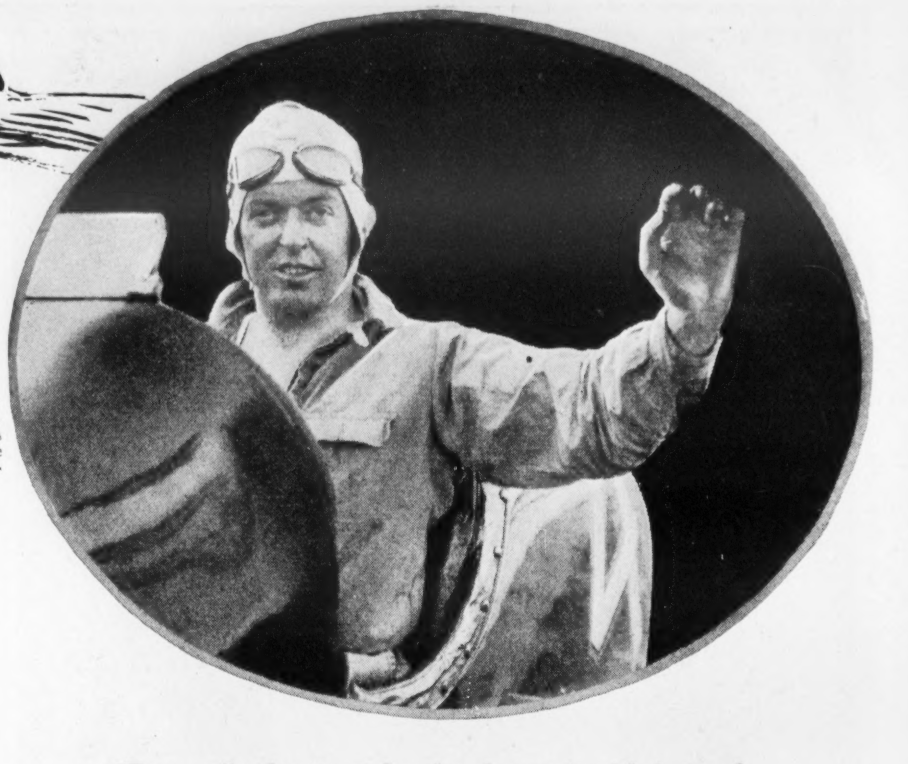
Wrong thinking about pedestrians is

SAFE

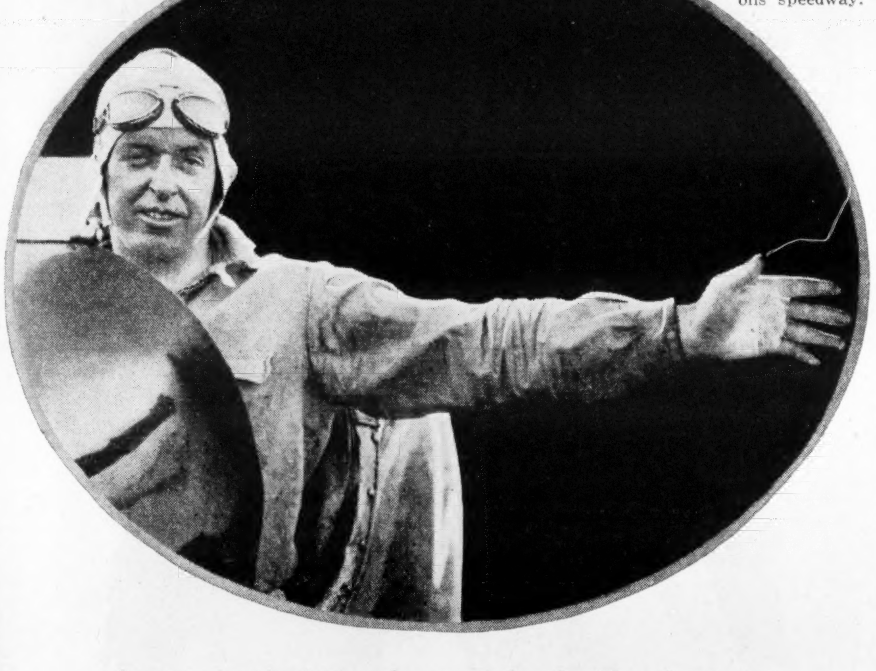


The new Collier's Motoring Signals, demonstrated by Tommy Milton, have been made into a larger poster for display in garages and filling stations. There are smaller prints to carry in your pocket or paste on your windshield. They are easy to get. See the announcement on page 33 of this issue

Photos posed especially for Collier's by Tommy Milton in his racing car on the famous Indianapolis speedway.



"Pass me"—thrust out hand and wave it with forward motion. Be sure to sound horn when passing from rear



Stopping or backing—thrust out hand with palm forward and hold that way. Look around before backing

deadly. Nine chances out of ten a pedestrian, at some time or other, is also an automobilist. In 60 per cent of all accidents involving pedestrians the driver of the car is to blame. Pedestrians are killed when there is no room on the road for them. There *must* be room on the road for them. In cities there must be islands of safety in the streets. "Go here," as a rule for pedestrians is far more effective than "Don't go here." It takes brains to provide for pedestrians, but they *must* be provided for.

Stop for a moment to consider how seldom you see a traffic policeman in your town worry about pedestrians. He doesn't signal to them to come or to stand still. They can take care of themselves, he thinks. They *can't* take care of themselves, the records of killings show.

Traffic policemen must be taught to consider pedestrians as part of the traffic at every crossing. They must tell walkers where and when to move. Another fixed axiom must be that the streets are not playgrounds for children. We must have real playgrounds somewhere for city children.

What would happen in America if we took down all our road signs? We would probably have 100,000 killings a year instead of 19,000. Traffic signs help, immeasurably. We need more road signs. And these signs, in part, ought to tell drivers what they *may* do, not what they must not do. It is the positive information that helps.

There ought to be no rules or laws that automobilists cannot obey. For instance, there ought not to be city or town ordinances providing for speed less than 15 miles an hour. Even higher speeds might not be dangerous, under proper control. We must, as I have said, get new ideas about speed into our heads. The time may come when we shall have governors on our cars that will keep speed down to 30 or 35 miles an hour, but it isn't always speed that kills. It's recklessness.

There are two main schools of thought, among experts, about speed. One school thinks that speed ought to be arbitrarily fixed. This school does not credit automobilists with brains.

It Doesn't Take Speed to Kill

THE other school—and it is in the ascendancy—would measure responsibility not by speed but the care or recklessness of a driver. A car, traveling at three miles an hour, can crush the life out of a child. You mustn't set the driver of that car free because he was traveling inside the speed limit. A driver may come out of an alley on a main thoroughfare at a speed of six miles an hour and kill others and be killed himself, although he is within the speed limit.

Don't get your signals too fancy. Our signals must be fool-proof. The minute you try to work out complicated codes for languid jeweled hands or for grimy mitts you're spoiling the value of signals. Four motions are enough. I like the Collier's signs. To turn to the left you stretch out your arm and point in that direction. To turn to the right you crook your elbow upward and point your finger toward the right. To stop you hold out your hand with the palm forward. To tell a man behind you to pass you wave your hand forwardly. That's all—and enough. They're natural motions, not artificial. They tell the full story.

And when you signal, make a real signal out of the gesture. Make it in plenty of time, not suddenly. Don't flop out a lazy hand. Remember, you're trying to tell someone behind that there's danger ahead. Your signal is just as important and just as life-saving as a railroad semaphore signal. On your lazy-minded days, when your brain, your arms and hands feel floppy and flabby, don't drive. The time will come, when we're all really educated in the "inside" of driving, that lazy-minded, floppy-armed signalers will have their licenses and perhaps their cars taken away from them.

There's not enough revocation of licenses or enough revoking powers in proper hands, students of traffic tell me. Fine or even jail is not always enough punishment for erring drivers. A driver must know, positively, that something unpleasant will happen to him if he's at fault.

Here are the insurance men, for instance. They insure me on the track as well as off. They know about automobile accidents at first hand. They see and talk to, and study, people who have been in accidents. Do you know what they advise as punishment? They suggest not only that licenses be revoked, but that the car at fault in an accident be impounded. They don't draw any line between the owner of the car and the driver. An owner who permits his car to get into careless hands is in their opinion equally to blame with the careless driver who runs it.

Believe me, it isn't the incompetent driver who is the most dangerous. The competent driver—selfish, heartless, cruel and reckless—is the danger of the road. The man or woman who is selfish and heartless in everyday life doesn't lose that character at the driver's wheel. Instead, he or she has a killing weapon which, out of selfishness and disregard for the rights of others, he or she may use as an instrument of slaughter.

There is *heartless* killing. You and I do not want heartless, cruel drivers on our roads. Proven cruelty ought to mean revocation of license.

The road automobilist who insists on standing on his technical rights is all kinds of a fool. The best way to get to the morgue is to *take* your rights.

You may have a certain right, at a certain moment, but does the other fellow know it? Don't seize your "right" until the other fellow lets you know in some way that he recognizes the fact. Wait for the other fellow to *give* you your right; don't *take* it. If he doesn't give it to you, take care of yourself and put him down as a fool. And don't ever try to outguess or get the best of fools in automobiles. They'll kill a wise man every time, because a wise driver figures out what a fool ought to do, and the fool never does it. There's many a gravestone in American cemeteries which ought to have engraved on it these words: *Here Lies an Automobile Driver Who Stood on His Rights.*

When we learn the "inside" of driving we'll be as fearful of cars that are standing by the roadsides as we are of speed maniacs. Of all the death traps of the road the car standing in the road is one of the deadliest.

Look out for roadside stopping. If you must stop, get off the road if you can. Experts agree that there ought to be recesses in our roads, at a distance of every 300 feet, where automobiles can stop if necessary. Changing tires in the road is a highly dangerous proceeding. Stopping to talk to a pedestrian, while seeking directions, is a cause of deadly accidents. Pull off the road, if you must stop. It is reckless driving not to do this.

I always crawl past roadside vegetable stands. Every driver knows the groups of standing cars, the passing figures, the pedestrians in the danger zone at every roadside store. Killings are done at these points.

Look Out for the Railroads

RAILROAD grade crossings, of course, are deadly. But they are more deadly than is necessary. Some of them are at curves, with the railroad track masked by trees or earth. The vision of the driver ought to extend at least 300 feet. These masking trees should be cut down, or the earth leveled to give a driver vision.

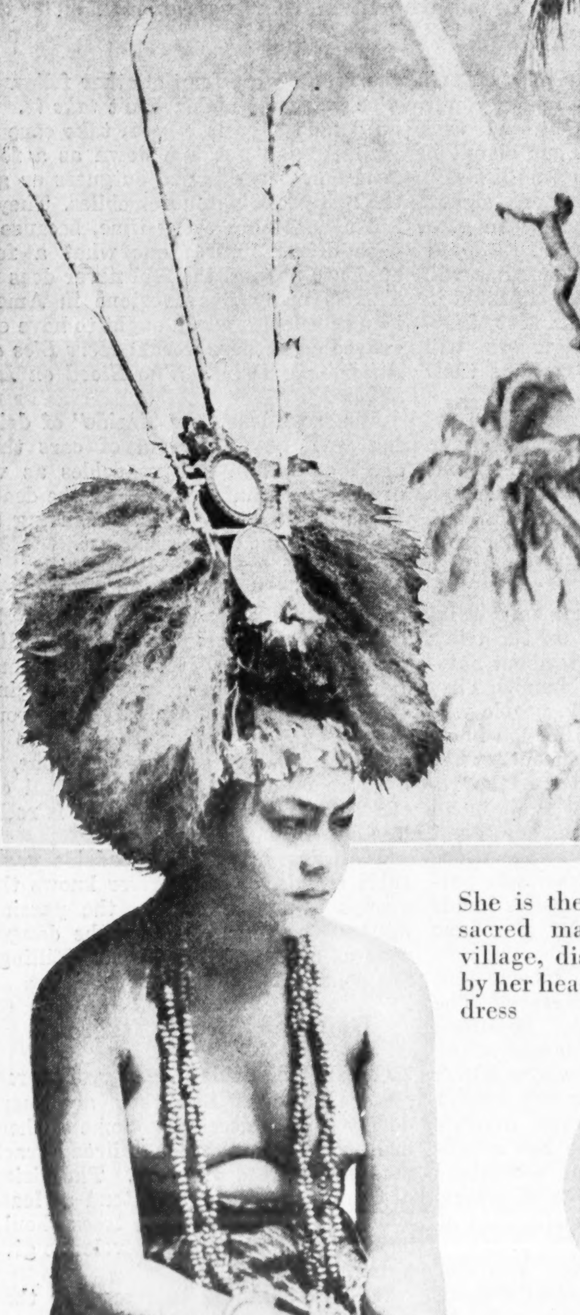
It's a good thing to remember that many grade crossing accidents come from stalling the engine. You see the approaching train; you try to put on too much power suddenly; your engine stops; your car is at a standstill on the tracks.

Grade crossings ought to be easy to cross. For instance, no steep grade of the road ought to lead up to the railroad tracks. Such a grade might cause an engine to stall (*Continued on page 38*)

And this is the

Her crown of pua leaves is on straight. The inevitable necklace of red sandalwood seeds hangs nicely, and so, as other well-dressed damsels do, she makes a complacent dental display

A Samoan lad (left) going to breakfast. The tree is tall, and when he drinks his coconut milk and descends it will be lunch time and he will have to go back again. Here he is (right) smiling between meals



She is the taupo, or sacred maid of her village, distinguished by her headdress

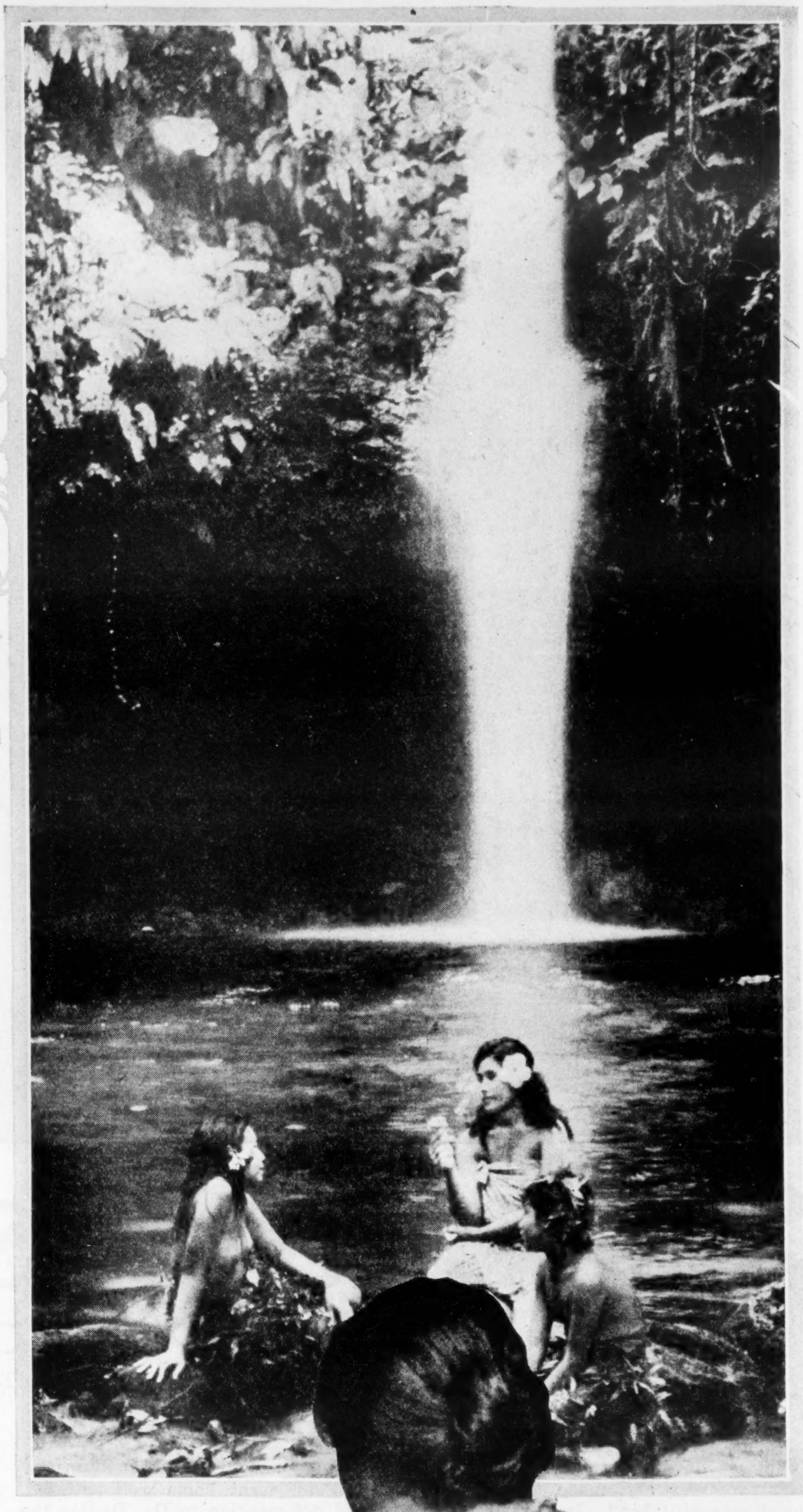
Bound for a day's fishing on the coral reef where every prospect pleases and anything's in style

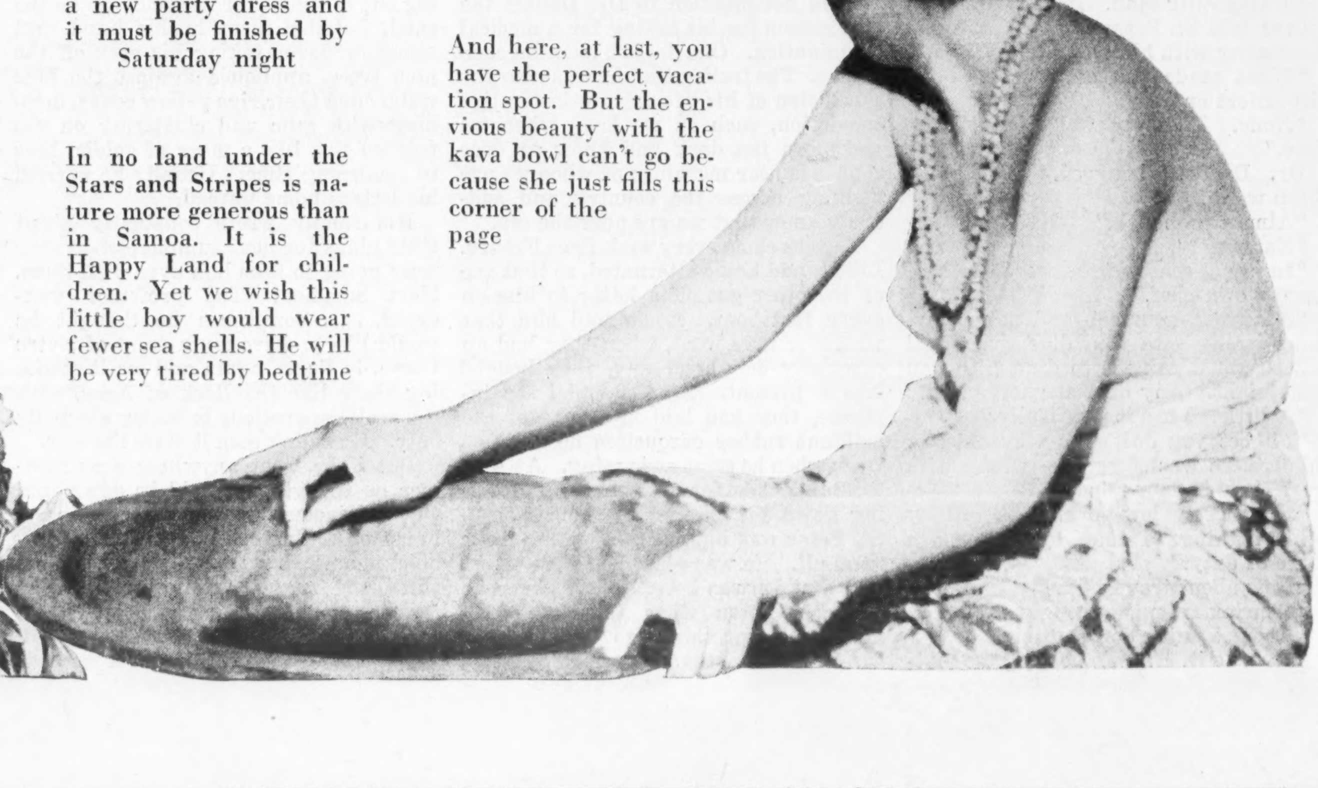
United States

These delightful pictures were taken by Frances Hubbard Flaherty and Robert J. Flaherty in Samoa, where the United States and Great Britain divide sovereignty

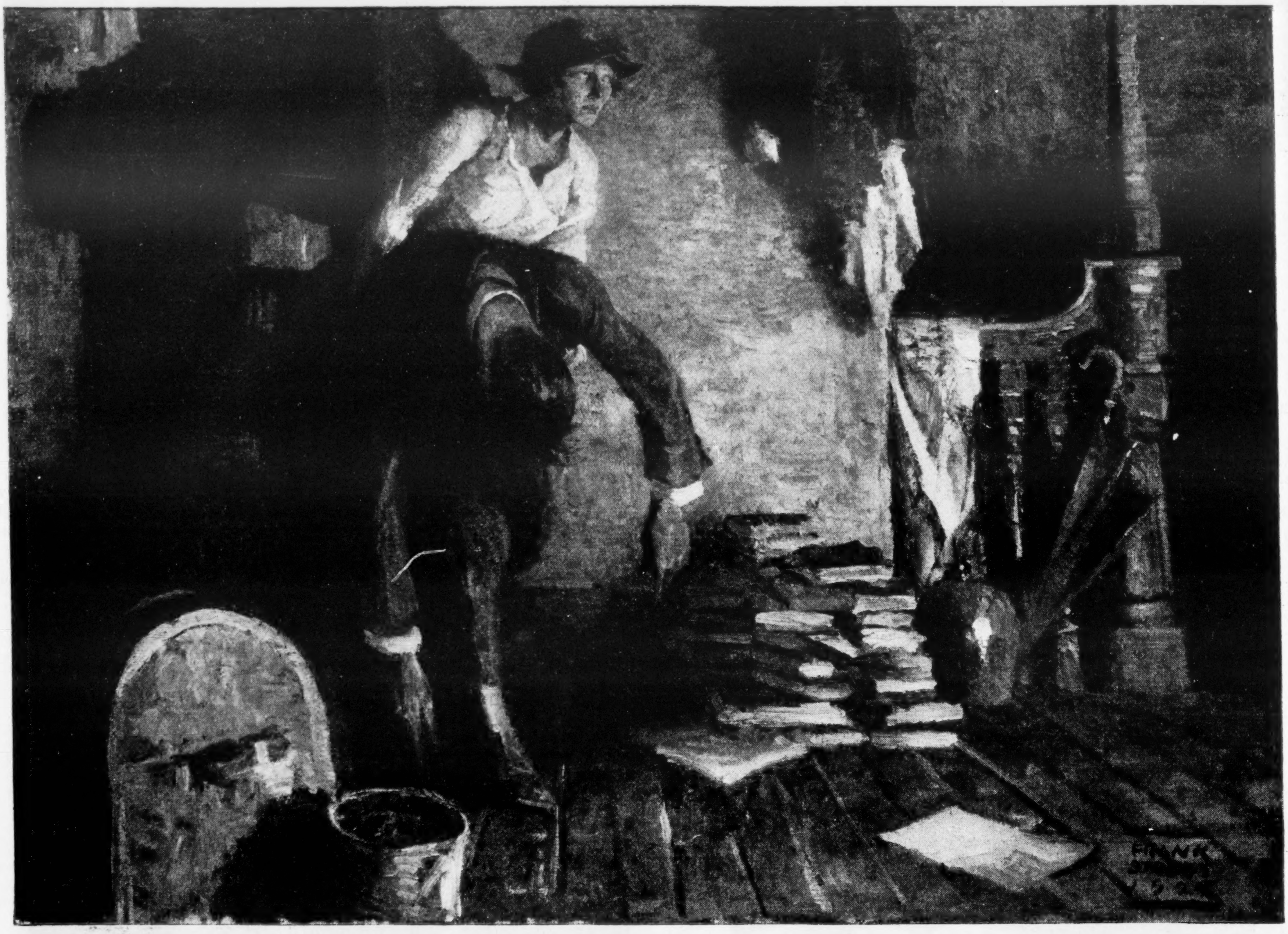
Women *will* worry about clothes and there isn't anything we can do about it. Here's this girl (above) wearing a perfectly good tapa cloth. Is she satisfied? No. She is working on a new party dress and it must be finished by Saturday night

In no land under the Stars and Stripes is nature more generous than in Samoa. It is the Happy Land for children. Yet we wish this little boy would wear fewer sea shells. He will be very tired by bedtime





And here, at last, you have the perfect vacation spot. But the envious beauty with the kava bowl can't go because she just fills this corner of the page



"That old stove very nearly asphyxiated you. It was frightful in here. I was barely in time to pull you out"

The PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

Book III—The Professor
(Conclusion)

By WILLA CATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

THE family doctor knew all about St. Peter. It was summer, moreover, and he had plenty of time. He devoted several mornings to the professor and made tests of the most searching kind. In the end he, of course, told St. Peter there was nothing the matter with him.

"What made you come to me—any discomfort or pain?"

"None. I simply feel tired all the time."

Dr. Dudley shrugged. "So do I! Sleep well?"

"Almost too much."

"Eat well?"

"In every sense of the word, well. I am my own chef."

"Always a gourmet, and never anything wrong with your digestive tract! I wish you'd ask me to dine with you some night. Any of that sherry left?"

"A little. I use it plentifully."

"I'll bet you do! But why did you think there was something wrong with you? Low in your mind?"

"No, merely low in energy. Enjoy doing nothing. I came to you from a sense of duty."

"How about travel?"

"I shrink from the thought of it. As I tell you, I enjoy doing nothing."

"Then do it. There's nothing the matter with you. Follow your inclination."

St. Peter went home well satisfied. He did not mention to Dr. Dudley the real reason for his asking for a medical examination. One doesn't mention such things. The feeling that he was near the conclusion of his life was an instinctive conviction, such as we have when we waken in the dark and know at once that it is near morning; or when we are walking across the country and suddenly know that we are near the sea.

Letters came every week from France. Lillian and Louie alternated, so that one or the other got off a letter to him on every fast boat. Louie told him that wherever they went, when they had an especially delightful day, they bought him a present. At Trouville, for instance, they had laid in dozens of the brilliant rubber casquettes he liked to wear when he went swimming. At Aix-les-Bains they found a gorgeous dressing gown for him in a Chinese shop. St. Peter was happy in his mind about them all. He was glad they were there, and that he was here. Their generous letters, written when there were so many pleasant things to do, certainly deserved more than one reading. He used to carry them out to the Lake to read them over again. But after coming out of the water he would lie on the sand, holding them in his hand, but somehow never taking his eyes off the pine trees, appliquéd against the blue water, and their ripe yellow cones, dripping with gum and clustering on the pointed tips like a mass of golden bees in swarming time. Usually he carried his letters home unread.

His family wrote constantly about their plans for next summer, when they were going to take him over with them. Next summer? The professor wondered. . . . Sometimes he thought he would like to drive up in front of Notre Dame, in Paris, again and see it standing there like the Rock of Ages, with the frail generations breaking about its base. He hadn't seen it since the war.

But if he went anywhere next summer he thought it would be down into Outland's country, to see the sunrise break on sculptured peaks and impassable mountain passes—to look off at those long, rugged, untamed vistas dear to the American heart. Dear to all hearts, probably—at least calling to all. Why had his grandfather's grandfather, who had tramped so many miles across Europe into Russia with the Grande Armée, come out to the Canadian wilderness to forget the chagrin of his emperor's defeat?

THE fall term of the university opened, and now the professor went to his lectures instead of to the Lake. He supposed he did his work; he heard no complaints from his assistants, and the students seemed interested. He found, however, that he wasn't willing to take the trouble to learn the names of several hundred new students. It wasn't worth while. He felt that his relations with them would be of short duration.

The McGregors got home from their vacation in Oregon, and Scott was much amused to find the professor so doggedly anchored in the old house.

"It never struck me, Doctor, that you were a man who would be keeping up two establishments. They'll be coming home pretty soon, and then you'll have to decide where you are going to live."

"I can't leave my study. That's flat."

"Don't, then. Darn it, you've a right to two houses if you want 'em."

This encounter took place on the

street in front of the house. The professor went wearily upstairs and lay down on the couch, his refuge from this ever-increasing fatigue. He really didn't see what he was going to do about the matter of domicile. He couldn't make himself believe that he was ever going to live in the new house again. He didn't belong there. He remembered some lines of a translation from the Norse he used to read long ago in one of his mother's few books, a little two-volume Ticknor & Fields edition of Longfellow, in blue and gold, that used to lie on the parlor table:

For thee a house was built
Ere thou wast born;
For thee a mold was made
Ere thou of woman camest.

Lying on his old couch, he could almost believe himself in that house already. The sagging springs were like the sham upholstery that is put in coffins. Just the equivocal American way of dealing with serious facts, he reflected. Why pretend that it is possible to soften that last hard bed?

He could remember a time when the loneliness of death had terrified him, when the idea of it was insupportable. He used to feel that if his wife could but lie in the same coffin with him, his body would not be so insensible that the nearness of hers would not give it comfort. But now he thought of eternal solitude with gratefulness; as a release from every obligation, from every form of effort. It was the Truth.

ONE morning, just as St. Peter was leaving the house to go to his classroom, the postman handed him two letters, one addressed in Lillian's hand and one in Louie's. He put them into his pocket. The feel of them disturbed him. They were of a suspicious thinness, as if they didn't contain amusing gossip, but announced sudden decisions. He set off down the street, sniffing the lake-cooled morning air and trying to overcome a feeling of nervous dread.

All the morning those two letters lay in his breast pocket. Though they were light, their effect was to make him drop his shoulders and look woefully tired. The weather too had changed: come on suddenly hot and sultry at noon, as if getting ready for a storm. When his classes were over and he was back in his study again St. Peter felt no interest in lunch. He took out the two letters and ripped them open with his forefinger to have it over. Yes; all plans were changed, and by the happiest of expectations. The family were hurrying home to prepare for the advent of a young Marsellus. They would sail on the 16th, on the Berengaria.

Lillian added a postscript to the effect that by this same mail she was getting off a letter to Augusta, who would come to him for the keys of the new house. She would be the best person to open the house and arrange to have the cleaning done. She would take it entirely off his shoulders and see that everything was properly put in order.

They were sailing on the 16th, and this was the 17th; they were already on the water. The Berengaria was a five-day boat. St. Peter caught up his hat and light overcoat and started down the stairs. Halfway down he stopped short, went back to his study, and softly shut the door behind him. He sat down, forgetting to take off his overcoat, though the afternoon was so hot and his face was damp with perspiration. He sat motionless, breathing unevenly, one dark hand lying clenched on his writing table. There must, he was repeating to himself—there must be some way in which a man who had always tried to live up to his responsibilities could, when the hour of desperation came, avoid meeting his own family.

He loved his family—he would make any sacrifice for them—but just now he couldn't live with them. He must be alone. That was more necessary to him than anything had ever been—more necessary, even, than his marriage had been in his vehement youth. He could not live with his family again—not even with Lillian. Especially not with Lillian! Her nature was intense and positive; it was like a chiseled surface, a die, a stamp upon which he could not be beaten out any longer. If her character were reduced to a heraldic device, it would be a hand (a beautiful hand), holding flaming arrows—the shafts of her violent loves and hates, her clear-cut ambitions.

"In great misfortunes," he told himself, "people want to be alone. They have a right to be. And the misfortunes that occur within one are the greatest. Surely the saddest thing in the world is falling out of love—if once one has ever fallen in."

Falling out, for him, seemed to mean falling out of all domestic and social relations, out of his place in the human family, indeed.

St. Peter did not go out of the house that afternoon. He did not leave his study. He sat at his desk with bent head, reviewing his life, trying to see where he had made his mistake, to account for the fact that he now wanted to run away from everything he had intensely cared for.

Late in the afternoon the heaviness of the air in the room drove him to the window. He saw that a storm was coming on. Great orange and purple clouds were blowing up from the Lake, and the pine trees over about the Physics Laboratory were blacker than cypresses and looked contracted, as if they were awaiting something. The rain broke, and it turned cold.

The rainstorm was over in half an hour, but a heavy blow had set in for the night. The wind would be a protection, he thought. Even Augusta would hardly come plodding up the stairs tonight. It seemed strange to be dreading Augusta, but just now he did dread her. He believed he was safe for to-night. Though it was only five o'clock, the sky was black and the room was dusky and chilly. He lit the stove and lay down on the couch. The fire made a flickering pattern of light on the wall. He lay watching it vacantly; without meaning to, he fell asleep. For a long while he slept deeply and peacefully. Then the wind, increasing in violence, disturbed him. He began to be aware of noises—things banging and slamming about. He turned over on his back and slept deeper still. . . .

When St. Peter at last awoke the room was pitch-black and full of gas. He was cold and numb, felt sick and rather dazed. The long-anticipated coincidence had happened, he realized. The storm had blown the stove out and the window shut. The thing to do was to get up and open the window. But suppose he did not get up—? How far was a man required to exert himself against accident? How would such a case be decided under English law? He hadn't lifted his hand against himself—was he required to lift it for himself?

AT MIDNIGHT St. Peter was lying in his study, on his box couch, covered up with blankets, a hot-water bottle at his feet; he knew it was midnight, for the clock of Augusta's church across the park was ringing the hour. Augusta herself was there in the room, sitting in her old sewing-chair by the kerosene lamp, wrapped up in a shawl. She was reading a little much-worn religious book that she always carried in her handbag. Presently he spoke to her:

"Just when did you come in?"

She got up and came over to him.

"Are you feeling comfortable, Dr. St. Peter?"

"Oh, very, thank you. When did you happen in?"

"Not any too soon, sir," she said gravely. "You never would take my cautions about that old stove, and it very nearly asphyxiated you. I was barely in time to pull you out."

"You pulled me out, literally? Where to?"

"Into the hall. I came over in the storm to ask you for the keys of the new house—I didn't get Mrs. St. Peter's letter until I got home from work this evening, and I came right over. When I opened the front door I smelled gas, and I knew that stove had been up to its old tricks. I supposed you'd gone out and forgot to turn it off. When I got to the second floor I heard a fall overhead, and it flashed across me that you were up here and had been overcome. I ran up and opened the two windows at the head of the stairs and dragged you out into the wind. You were lying on the floor." She lowered her voice. "It was perfectly frightful in here."

"I seem to remember Dudley's being here."

"YES; after I'd turned off the stove and opened everything up I went next door and telephoned for Dr. Dudley. I thought I'd better not say what the trouble was, but I asked him to come at once, as you'd been taken ill. You soon came around, but you were flighty." Augusta hurried over her recital. She was evidently embarrassed by the behavior of the stove and the condition in which she had found him. It was an ugly accident, and she didn't want the neighbors to know of it.

"You must have great presence of mind, Augusta, and a strong arm as well. You say you found me on the floor? I thought I was lying here on the couch. I remember waking up and smelling gas."

"You were stupefied, but you must have got up and tried to get to the door before you were overcome. I was on the second floor when I heard you fall. I'd never heard anyone fall before that I can remember, but I seemed to know just what it was."

"I'm sorry to have given you a fright. I hope the gas hasn't made your head ache."

"All's well that ends well, as they say. But I doubt if you ought to be talking, sir. Could you go to sleep again? I can stay till morning, if you prefer."

"I'd be greatly obliged if you would stay the night with me, Augusta. It would be a comfort. I seem to feel rather lonely—for the first time in months."

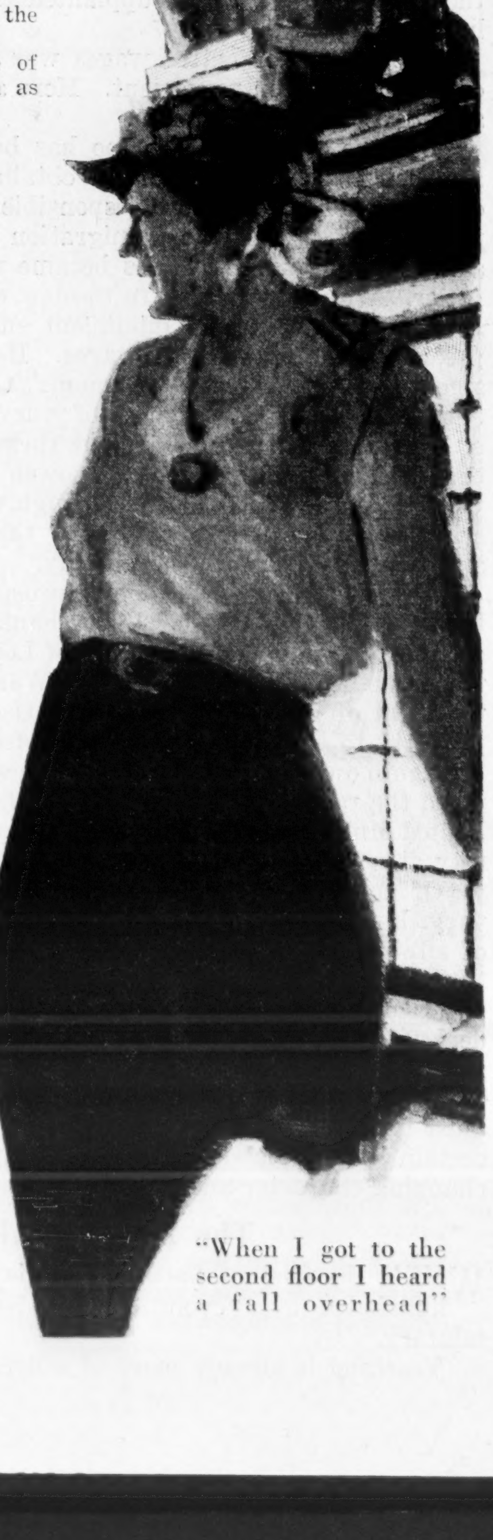
"That's because your family are coming home. Very well, sir."

"You do a great deal of this sort of thing—watching and sitting up with people, don't you?"

"Well, when I happen to be sewing in a house where there's sickness, I am sometimes called upon."

Augusta sat down by the table and again took up her little religious book. St. Peter, with half-closed eyes, lay watching her—regarding in her humankind, as if after a definite absence from the world of men and women. If he had thought of Augusta sooner, he would have got up from the couch sooner. Her image would have at once suggested the proper action.

Augusta, he reflected, had always been a corrective, a remedial influence. When she sewed for them, she breakfasted at the house—that was part of the arrangement. She came early, often directly from church, and had her breakfast with the professor, before the rest of the family were up. Very often she gave him some wise observation or discreet comment to begin the day with. She wasn't at all afraid to say things that were heavily, drearily true, and though he used to wince under them he hurried off with the feeling that they were good for him; that he didn't have to hear such sayings half often enough. Augusta was like the taste of bitter herbs; she was the bloomless side of life that he had always run away from, yet when he had to face it he found that it wasn't altogether repugnant. Sometimes she used to telephone Mrs. St. Peter that she would be a day late, because there had been a death in the family where she was sewing just then, and she was "needed." When she met him at breakfast the next morning she would look just a little more grave than usual. While she ate a generous breakfast she would (*Continued on page 26*)



"When I got to the second floor I heard a fall overhead"

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IS THE UNION'S JOB DONE?

DO THE conditions which gave rise to trade unions in the United States still exist? Are the old-fashioned labor organizations already obsolete?

Labor unions have lost in numbers rather than gained during the last few years. Many of the stronger organizations have suffered from inside quarrels. For most the period since 1918 has been one of disillusionment.

Labor unions were first formed to shorten the hours of labor and to prevent wage cutting. Their greatest achievement was shortening the working day. Largely because of their agitation the eight-hour day has supplanted the ten, twelve and fourteen hour work period.

The desire for better wages was the second great inspiration of the trade-union movement. Here again the necessity for doing something was real enough.

But the wage struggle too has been won—at least no longer are men compelled to fight to obtain living wages. Two causes outside labor unions were responsible for this. The more general was the passage of the immigration restriction acts which made a tight labor market. Jobs became more numerous and workers fewer. Wages responded to the law of supply and demand.

Furthermore, many intelligent employers began years ago to preach—and to pay—high wages. Henry Ford was the most conspicuous leader of this movement. Other great companies developed profit-sharing schemes of varying importance. Hundreds of thousands of workers found themselves stockholders in large corporations. The balance of power had begun to shift.

Wise employers realized that high wages meant contented workers and national prosperity. For the worker is also a consumer and unless he earns he cannot buy.

As the workers have become prosperous, the unions themselves have become capitalistic. Labor banks are numerous and such an organization as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has come to be one of our big businesses. Warren S. Stone was said to be the head of a $150,000,000 enterprise. When labor accumulates property to that extent, it is nonsense to talk of a class struggle.

Again ownership has brought a new point of view, as was shown when the railroad engineers operated their mine in defiance of the United Mine Workers. The Brotherhood refused to work their property at a loss. In this affair the engineers became business men.

Of course this is not the whole story. Conditions naturally vary, but certainly the present drift is far away from the state of affairs against which the old unions were a protest.

Life, however, is not becoming more simple and many employers find it desirable to form their own shop unions. It is not easy to deal with thousands of workers without some form of labor organization.

So, while it is plain enough that the old fighting trade union must go with the conditions which engendered it, it is not at all certain that the labor organizations are passing. Rather they are changing character and adapting themselves to the new times.

The Fanatics Also Serve

WHEN the dust of battle finally is blown away, this summer's hullabaloo over evolution will be found to have been very salutary.

Teaching is already more of a definite scientific profession and less a haphazard calling because of the attempt of bigots to put blinders on pedagogues and children.

Until the fanatical opponents of scientific theory went out on the war path, not much attention was paid to the conditions under which our children are prepared for life. The enemies of freedom, however, raised the issue and gave it a fighting interest to the entire nation. Teaching is better for this.

The experience of Miss Lela Scopes, a sister of the central figure in the Tennessee trial, shows how bad affairs had become.

This young woman was a teacher of mathematics in Kentucky. When she applied this summer for work she was asked if she believed in evolution. She said she did and was refused a job, regardless of the fact that evolution and mathematics have nothing to do with each other.

The medieval inquisition was not more impertinently tyrannical. In years to come Kentuckians who cherish the principles of liberty on which America was founded will flush with shame at the memory of such intolerance.

But as Torquemada's cruelty taught men centuries ago to yield their lives rather than abandon their faith, so to-day the effort of fanatics to deprive teachers of liberty of conscience and freedom of thought is adding dignity and strength to the profession of teaching.

The tenure of office of efficient teachers, as was urged at the National Education Association, ought to be for an indefinite period. The control over teachers ought to be expert and not political. Like members of other professions—lawyers, doctors, architects—teachers should have self-government.

These things will come. Even now, in the more enlightened and progressive communities, teaching is on a sound professional basis. Full enfranchisement will arrive more quickly because of the suicidal attempt to deny teachers that freedom which is the birthright of every American.

Part of a Job is to Keep Well

IF 900,000 American industrial workers were permanently thrown out of work the country would go on a war-ration, war-tax basis and call itself a failure. Yet, according to a Minneapolis national health conference report, this condition exists to-day through the fact that the equivalent of 900,000 persons lose a year of work each calendar year because of illness, much of it preventable. A few observed rules about diet, exercise and fresh air would save half of this time.

It's a question of living for the job as well as by it, and of branding preventable illness as a moral disgrace.

Speed Isn't the Test

WELCOME news from Rhode Island: the police chiefs have agreed that on main highways the motorist must drive thirty-five miles an hour or get off. No poking along at fifteen or twenty miles. The idea is that the roads have been built at great expense, and the state cannot afford to have them congested by the timid and the laggard.

For too long our traffic rules have been clouded by the false notion that speed is the criterion of risk. There were days when the bicycle "scorcher" was a menace, when the fast horse was feared, when an automobile going fifteen miles an hour was a Juggernaut. Yet records show that almost all accidents are caused not by speed but by carelessness or ineptitude.

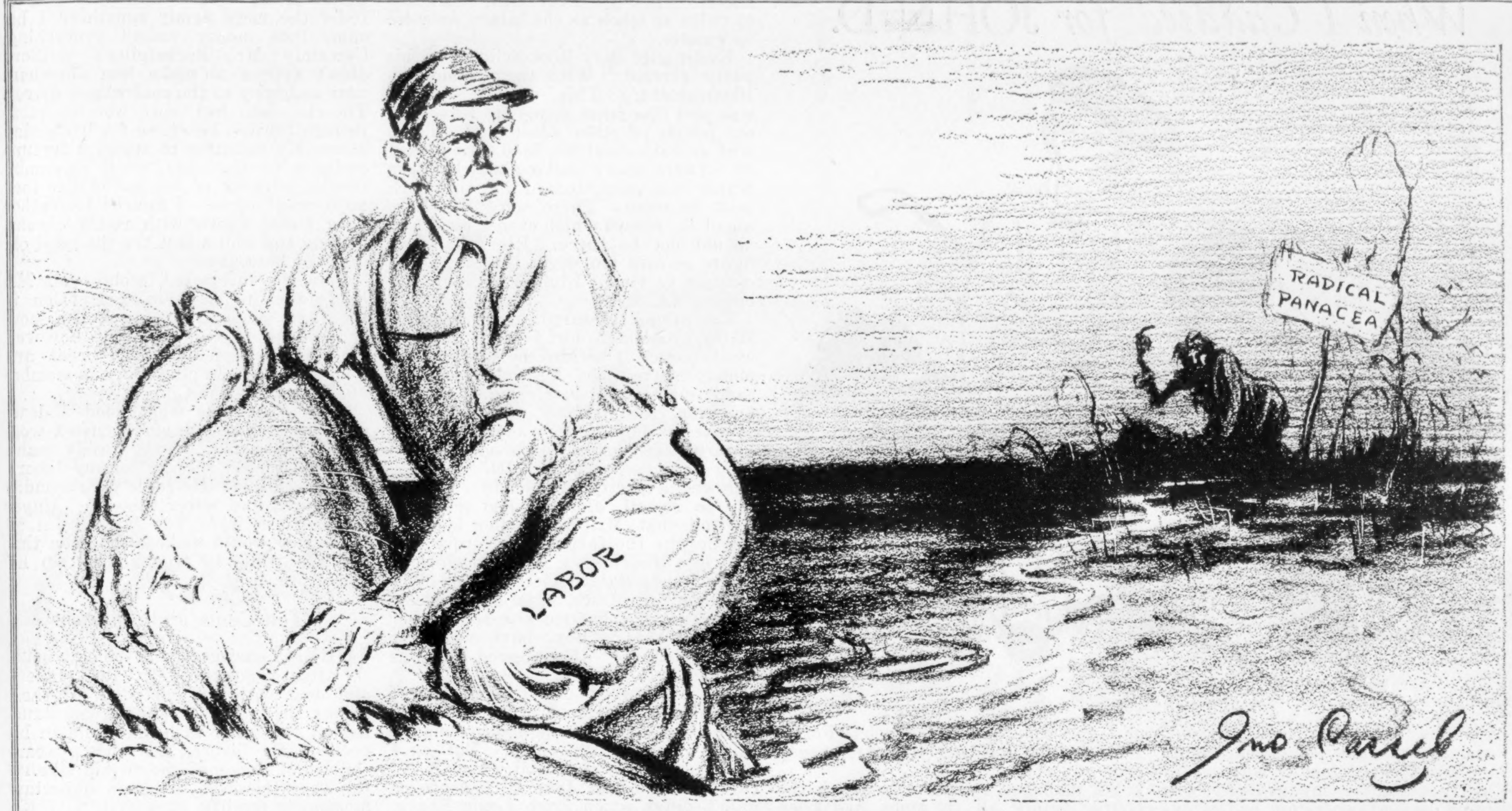
One America?

AN IDEAL, someone said, is truth at a distance. Even though the ideal of world peace seems far off and unattainable, nothing but good can come from striving for it.

Since the League of Nations has been dismissed in Washington as an agency for the perpetuation of the rights of conquest, the people of the United States might well try for a unified America.

Time and patience and wisdom would be required to cut through the jungle growths of prejudice and suspicion which still stand between the United States and all Latin America. But if this continent were ever united in sentiment and purpose it would present an example which no nation or group of nations could ever ignore.

Needless meddling by Washington in the affairs of the neighboring republics or interference with the affairs of people who are quite as sensitive as ourselves will not help anybody. Europe, by the exercise of simple tact, dominated the thought and feeling of South America before the war. And Europe will probably dominate South America again for years to come.



Back on Solid Ground

WE ARE BETTER FRIENDS NOW

By Eugene G. Grace

President, Bethlehem Steel Corporation

WHEN I started to work in the mills twenty odd years ago I realized that there was something lacking in the relations existing between the management or so-called "boss" and those of us who were trying to do our best for him. Our interests seemed entirely apart. Often we did not understand the reasons or need for actions which seemed unnecessary or repugnant to us.

This condition was one which followed a growth in the physical proportions of industry unprecedented in the world's history. Machinery had developed faster than the spirit guiding it. Men had learned to make more goods but not how to make them together in harmony.

You can neither understand nor come to a real understanding with people without talking to them. With the coming into existence of large corporations with stockholders, employees, directors and officers there came also a need for a development in human relations which would maintain the mutual understanding between these various branches of business.

Individual contact in large organizations is a physical impossibility. Much as they would like to, officers cannot maintain individual contact with thousands of stockholders and other thousands of employees.

© *Keystone*

Modern business has met the situation through the organization of representation plans not unlike those found in our system of government. Representatives of management and representatives of the workers meet together to exchange their respective opinions on all matters of common interest.

Between the management and stockholders liaison is established through reports mailed and printed in the daily press. Modern periodicals aid in maintaining the liaison by publishing reviews of various business enterprises.

To-day industry is managed largely by men who have come up through these great mills and shops during the last thirty years and who thus understand the point of view of the men doing the physical work. And understanding that point of view they have taken steps to meet it.

Men want to be treated like the human beings they are, with a voice in determining their working conditions. They want some understanding of whys and wherefores. They want some provision against the future and against sickness and accidents, which unfortunately are unavoidable. They want pay consistent with the kind and amount of work they are doing and a system of pay which allows them to earn and rise on their merits.

Modern industry to-day is working towards providing for these wants. In practically every state industry is required by law to care for employees who are injured. Provision is made to care for employees who are sick. Workers who have passed their best days laboring for industry are provided with pensions to help toward maintenance in old age. Industry sees to it that workers have an opportunity to practice thrift and have good living conditions and helps them finance the purchase of their own homes. The tendency in modern industry is distinctly towards paying men on incentive or production bases which allow each man automatically to share in the profits of business.

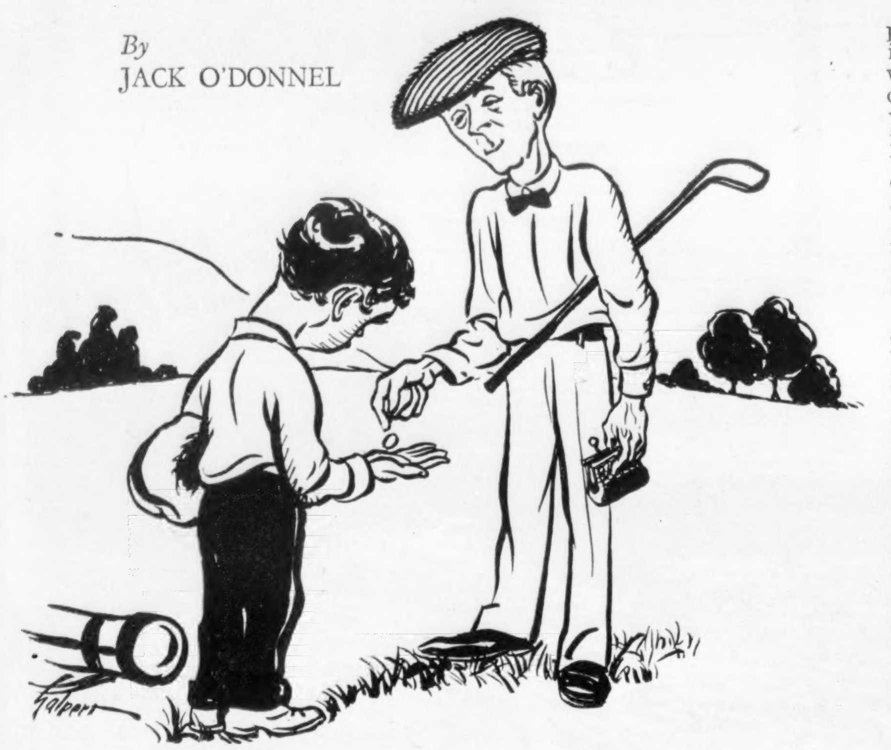
I believe that the outstanding accomplishment of the present era has been the betterment which has taken place in the field of human relations. Not only have I witnessed with much interest the progress which has been made in this regard in industry at large, but for a number of years I have had the keen satisfaction of observing the splendid results of the application of these broad principles within our own organization. Since the establishment some years ago of a plan of representation in our plants we have been gratified to note the increased interest the men are taking in every part of the business. Periods of unemployment are being reduced through the efforts of the men. The quality of work is improving. Suggestions for safety provisions are coming from the men as well as suggestions for ways of increasing actual production.

The whole tendency of modern business is to avoid and eliminate waste. Past years have seen the elimination in large measure of the great waste which accompanied hand labor. To-day we are seeking the elimination of that waste which comes from lack of understanding of and interest and harmony in work.

To-day the various parts of industry realize more than ever their mutual interdependence, and realizing that fact they are taking steps to make each man understand the work and problems of his neighbor.

When I Caddied for JOHN D.

By
JACK O'DONNEL



I AM one of the numerous beneficiaries of John D. Rockefeller's generosity. In fact, I was one of the early ones, for my gratuity was bestowed on me twenty-four or twenty-five years ago. And with it I received the soundest advice I ever disregarded. It was this way:

In the autumn of 1899 or 1900, after weeks of planning, Tommy Cass and I decided to leave our home town flat on its back, go out into the world and seek fame and fortune. Our home town, Norwalk, Ohio, was about sixty miles from Cleveland, the biggest city we knew anything about. Cleveland was our objective. It held promsie of fame, fortune and fun. And not the least of these was fun.

With the aid of Max Considine, news butcher on the accommodation train, we managed to negotiate the journey without mishap or outlay of money.

We managed to get jobs—hopping bells in the same hotel—and were becoming quite citified when we learned from another bell boy that "a tall man with a black mustache" had been asking one of the clerks about us. We knew that tall man with the black mustache. He was part of the enforcement branch of Norwalk's school system! We waited for nothing, not even the few dollars we had coming for our labors, but "took it on the wing."

For days we searched in vain for another job. In less than a week our small store of funds was exhausted. But a little advertisement bridged the chasm between poverty and riches and brought the three of us together. It was a call for boys to work as caddies on a golf course in the suburbs (Forest Hills section, I believe it was), experience unnecessary.

We managed somehow to reach the course before all the jobs had been gobbled up by the army of small boys who had answered that advertisement.

It was a dull, gloomy afternoon with a threat of rain in the autumn sky. A chill wind blew across those open spaces and we without overcoats felt its sting.

I had never seen a golf course before and hadn't the slightest conception of the duties of a caddy. While we waited for golfers, however, the caddy-master instructed us. He showed us the difference between a brassie and a driver, a putter and a niblick, and cautioned us to keep our eyes on the ball.

It was about mid-afternoon when the caddy-master came to the caddy-room and beckoned to Tommy and me to follow him. Outside he said, very impressively, "John D. Rockefeller and some friends are coming. You two boys are the neatest looking so I'll let you caddy for them. Be very careful and watch the balls. Mr. Rockefeller doesn't like to lose 'em."

"Keep Your Eyes on the Ball"

IF THAT caddy-master had confided that Frank Merriwell, Nick Carter, Old King Brady and Diamond Dick, Jr.—all idols of my youth—were coming there to play golf he wouldn't have given me much more of a thrill. Gee, I thought, here's where I get one of those big tips the caddy-master tells about. Tips, we were told, amounted to twice as much as the salary we were to receive.

Eventually Mr. Rockefeller and his party arrived. With them came disillusionment. This modern Crœsus was just like other men. He was without jewels or other adornment. There was no halo about his head. He looked ill. There was a pallor about his face which was accentuated by the dark coat he wore. There were fine lines about his mouth which even a boy knew should not be there. His tall, spare figure seemed too slight for that chilly outdoor pastime. I hoped he would not catch cold.

I'm afraid I stared pretty intently at the great man, but I didn't think he would notice it because he was so completely surrounded by the obsequious caddy-master and his friends. He did, however, for he said, not unkindly, "Wake up, boy, and go ahead," and as I started for the first tee he added, "And keep your eyes on the ball!"

I was a pretty good caddy, if I do say so myself, and watched the balls so well that Mr. Rockefeller lost not one despite the fact that he drove several into the rough. And I made only a few mistakes in selecting the clubs he called for. Once, when he asked for a driver and I handed him some other club, he said, "Boy, have you ever caddied before?" I confessed this was my first attempt.

As we walked over the course I watched the oil baron with great interest. Heretofore, he had seemed a thing apart—a superman. But as I watched him in that golf game it occurred to me that John D. Rockefeller didn't differ much from Louie Sharp, the man that drove the coal wagon for A. B. Wood, back in Norwalk. Louie was a quiet sort of person with thin lips and a spare frame. So was Mr. Rockefeller. Louie (on Sundays) wore a nice suit of clothes, and sported a watch, too. And, I said to myself, "I'll bet Louie can eat just as much if not more than Mr. Rockefeller." I had seen Louie Sharp eat from an enormous dinner pail and I felt pretty sure of that bet. The big difference I saw between Mr. Rockefeller and Louie was that the coal wagon driver laughed oftener, had more color in his face, seemed happier.

Louie probably didn't know any more about the game of golf than did I, but I used to play horseshoes with him and I remembered how much fun he got out of making a ringer—much more than Mr. Rockefeller seemed to get out of socking that little white pill. It didn't seem to me that Mr. Rockefeller's heart was in the game. I figured that perhaps he was just going through the motions for the exercise he got out of it—sort of a Daily Dozen. And I recalled how disappointed Louie Sharp used to be when I'd have to quit our game of horseshoes when the organ factory whistle tooted one o'clock—school time.

I believe now that I unconsciously laid the foundation of my philosophy of life on that chilly golf course that autumn afternoon. The more I compared Louie Sharp and Mr. Rockefeller the more firmly convinced I became that money wasn't everything. Certainly Mr. Rockefeller's millions didn't appear to make him anywhere near as happy as the coal wagon driver. The rich man had more worries, more responsibilities, less time for life's play hours. My ambition to amass a fortune cooled a bit that day, while my ambition to get a lot of fun out of life took an upward curve. I figured I'd rather be a Louie Sharp with ruddy cheeks, smiling lips and a zest for the good old game of horseshoes.

I was too interested in observing Mr. Rockefeller to pay close attention to the game, so I do not recall the score or who won. I'm certain, however, that Mr. Rockefeller didn't break any course records or qualify as a member of the Hole-in-One Club.

When the game was ended and we were walking to the club house I wondered how much of the great man's wealth I would receive for my labors. A dollar, likely. He could give a caddy that much and never miss it. *Maybe he'd slip me $5!* The interest on all his money would make more than that for him while he was adding up his golf score.

Ten Cents and Advice

WHEN I emerged from the club house after depositing Mr. Rockefeller's club bag with the custodian of those things, the great oil magnate was standing on the steps with one hand in his pocket. He favored me with a weary smile and beckoned me to his side. I felt that this was to be an important moment in my life.

"What do you do with the money you earn?" he asked.

"I've never earned very much," I answered. "This is one of the first jobs I ever had."

"Every boy should save," he said gravely. "If you start saving when you are young you won't have to worry when you are old. Save part of everything you make."

The quotations may not be verbatim, but they contain the essence of what he said.

Then he gave me a dime.

I thanked Mr. Rockefeller, although I'll confess I was a bit disappointed in the size of the gratuity. Tommy Cass, who caddied with me, received a greater reward—fifteen cents greater—from another member of the party.

That was twenty-five years ago. The advice that John D. Rockefeller gave me with that tip was the soundest I ever received. It was better than copybook advice because it had the personal touch to it.

Did I take it and follow it?

Shamelessly, I confess I did not. Going back to Norwalk that night on the "plug" that runs between Cleveland and Norwalk on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern I gave it to Max Considine, the news butcher, for a box of crackerjack which I shared with the tall man with the black mustache.

I still maintain, however, that it was the soundest advice I ever disregarded.

The Professor's House

Continued from page 23

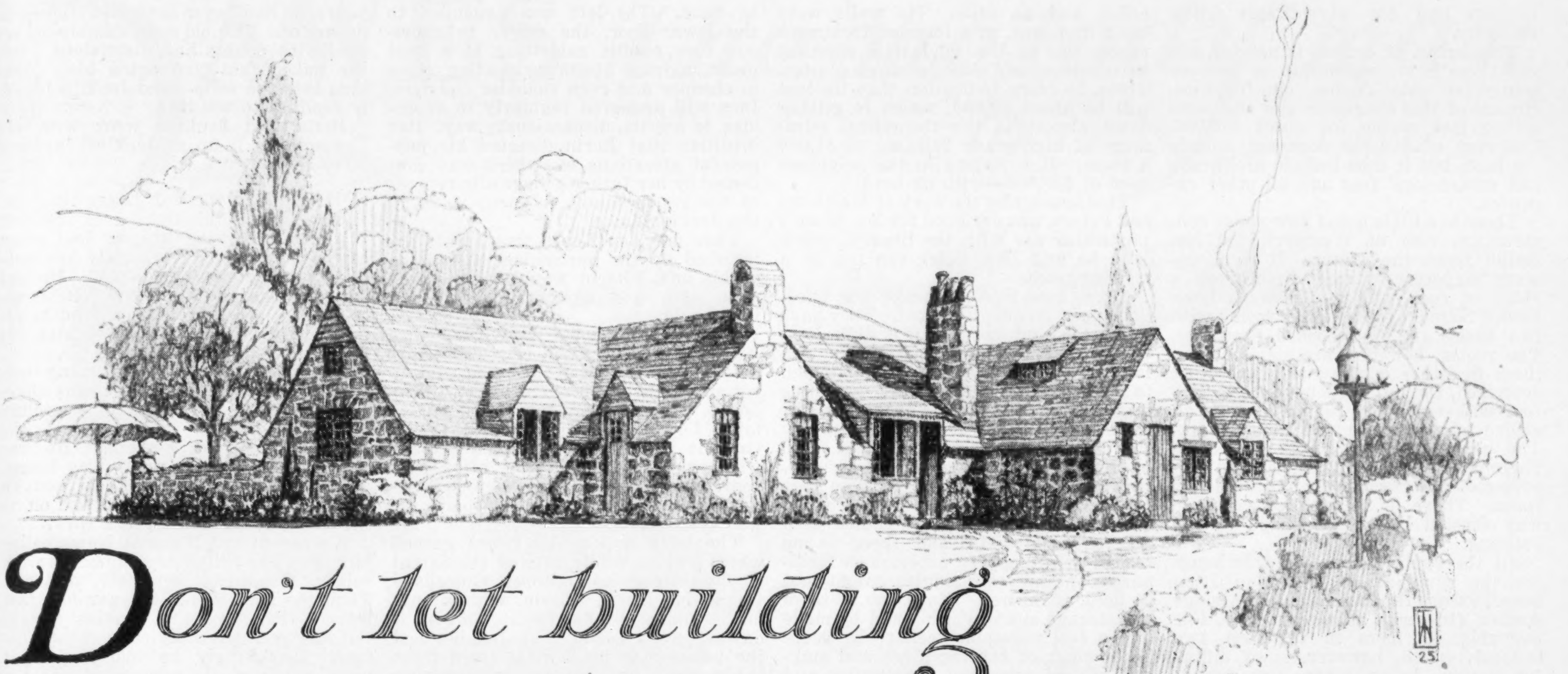
reply to his polite questions about the illness or funeral with befitting solemnity, and then go readily to another topic, not holding the dolorous note. He used to say that he didn't mind hearing Augusta announce these deaths which seemed to happen so frequently along her way, because her manner of speaking about it made death seem less uncomfortable. She hadn't any of the sentimentality that comes from a dread of dying. She talked about death as she spoke of a hard winter or a rainy March or any of the sadnesses of nature.

It occurred to St. Peter, as he lay warm and relaxed but undesirous of sleep, that he would rather have Augusta with him just now than anyone he could think of. Seasoned and sound and on the solid earth she surely was, and for all her matter-of-factness and hard-handedness, kind and loyal. He even felt a sense of obligation toward her, instinctive, escaping definition, but real. And when you admitted that a thing was real that was enough—now.

He didn't, on being quite honest with himself, feel any obligation toward his family. Lillian had had the best years of his life, nearly thirty, and joyful years they had been; nothing could ever change that. But they were over. His daughters had outgrown any great need of him. In certain wayward moods Kitty would always come to him. But Rosamond, on that shopping expedition in Chicago, had shown him how painful the paternal relation could be. There was still Augusta, however, a world full of Augustas, with whom one was outward bound.

All the afternoon he had sat there at the table where Augusta was reading, thinking over his life, trying to see where he had made his mistake. Perhaps the mistake was merely in an attitude of mind. He had never learned to live without delight. And he would have to learn to, just as, in a prohibition country, he supposed he would have to learn to live without sherry. Theoretically he knew that life is possible, may be even pleasant, without joy, without passionate griefs. But it had never occurred to him that he might have to live like that.

Though he had been low-spirited all summer, he told the truth when he told Dr. Dudley that he had not been melancholy. He had no more thought of suicide as a remedy than he had thought of embezzling. He had always regarded it as a grave social misdemeanor—except when it occurred in very evil times, as a form of protest. Yet when he was confronted by accidental extinction, he had felt no will to resist, but had let chance take its way, as it had done with him so often. He did not remember springing up from the couch, though he did remember a crisis, a moment of acute, agonized strangulation. His temporary release from consciousness seemed to have been beneficial. He had let something go—and it was gone: something very precious, that he could not consciously have relinquished, probably. He doubted whether his family would ever realize that he was not the same man they said good-by to; they would be too happily preoccupied with their own affairs. If this apathy hurt them, they could not possibly be so much hurt as he had been already. At least, he felt the ground under his feet. He thought he knew where he was, and that he could face with fortitude the Berengaria and the future. THE END



Don't let building costs scare you

By
HAROLD CARY

Ralph Block's $9,000 house at Westport, Conn., with land, is valued at $20,000

IF YOU are going to build a home and if you aren't one of those to whom "cost is no consideration," you should read this. It will give you some money-saving suggestions. Mr. Cary wrote for Collier's the articles about two small stone houses that were planned and actually built to show what any amateur can do in the way of cost cutting. This time he tells how two home builders, working along somewhat similar lines but suiting themselves in details, have managed to down the bugaboo Expense.

THE hundreds upon hundreds of letters which come in asking questions about the small houses which have been described in these pages indicate more than the mere fact that prospective house builders are interested; they indicate that many people have learned the lesson of how houses can be built to save at least a third of the ordinary cost.

Can you build big ones? Small ones? Can they be designed according to my own needs? Can you make additions later? Can you use hot-air heat? Can you have a vegetable cellar? Can you roof with asbestos, zinc, copper or wooden shingles?

Many of the questions which have been asked, including those just listed, are answered by houses I am about to describe, both of which are in Westport, Conn.

Perhaps one of them would make just about the home you have dreamed of. Certainly in all of them you will find features, many advantages, many adaptations which make them different from the two houses which have been described in detail during the past year or two.

The record house (as far as cost is concerned) which has been built following the revolutionary methods used in Collier's two small houses is the one owned and occupied by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, the historian, author of "The Story of Mankind." No house of this size, so far as I know, has ever before been built in the East at such a low figure, provided you take account of the change in the value of the dollar and also of the tremendous improvements and the added conveniences which architects have made—at considerable cost, of course—in the past few years.

The Van Loon house, which was built last winter, has eight rooms, three baths, three fireplaces and a sleeping dormitory. It cost $12,300.

There has been no skimping of materials, no skimping of room sizes. The house represents the finest type of small-house construction and design. It was built to order for Dr. Van Loon for the use of his family, winter and summer; and the architect, Warren S. Matthews, and the builder, Frazier Peters, planned and executed it to be somewhat expressive, at least, of Dr. Van Loon himself.

Dr. Van Loon was born a Hollander, and he was educated in Europe. The story is told in Westport that when the Dutch ambassador surveyed the house as he stood by Dr. Van Loon, he turned and said, "Hendrik, it is Holland, but where is the windmill?"

Charming But Not Expensive

THE genesis of the design is, of course, Dutch. Its walls are of field stone taken from near-by Connecticut fences—what architects call the Hudson River type made distinctive by the early Dutch settlers who came in the wake of Hendrik Hudson. It follows very closely the fundamental principles of design laid down in the first two houses about which I wrote, having low walls and no cellar or attic. The cost of wood trim and moldings is almost completely eliminated, thus introducing a simplicity which everyone finds charming, and saving Heaven knows how much money.

The living quarters are built around Dr. Van Loon's studio, which is 22 x 19 feet, two stories high with fireplace and a gallery at second-floor height. A large studio window such as painters use (Van Loon is a clever draftsman as well as a writer) makes it unnecessary to use ridge dormers for ventilators in this room. The walls are lined with bookcases. The ceiling is not plastered. The purlins or timbers run longitudinally and support the roof. Between the purlins of the slanting ceilings pecky cypress is used. This material makes a handsome finish and is a remarkably good insulator against heat and cold.

The main entrance to the house is directly into the living-dining-room. To many people this may seem a strange arrangement, but Dr. Van Loon wishes it so. He lives in a community where he has many friends, to all of whom he extends the informal hospitality which is delightfully expressed by the combination of living and dining room and by the direct entrance of visitors into this large room. One chimney carries the flues for the fireplaces in both the living-room and the studio, and these are conventional field-stone fireplaces with mantels instead of the cheaper type of fireplace which was used in houses previously described, with bronze hoods used as combination heaters and smoke flues. There are three small bedrooms and a bathroom for the family, kitchen equipped with tank gas, furnace-room with work bench and coal bin, a servants' room and bath, stairs to the studio gallery and an extra room and bath for guests. There is a very large storage place and a large room to be used as a dormitory in case many guests are to be housed at one time.

The floors throughout the house are the conventional ⅞-inch oak, and the walls are plastered. An insulating quilt lies on the matched roofing boards, and cedar shingles form the roof covering.

The walls were built with concrete forms, the stones being set in along the outside wall line, the concrete being shoveled in behind them, making a monolithic wall. The window frames are of wood and are set in a slight recess so that shutters may be attached, making it possible to close the house up and leave it without danger of prowlers breaking in. Plumbing fixtures and hardware are standard materials of the best grade. Permanent screens of copper insect cloth are attached to the outside of the window frames, so that there is no necessity to remove them in the winter time. The windows are full casements which open in. Door frames are made of 2 x 4's set at right angles to the partitions, with no moldings, each piece as it was erected being planed and finished, ready for waxing.

Except for the window frames on the inside and outside there is practically no paint anywhere in the house, so that the entire upkeep painting cost is done away with. The doors are made of 2½-inch "sound and wormy" chestnut. Partitions are built of studs—that is, 2x4's—such as are used in any type of building, but the studs are set parallel to the partition to save space and to enable the use of solid door frames. Wooden lath has been used on these studs as a ground for the plaster.

Yes, They Can Grow

ALL the outside walls are furred out. The purpose of this is to insure a warm, dry house. Plaster, put directly on the stone walls on the inside, is cold, and its use makes necessary a larger heating plant during the cold months, while in the summer time, by causing the moisture in the air to condense, it makes the house damp. Walls which are furred out are not subject to these disadvantages. The masonry walls themselves are 15 inches thick.

This house which so well serves Dr. Van Loon's need is worth traveling many, many miles to see even if only from the outside. It gives you a feeling of permanence that no building material other than stone or brick can give. The day may yet come when people will think that this building was erected by master craftsmen who followed Hendrik

Hudson and his adventurous fellow voyagers.

This house, of course, is not for sale and there is no probability of its ever being for sale during our lifetime. Houses of this character and size were selling last spring for about $30,000. The cost of $12,300 does not include the land, but it does include architect's and contractors' fees and all other expenses.

There is a little house now under construction, also at Westport, for Mr. Ralph Block the writer. It is a one-story structure, placed directly on a ridge of rock running down to Long Island Sound. It has eight rooms with two baths and two hooded fireplaces. The rooms, however, are smaller than those in either of the two houses just described, the living-room being 15 x 18 feet with extension 15 x 9 feet as an alcove which will be used as a library. The bedrooms are 15 x 12 feet each. There is a dining-room, kitchen and furnace-room, a guest-room and a maid's room. There is an inclosed entrance way formed by the H shape of the building.

All the specifications for this house are the same as for the Van Loon house, except that this one has a ridge dormer (to serve as a ventilator, like the ridge dormers in the first two houses), which, however, is of different design, being seven feet long—nearly double the length of the ones we used before and made lower in height. It will do the ventilating job and will serve to make the exterior of the house more attractive. It is placed over the living-room and lights the upper portion of the room, which is the typical inverted V shape of this kind of construction.

The roof is insulated and covered with zinc, laid in standing seams.

Mr. Block's house, of course, has no cellar and no attic. Its walls were built in forms, and interior treatment makes use of the solid trim chestnut batten doors and slightly rough plaster. There is every indication that its cost will be about $9,000, which is getting down almost to the theoretical minimum of high-grade building of $1,000 a room. It is valued in the neighborhood of $20,000—with its land.

This house, also the work of Matthews and Peters, was designed for Mr. Block's particular use with the library, which both he and Mrs. Block can use as a writing-room.

These two houses answer the questions most frequently asked. They have hot-water heat, because it is difficult to use any other type of heating plant so long as there is no lower level on which to place the heating machine. Each one of them can be added to in almost any direction and increased to almost any size which might be desired. Each could have been either larger or smaller, depending upon the needs of those persons with corresponding increases or decreases in cost. They are roofed with different materials, and there is no reason why copper, asbestos or ordinary composition shingles might not be used, if desired. Each one of them has storage space which could be made into a cool vegetable "cellar" by keeping it clear of heating pipes and making use of overhead ventilation and insulation from both heat and cold. Such a fruit and vegetable room can be made exactly the right size for the family which is to occupy the house, thus avoiding waste space and greatly increased cost of a large cellar.

Another article by Harold Cary about economical house-building will appear in an early issue.

Clear Havana

Continued from page 16

the nut-brown pyramids as they melted into the cedar boxes.

He began to exhibit Berin, to talk about him.

There came a fateful day when he took Berin into his favorite leaf house, favorite because, at one or two pivotal pinches in the later history of Lopez, Guitella y Ca., this house of Jenkins & Veeder had extended credit long past the customary ninety days. He had aroused Jenkins' curiosity concerning Berin, and Jenkins, being head of the prosperous establishment, had important curiosity.

Lopez stood admiringly by as his salesman rubbed and smelled the different grades of leaf. He was amazed to hear Berin put questions concerning quality and price and available quantities which he, in his years of buying the same quantities, had never dreamed of asking. He was still further amazed when Jenkins, with a large, butcher-like smile, wrapped up separate bundles of his stock for Berin.

"Smart feller," was Jenkins' rough verdict to Lopez after Berin had left the place. "Got something under his skull. Good salesman, I bet."

"Yes." Lopez could not understand why he should hesitate to chorus an outsider's praise of his employee. "He sells cigars a-plenty."

Jenkins and he were standing at the musty-smelling entrance of the leaf house, indifferent to the accustomed crowding of the narrow street. They saw Berin, his tobacco packages under his arm, directing a young woman struggling with a car that had been sandwiched in its parking space between a light delivery wagon and a truck. The girl was smilingly acknowledging Berin's aid.

"Got caught, eh, Helen?" Jenkins roared.

To the puzzlement on Lopez' shriveled face he explained: "My daughter. Drove me in this morning."

He strode heavily forward, Lopez wonderingly at his heels, and effected introductions just before the girl swung the car out and spurted away, flinging a grateful glance at Berin.

One day Berin appeared at noon. He was buoyant, radiant with some animating idea. Instantly he divulged it to Lopez. He had found a way to beat Mannenberg at his own game. Working on Jenkins' samples, he had blended and scrapped until he had finally hit upon a combination of leaf that had all the attractiveness of Utopia, contained more Havana, and could be produced in large quantities to undersell Utopia and make more net profit. His figures were exact. He had spent Sunday at Jenkins' home. Jenkins had been impressed.

BERIN, in his eagerness, failed to observe the scowl Lopez bestowed upon this news. The old man accepted the rough samples Berin had prepared. He smoked them.

"You've got shade-grown in this stuff," he barked.

"Got to have it," Berin insisted. "They want 'em mild. See here," he pulled his chair closer. Seizing the old man's pencil and pad, he demonstrated in figures the cost of manufacture and the probable sale. Lopez watched the jumping figures skeptically, determined to veto. But Berin climaxed his demonstration with a dramatic gesture.

"I was in to see Allen of the Federated Stores," he announced in a surge of enthusiasm. "Allen smoked samples and said he'd take fifty thousand in a first order for national distribution at the price I gave him—eighty-eight-fifty a thousand."

"No harm in trying it," Lopez admitted lamely.

And when Inez came to his desk after Berin had hurried out he found his lost determination.

"We'll get somebody in this week," he said. "You don't need to go on like this, Inez."

The girl smiled dully, but old Lopez had the sensation of achievement.

From that moment forward Lopez found his mind swimming in unaccustomed depths. Events moved rapidly. Berin brought in order after order. The five veterans of the bench were jostled by newcomers, who continued to come. The loft was expanded to the lower floor, the dealer in spurious furs readily subletting at a neat profit, moving his masquerading skins to cheaper and even shabbier quarters. Inez still appeared regularly to supervise, in a grim, dispassionate way. Her intuition that Berin directed his purposeful attentions elsewhere was confirmed by her father's niggardly reports of the young man's frequent visits to the Jenkins home.

Then one day Lopez was mildly astonished by the apparition of Jenkins in his loft. Berin was with the leaf man, slim and dexterous beside the jovial bulk.

Jenkins sat down heavily before Lopez' desk, and Berin closed the door of the partition that had been newly set up to make an exclusive office for Lopez. Smilingly Jenkins congratulated Lopez on the revival of Lopez, Guitella y Ca. The old man beamed with pride. It was sweet after lean years to find this fat, prosperous creditor paying tribute to the comeback. It was recognition.

The teeth appeared. Lopez gasped when Jenkins coldly related the extent of the obligations of Lopez, Guitella y Ca. to his house. Berin, with a curt nod, confirmed the fact. Slowly it dawned upon Lopez that Jenkins had the business in his hands; could force bankruptcy by simply withdrawing credit. Upstairs half a third loft was stuffed with leaf delivered by Jenkins' house.

But there was an amicable solution. Jenkins had the plan—a practical, equitable plan. He was prepared to finance a pretentious advertising campaign. It could all be simply arranged. He would become equal partner with Lopez and Berin: his bills due would buy his share, and Berin, of course—this new cigar, selling like hot cakes, was Berin's idea. Partnership was the least due him.

Jenkins had it figured out. Profits on the third interest, with business as it was, and growing, would provide Lopez an income of a size which, for years, he had never been bold enough to dream of. The old man dumbly struggled with doubts and distortions. But the naked fact confronted him. Jenkins held the whip—and Jenkins blandly declined to use it.

Berin and Jenkins went with old Lopez to fix it up at Jenkins' lawyers' office.

THAT night was for Lopez the most miserable of his life. Inez stormed. Without consulting her, he had given his business away. Instantly her feminine instinct detected a plot. He had been trapped. It was Berin. Remorselessly she lashed her father, and he retreated before her, whipped, beaten, his puny protests choking him.

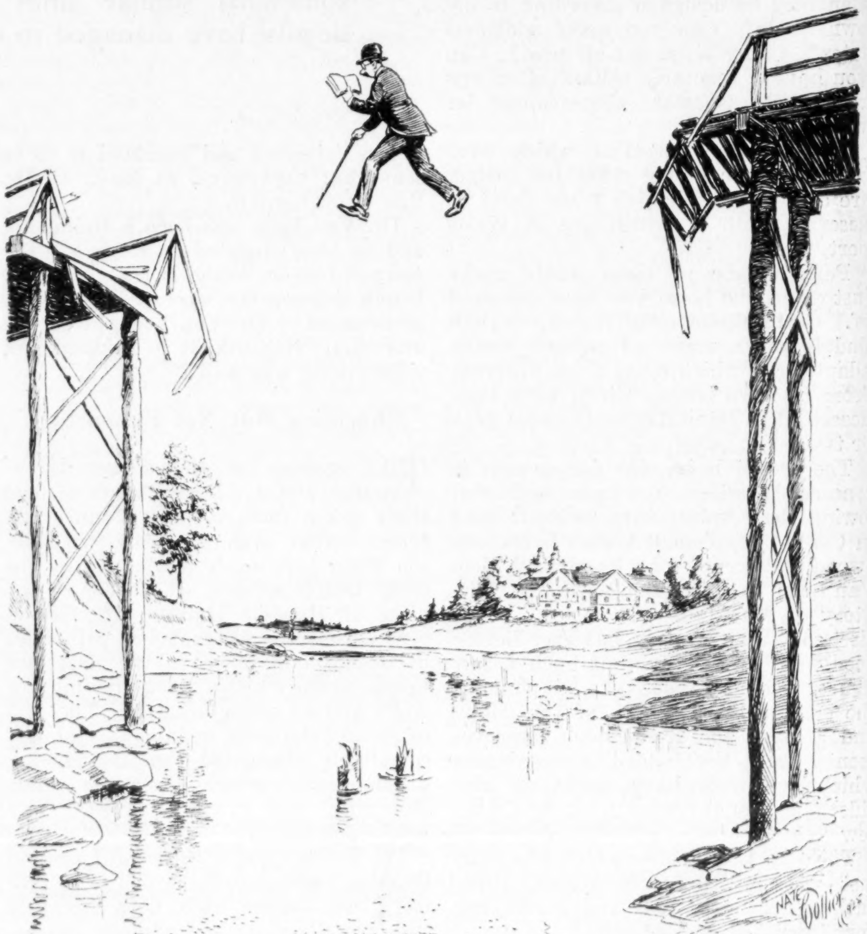
The very next day the thing was made clear. He had gone to his office, still dismayed, but fudgingly consoling himself with the arithmetic of the thing, its spice of egotism. He was secure and the firm name was intact. That satisfied. But Inez did not go near the office. She had packed off to her brother, the doctor, in a fury.

Werner of the Tobacco News called him up. The editor's compliments were subtly assuaging, healingly pleasant. Then the bombshell. Werner had just learned that Berin and Jenkins' daughter had secretly married a month before. Laughingly he told the trade news value of the romance—romance rare in workaday trade: at least rarely printed. Dazed, the old man wandered from his office. He felt dumbly resentful of a trick, but where was the trickery? Berin, he knew, could instantly retort that his private affairs were none of Lopez' business. There was no escape from bewilderment. He clung again to slim solace: Inez was away.

He wouldn't go to the office that morning. It was Saturday. He would wait until the afternoon.

So, in the middle of a bleak, uncharitable day, he made his way across the bridge and passed down Franklin Street—an old man, puffing a fat cigar under a fat mustache, his eyes travel-

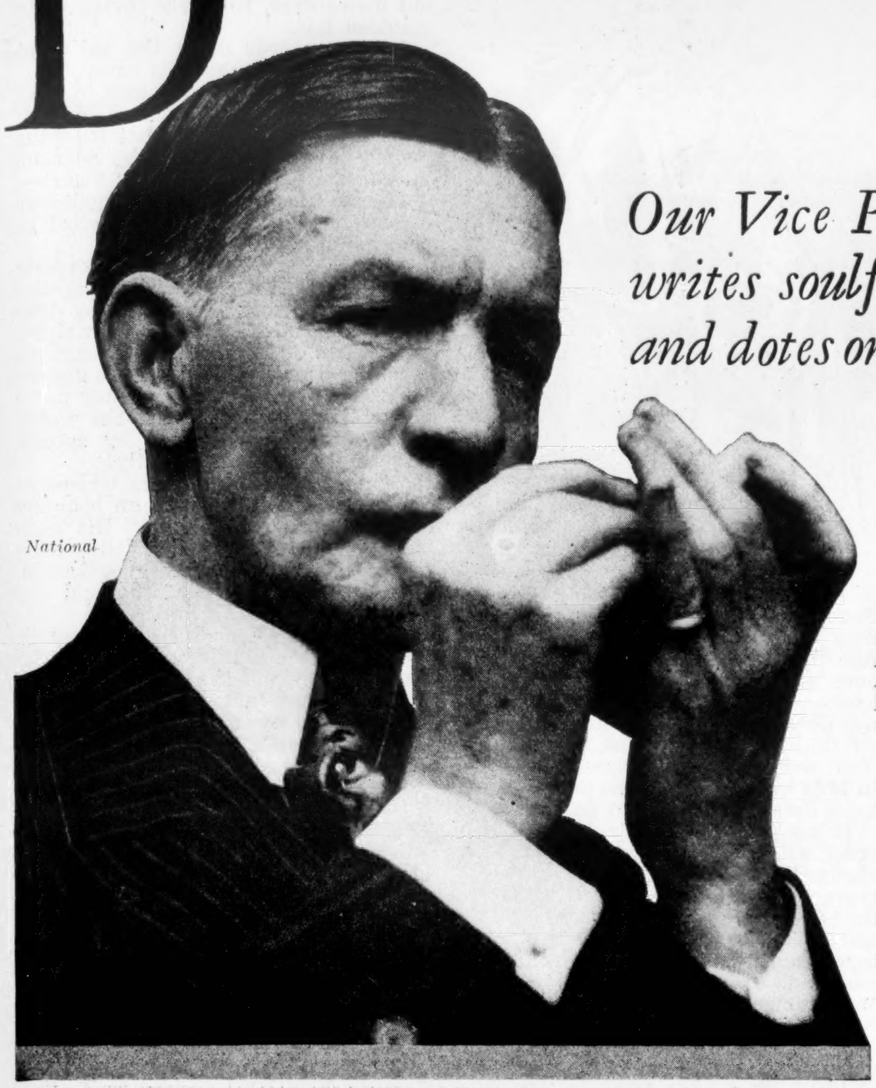
(Continued on page 30)



As a Man Thinketh—

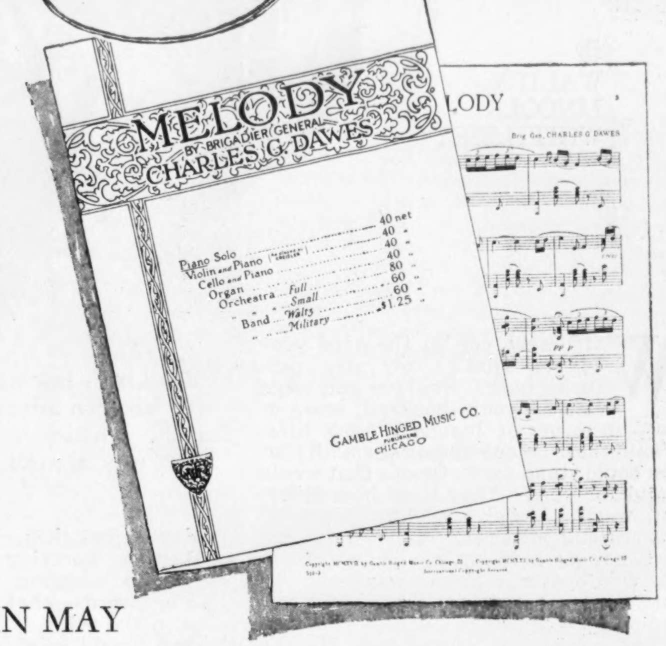
The preoccupied man crosses the river not knowing that the bridge has been washed away

DAWES, *the melody man*


National

He isn't playing the harmonica; he's lighting that underslung pipe

Our Vice President writes soulful music and dotes on the flute



By
EARL CHAPIN MAY

NOT since Frederick the Great of Prussia became the greatest warrior and musician of royal history has any country possessed a political star with the musical versatility of Brigadier General Charles Gates Dawes.

Internationally known as banker, oil man, public utilities chief, Comptroller of the Currency, bawler-out of bureaucrats, guardian of budgets, purchaser of military supplies and designer of World War reparations, our Vice President has an artistic nature that relatively few suspect. He is famous for direct, unexpurgated language, but I am persuaded that he has portrayed his real character in a lilting barcarole known as "Melody in A Major." He is the first combination composer, violinist, pianist and flutist to preside over our national Senate.

The Charles Gates Dawes whose forbear rode with Paul Revere into Middlesex Town, who became lawyer, financier and head of the Dawes Reparation Committee, was born with ambition to play the flute. He realized that ambition. Then he learned to play the piano and the violin. And heaven only knows where he might have gone if a stern father had not muted his musical endeavors.

After Dawes had been shunted into less artistic pursuits he, as all the world knows, got into big business and high politics. But he never got over his passion for music. Hence, twelve years ago he dashed off his justly celebrated "Melody in A Major." This is not his only musical composition. But his sweetly simple "Melody" went over big long before Dawes was a Vice Presidential possibility.

Four years ago it was featured on nearly every Chautauqua and Lyceum circuit. Three years ago Fritz Kreisler made it one of his violin solos.

Last summer the Chicago violinist, Milan Lusk, played it before President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, who declared it the logical successor to Dvořák's "Humoresque" and added, "Only America could produce a man big enough to see a method to cure Europe's ills and at the same time develop his esthetic side to a point where he can produce a noteworthy musical composition."

Many months ago an arrangement of the "Melody" was performed in Philadelphia by the Fairmount Park Symphony Orchestra under Nahan Franko. Soon thereafter it broke into vaudeville as the musical setting of a sketch featuring Pauline Lord. It was well on its way to being a best seller before Dawes broke into political big type, and before the jazz orchestras did it in super-syncopation. And Dawes was chosen as Vice President in spite of the "Melody," his skill with the violin and the piano, and his penchant for the flute, his favorite instrument.

The flute, be it known, is a soft-toned tube of wood or ebonite especially effective in trills, shakes, arpeggios, scales, runs and other technical gymnastics. It is as full of holes as a sieve and must be handled with great delicacy. It is the cooing dove of both band and orchestra.

In music as in other fields, the versatile Dawes is a man of affairs. As vice president of the Chicago Grand Opera Company he has had an active hand in its management and has exercised a vast amount of executive ability and skillful diplomacy. The only time Dawes fell down on his grand opera job was when he got into an argument with Mary Garden. She outtalked him and became the company's manager. But Dawes is really and sincerely a lover of music and musicians. He has discovered several of the latter. One was a Greek window washer who worked at the Central Trust Company until Dawes heard his marvelous voice, put him in training, talked Campanini into giving the Greek a tryout as the Duke in "Rigoletto"—then allowed the Greek to return to window washing.

Although there was a pronounced feeling among Republican politicians in the last campaign that the proletariat would resent any candidate's participation in such ultra-cultural performances as music writing and flute, violin and piano playing, there have been several musical men in the White House or adjacent thereto.

President Thomas Jefferson was not only a trained musician, good singer and skillful violinist; he was also bosom friend, in matters musical, of Benjamin Franklin, who was, among other things, a song writer and performer on the "harmonica," or musical glasses, the guitar and harp. Jefferson was also hand in glove with Francis Hopkinson, America's first composer. Jefferson even fostered a "family orchestra" consisting of his domestic servants and a gardener, weaver, cabinet-maker and stonecutter.

President William McKinley was exceedingly fond of hymns. Hymn-singing in the Blue Room was a regular Sunday-night event at the White House in the McKinley régime.

Dawes Reveals Himself

WOODROW WILSON, before and after he became President of the United States, was a top-note tenor. At Princeton he was a member of the Princeton Glee Club and the College Chapel Choir. Many a night did he lift his voice beneath some damsel's window in "She Sleeps, My Lady Sleeps," and "Speed Away." In glee club concerts Wilson could do a veritable John McCormack with the high note near the end of "The Star-Spangled Banner." In fact, he is often credited with introducing that sure-fire effect. Anyhow, Wilson never got over his love for music. He helped organize the Johns Hopkins University Glee Club, still in existence. And among his public declarations during the World War was: "The man who disparages music as a luxury and nonessential is doing the nation an injury. Music, now, more than ever, is a national need. There is no better way to express patriotism than in music."

This was just another way of saying what President Warren Harding so often said. Harding was a real village bandsman although he was modest about his musical career. In 1922 he wrote me:

"There has been a good deal of fiction about my experience in country bands. As a village boy I played second alto in the Caledonia Cornet Band. Recalling the experience now, with my better conception of music, I am inclined to think it must have been a rather unmusical but altogether noisy band of horn players, but we had lots of fun.

"When I went to Marion as a young man I joined, as a tenor player, the big Huber Band. After a year's existence the instrumentation was cut to twelve mouthpieces and two drums and the name changed to The Citizens' Band, in which I played first B flat cornet for three years.

"Just before I gave up my association the one tuba (helicon) player was taken ill and the band had some engagements and it was necessary to draft a man for bass. I stepped into the vacant place and played tuba for a half dozen engagements and enjoyed the experience greatly."

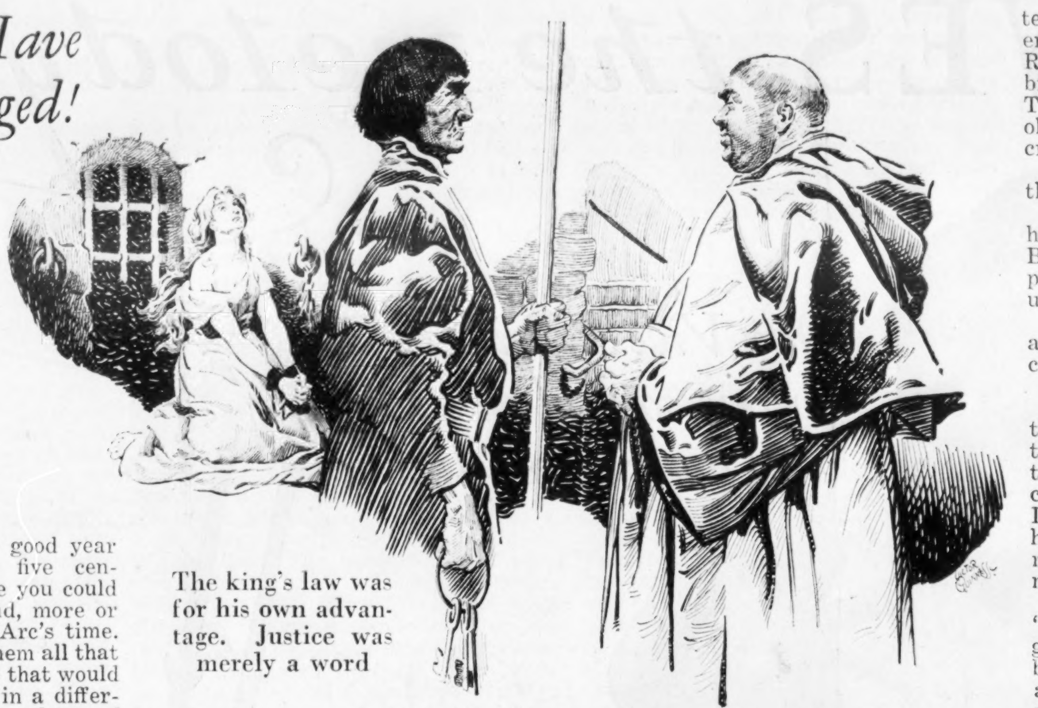
Dawes' close friend W. H. Gamble of Chicago, who is also Dawes' music publisher and hence knows a bit about the soulful side of our most forceful Vice President, pays this tribute to Hell 'n Maria, the Melody Man:

"A biography descriptive of General Dawes would, in my opinion, have to include some of the spiritual consciousness of Lincoln, the affection and charity of McKinley, and the dynamics of Roosevelt. One has only to play the 'Melody' to find that it reveals the soul of one who is wise, brave and unselfed, with a wealth of love unspoken, felt and lived—a direct antithesis of the man the world knows as never fearing to lay an ax at the root of evil."

So, you see, music helps us to understand our Vice President.

How Times Have Changed!

By
WALTER
LINCOLN
WHITTLESEY



The king's law was for his own advantage. Justice was merely a word

WHO were you in the good year 1424? That's only five centuries back. Suppose you could line up your thousand, more or less, ancestors of Jeanne D'Arc's time. Would there be one among them all that you could stand for? Or one that would stand for you? They lived in a different world, a flat world, a place of powers and miracles. Above it in the sky, not as high up as our airplanes go, was heaven. Below was hell. In between roamed contending saints and demons.

Those ancestors stayed put. In the whole course of life most of them did not wander twenty miles from where they were born. It took a mighty king, a great leader, or a flaming preacher to move them. You could not, then, have interested two per cent in a change of rulers. To them it came years after as a legend or ballad of past times.

The favorite forbears of yours would sicken you now by their absolute indifference to dirt, disease and death. Women were very old at forty-five and men at fifty. Their teeth were usually gone.

Writing his Utopia a century later, Sir Thomas More expected the population of an ideal country to remain stationary or even to fall off.

But they did love bright colors, strong drink, loud laughter, or wild wailing, a big gorge of food after hunger. They built noisy houses and churches with queer comic decorations on them. They wore flaming red, grass green, sky blue, if they could get colored clothes, and hung themselves and their horses with bells and other jinglers. They liked you with hugs and kisses or hated you with kicks and curses. If you crossed their fears or wrath, you might well be torn limb from limb (literally) and your remains left to rot.

Temperance, prudence, thrift, safety first, self-control, restraint: all these qualities, certainly, played a much smaller part in human nature in Chaucer's time than now.

Your ancestors' amusements would have turned your stomach in two minutes. Blood and mangling were all in the day's sport then. Dogs tearing one another or worrying down a bull or bear, men slugging each other with clubs or swords—that was amateur athletics in the reign of the Black Prince. Falstaff would have been astounded at Firpo's moderation in dealing with Dempsey.

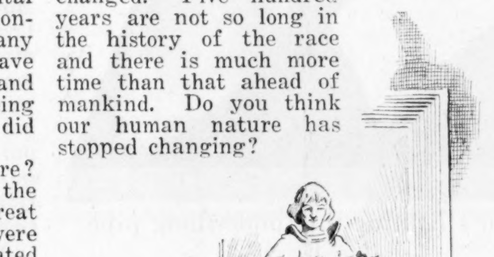
Would you go to jail before breakfast to see an old woman flogged for stealing? That used to be an aristocratic amusement. What would you pay for a good ring-side seat at a brutal hanging? Ticket speculators made money in that sort of show not so many years back. Would you cheerfully have your small boy or girl throw mud and stones at prisoners who were being punished by the law? Solid citizens did that once as a sort of civic duty.

Is honesty any part of human nature? "Caveat emptor," meaning, "Let the buyer beware," was no empty threat in times when trader and traitor were the same word. Most folks got cheated when they bought or sold anything. Interest rates ran up to ten per cent or more per month. All the bankers were loan sharks in that dishonest world. The king's law was for his own advantage, the nobles' law for theirs, justice was merely an old Latin word.

The average man had no last name of his own in 1424, no definite address. He had no particular idea of the hours of the day, except as the church bells tolled it. Record keepers, surveyors, and clock makers have wrought some difference on that score, haven't they?

Or take it by races if you like. The French were once barbarous and ignorant, the English lazy and passionate, the Scots dirty and thriftless, the Germans impractical and idle drunkards. Are they like that to-day? Most men once lived according to their fears, not, as now, according to their hopes. There are libraries full of books that tell you all this. Read and think for yourself. You would not have dared do either in 1424 and no responsible person would have dared allow you to do so.

If man has a kinder heart and a truer soul, then his nature must have changed. Five hundred years are not so long in the history of the race and there is much more time than that ahead of mankind. Do you think our human nature has stopped changing?



Favorite forbears of yours would probably sicken you now

Clear Havana

Continued from page 28

ing in puzzled arcs over the dust-swirled pavement.

The same old shingle hung over the door, but as he turned the loose handle a burly man came up to him, demanding his business. He told the man who he was, and the man tipped his cap and wiped his bristled chin sheepishly, apologetically; explained that he was a watchman. Lopez unlocked the door and trudged up the long flight of stairs, clutching the banister. Never before had he been challenged on entering his own factory. He felt angrily perplexed. The brisk young man had changed the furniture about. It seemed to give the place an effect of more light. Savagely Lopez switched off the light and sat in the dark. Aimlessly he fingered a thick stack of mail piled on the desk. Mechanically he smoked.

There came a tap on the floor door. He looked up, but said nothing. The door rattled. He went out to it, finding the way to the door strangely free of impediment. Again the brisk young man. He slipped the catch fumblingly—a new lock. Then, to his amazement, Riley's white round head appeared. Riley was bright-eyed, deferential. He followed Lopez into the office. He asked several questions to satisfy himself that nobody was about. Then he closed the door of the partition, drew a chair around the desk so that he sat knee to knee with Lopez, who pushed his high hat higher up on his head and faced his old employee with what he meant to be a deep, penetrating gaze.

"You may not realize it," Riley began, with an insinuating laugh, "but you're being gypped out of your business. Made money for you, yes. Plenty eh? But why?"

He told a strange story. A deep game was in the playing. He edged his knees nearer. Yes, he was still with Mannenberg. Mannenberg saw through the thing. It was a plot to ruin the independents through controlling independents. Mannenberg was up against it. His stuff from Cuba was wrong. Couldn't make the same quality of Utopia at all that year. The old Cuban growers had struck a blight. Jenkins had the good stuff. Yes, Mannenberg knew all about it. The stuff was right there, in the building. Tons of it.

Now—he edged his knees ever nearer. His hot breath beat back the smoke of Lopez' cigar. Some quick work could settle the thing, and Lopez wouldn't lose. Lopez could make money. Riley named the sum. The old man's eyes popped.

"All we want is for you to stick around to-night—in case of the cops." Riley hoarsely whispered. "We'll take care of the night watchman. We've got the trucks. Everything's set, and Mannenberg's waiting—cash on delivery."

Lopez reeled. His daughter's scorn echoed through his brain. As he muttered Riley's figures his mustache quivered. The white head pressed nearer; Riley's eager, yellow teeth could have bitten the ash from the man's cigar. The kindling fire of revenge was in the old man's eyes, furtively roving under crinkled lids.

Forcing words down the old man's throat, Riley clinched his case.

"From the moment you took in Berin he's schemed to trim you. I knew it. Berin's been bragging about it—tellin' people how he fooled you by sparking up to your gal. Think's he's smart—"

Lopez nodded. Then he struggled up, a bent, flaring figure. Riley seized his cold hand.

"You'll do it?" he chuckled eagerly.

Lopez nodded mechanically. Together they left the loft, felt their way down the dark stairs. The wind whipped their faces as they passed through the creaking door. The iron shingle flapped. Lopez twisted his head to study it. A heavy tread approached—the watchman. Riley, transported by success, nudged the old man clumsily.

"This feller's all set," he whispered. "We'll get the leaf out in an hour and good-by Berin and Jenkins." His heavy breath scored the wrinkled yellow cheek as he bent ponderously over the old man. "They won't need that old sign after to-night," he growled.

Lopez slowly took his eyes from the swaying shingle. Riley's leer electrified him. He shook off the fat fingers pressing his bony shoulder, and as the watchman drew abreast he lifted his cane and struck the salesman on the head, sending his undersized hat comically askew.

"Won't need the shingle!" he spat. "Take that to Mannenberg," and before Riley could protect himself a second blow sent his hat rolling before the watchman's devastating feet. "He cheated me once—never again," the old man blurted. "That sign stays."

"You old—" Riley began to sputter, diving for his wrecked hat.

"Arrest this bum," Lopez shouted at the watchman. "He's a thief."

Riley struggled from the burly grip. "The old fool's batty," he growled. Fuming, he jostled away, plugging the cracked dimples in his hat. The watchman glared after him.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded of Lopez.

The old man snarled at him.

"I'll watch this place to-night," he snapped. "You go away. Get out. Mannenberg fixed you, eh? He won't fix me."

With a gesture of impatience he brushed away the watchman's protests.

Lopez, reëntering the loft, paused to consider again the faintly creaking shingle. Stubbornly he wagged his head, and his eyes glowed, angrily proud, as his lips dumbly spelled the name: "Lopez, Guitella y Ca." His face darkened in reflection. . . .

CHILL of early morning, and Berin, the clangor of a fire truck rattling through his brain as he watched the smoldering wreck, turned on Lopez. The old man gazed complacently toward the departing truck, at the straggling night workers who paused for a moment to take in the familiar sight of a charred loft. "Don't you know what this means to us?" Berin stormed. "We're done."

He chewed in chagrin at the end of a cigar.

"Just when our chance came," he growled violently. "Now we're in the same fix as Mannenberg."

Lopez smiled a tired, cunning smile.

"We've put you on Easy Street. Now what will we do—Jenkins and me? Our leaf's ruined. Can't you understand?"

He flagged a hand as if to beat understanding into the placid old man.

"I'm going back to clear Havana," Lopez muttered as if talking to himself. "Had no business changing."

Berin swore.

"Can't you see!" he bellowed. "Our plan is smashed. You ——" and he wheeled away, savagely kicking a charred cedar box.

"I see," said Lopez, and his grim eye caught the sign that bore his name, scathed, but flapping dauntlessly above the smoke-marred lintel.

"Some few years ago I ate Yeast for bacterial infections, boils and carbuncles. Within three weeks my infections disappeared and I have never been troubled since. But I have an especial message to mothers. Four children were born to me in four years, and they are perfect babies and I am a good specimen of a healthy mother—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast. Not only did it settle my stomach, when other things failed, but also toned up my system, and gave me an appetite, which is most essential in motherhood."
Theodosia Hession, R. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I never knew when a bilious attack would come on me, even though careful of my diet. Once I was in the midst of preparing a big dinner party; another time I was week-ending with friends—one time I was driving my car down a narrow mountain road. The usual violent headache followed, the usual gone feeling the next day from the effect of a purgative. I had heard of Fleischmann's Yeast, its aids to digestion and elimination. I tried that, at first one cake a day . . . My last bilious spell was one year and three months ago and I feel positive that I will not have another."
Nora Weber, Denver, Colo.

Now they are *really* well

Vital, joyous, certain once more of their power, thousands have found the way to glorious health through one simple food

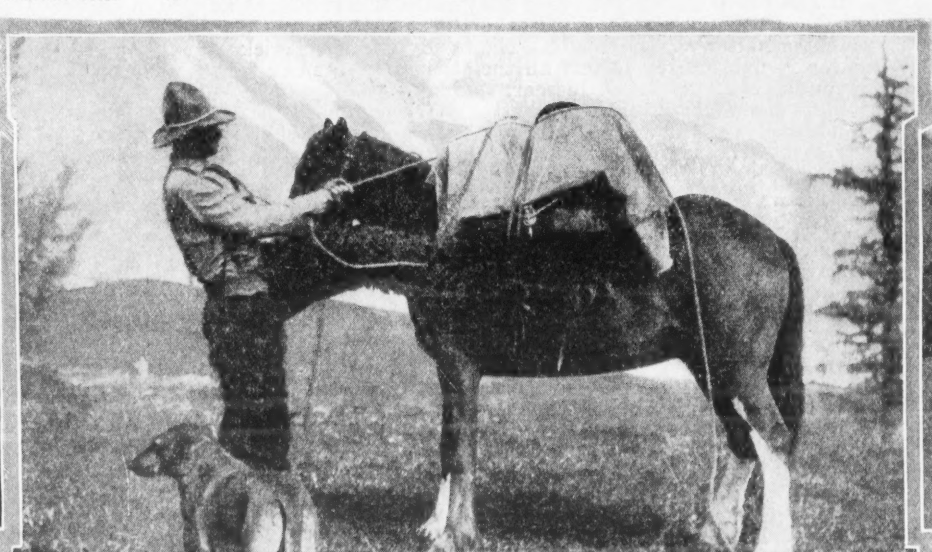
Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-19, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"For six years I was ailing, nervous and depressed, interested in nothing, accomplishing nothing, rarely for twenty-four consecutive hours free from pain—all caused I know by intestinal putrefaction. At last I asked a nurse 'If there was anything in the yeast fad?' She assured me there was. I began eating daily three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Relief from constipation and pain followed. I continued to take it as a tonic and food, regaining strength and energy and the long-discontinued compliments on my complexion. Today I am vigorously well, praise be to Fleischmann's Yeast."
Kate D. Meares, College Place, S. C.

"Four years ago I was all run down from nervous strain and constipation. I had no vitality; was barely able to drag myself around. Then I began to take Fleischmann's Yeast. Since that time I have been growing better and stronger. During these past 4 years I have done my ordinary work as office auditor. Besides, I have written mss. totaling 756,000 words, and have held constant official position in 3 organizations."
F. T. Mass, Dallas, Texas



"A year ago two friends and myself stayed nine weeks prospecting in an isolated, arid region—living on the crude supplies the country afforded—and hope. My stomach was weak from abuse. My bonanza was a coarse, irritated skin—a breaking-out all over my body. I used a horde of 'positive cures' and then, discouraged, tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months I was as I am today. My skin was better than 'back to normal' and I was ready for every 'let's go'."
V. C. Spies, Barrett, Cal.

Fleischmann's Yeast

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat 2 or 3 cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

White Fire

Continued from page 7

quizzical silence speak for his patience.

"It's awkward, you know—damn' awkward. A fellow hardly knows whom to turn to in. . . . I'm not at all sure you'll like my turning to you. But of course if you don't you can just show me the door, and there'll be no great damage done." Fairless found a wan grin. "I daresay you've guessed what my trouble is."

"I would rather not." Though Tabor's constraint was due to the fact that he had already guessed shrewdly if against his inclination. . . . "Human conduct," he pursued with a sententiousness he was sorry for but couldn't help—constraint always made him like that—"furnishes us with too few dependable facts at best; we who trade in the law soon learn it's unfair to a client to becloud judgment with premature conclusions."

"But you know what my people are, the men of the family at least. I don't believe many of us ever come to years of discretion without getting into at least one mean jam with a woman."

"Sometimes," Tabor admitted with a wry smile, "we wonder if any of you ever do arrive at years of discretion."

"Well, that's what the matter is with me," Fairless sulkily declared. "I came to you because your father did mine an awf'ly good turn once, though I daresay you won't think that much of an excuse."

"IF YOU will be good enough to tell me more, I will be better advised as to my answer."

"All right," Lance grunted. "It's this way: I'm pretty badly mixed up with a girl over in New York, girl I've known going on several years now, and I've got to find some way to shut her up before I dare let my engagement to Effie come out. I'm afraid. . . . You see, sir, this girl has all along been expecting me to marry her as soon as I could manage it without a family row; and though she knows now that's all off and isn't kicking up any special fuss, I'm afraid, if she ever finds out I'm planning to marry somebody else, she'll—well, just naturally raise merry hell with me."

A pleading smile guttered for want of response; Tabor's countenance was bleak for Mr. Fairless. The simple nature of the confession no less than the rather graceless way it had been made called up all the austerity which generations of God-fearing forbears had handed down to Tabor Wynne. His intelligence was too lively, self-pride too strong in him, to allow for any failure in the business of accommodating himself superficially to the manners of a time whose shibboleth was the word "smart" and whose standards varied as the winds blew; but his attitudes for human behavior in its moral phases were bedded on the rock-ribbed convictions of his ancestry. It wasn't that he lacked charity for flesh that being mortal erred so much as that, according to the lights that guided him—lights set by men of simple faith and right minds—sin to be condoned must first bring forth contrition. But here sat one who related the wrong thing he had done not as a matter for repentance but, with an air of grievance, as a normal incident whose consequences happened to promise him embarrassment.

"It's funny!" Fairless jumped up to roll to a window and lower out at the lowering heavens. "These little affairs seem to happen naturally enough. A fellow doesn't take them too seriously while everything is rosy; he'll even brag about 'em at times when he's feeling pretty good. But when he's forced to own up he's been a rotter, that's when he feels like one. . . . Cheap," the young man summed up—"cheap and dirty!"

Resentment of this tacit inclusion in the fellowship of "men of the world" to which Fairless pretended was evident only in the tightening of Tabor's mouth, a frostiness in his gaze, and some access of color in his sensitive face. But Fairless wasn't looking. . . .

"I suppose," he was muttering, "you think I'm hopeless—"

"Suppose," Tabor's crisp voice put in, "you tell me what you expect of me in relation to this—ah—small annoyance."

"I'd devilish well like you to tell me what I'd better do, to begin with."

"I am afraid I cannot offer any advice to your taste. As I see it, your only course is to find some way to make your peace with this young woman, since you are indisposed to marry her."

"'Marry her!'" a short laugh echoed.

"But you led her to believe you were not altogether averse—"

"Left, not 'led.' You know how it is: you get thick with a girl—"

"I am afraid I do not."

"I beg your pardon, sir. What I mean is, when a fellow gets thick with a girl like that, always, sooner or later, she begins to talk about how wonderful everything will be when he can marry her; and he doesn't like to make her unhappy and start a rumpus; besides telling her to forget all that, there's nothing in it. He just lets her rave. . . ."

"I am to understand, then, you made no definite offer or promise of marriage?"

"I don't say that. When a man's in love, or thinks he is, there are bound to be times when he'll promise anything the girl's set her heart on. The trouble is, I don't remember. . . . At first I used to write her every few minutes or so. I was crazy about her in those days."

"You are afraid, then, you have committed yourself in writing?"

"Shouldn't wonder!" was the most dismal of croaks. "She's saved up a bale of my letters. I haven't got any idea what's in them, except in a general way; most of them were written so long ago. You don't write so often or such a lot, you know, once the nap begins to wear off and you find out what's underneath isn't the thundering romance you took it for after all, but pretty much the same old shoddy."

In gloomy captivation with his conceit, Fairless contemplated the knaveries Life practices, in pursuit of its not too subtle ends, on men of simple hearts. "That's one thing that makes fellows so sick of the silly game in the long run, I mean this 'falling in love.' Every time it happens you think you're getting a prize, the genuine goods that positively won't run or fade or wear out ever; and the first thing you know it's gone threadbare on your hands."

"Possibly," a dry tone suggested, "that is more your fault than Love's for the way you have worn it."

"Maybe. *Is* there a way to wear Love that will make it last? *I* don't know."

Tabor was sure there was, but declined to commit himself to a prescription—which was something, he felt equally sure, every man must learn to write for himself. "But in this particular instance, I gather, you hardly believed or hoped your love would last, even in the beginning." Fairless, round-eyed, wanted to know why he had said that. "You have given me to understand you embarked on this—ah—adventure without any serious intention of ever marrying the young woman. Even to-day—when affairs have come to such a pass with you, a man of honor would ordinarily hold himself bound to redeem an implicit promise—you assure me marriage is out 'of the question.'"

"But you don't understand, I haven't told you yet, what kind of a woman this is."

"True. Then I'm to take it she's that kind?"

Tabor's stare brought dark blood into the other's cheeks. "I mustn't be unfair to her, she isn't as bad as all that. It's only she's a—a woman of the stage, and—well, I've no reason to believe I was her first lover or that I'll be her last!"

For all comment Fairless had to be content with a shrug of Tabor's brows.

"If there's anything more you'd care to know, sir—"

"If my preferences had been consulted in the first place, I should have cared to know less."

"I'm sorry, but—"

A break in that rumor of a remote voice recalled Tabor; he found himself wondering why he should be holding such an apparently hopeful pause.

"Forgive me. You were saying—"

"I said I'd be glad to be guided in every way by your advice, sir."

"I am afraid I have none to give." Slow and precise movements of thin lips pronounced this decision. "Your difficulty, to begin with, is not of the sort that comes within the scope of my practice. I have made it a rule never to act for my clients in the affairs of their private lives—"

"But I'm not coming to you as a client, sir," Fairless pleaded—"I'm begging a friend to help me out in a wicked squeeze. Your family has always been such a good friend to mine and to Effie's. . . ." Tabor's eyes flinched and Fairless thrust on at the chink betrayed in the older man's armor. "It isn't for my sake I'm pleading with you so much as Effie's. She's devoted to me—as I am to her; I can't bear the thought of making her unhappy—and it would break her heart if she ever heard of this affair, to say nothing of what would happen if it got publicity enough to make her mother take action. Please consider Effie, sir, before me."

"I am afraid I must."

"Don't say 'afraid.'"

"But it is you who insist that I look into the future for Effie's sake and think what her life might be, married to a man of your . . . tastes."

"Is that fair, sir, either to Effie or to me? I've got nothing to say for myself, except it doesn't seem quite fair to write me off a total loss as a matrimonial prospect simply because I've had a good squint at the other side. But Effie—she'll never get over it if anything happens—"

"You did not, of course, stop to think of that when you were making love to her—with this other woman in your background."

"But, hang it, I couldn't help falling in love with Effie, could I? Or what happened then? If it comes to that, I wonder how many men you know who are in a position to marry a girl like Effie can come span clean on the woman side of their early lives."

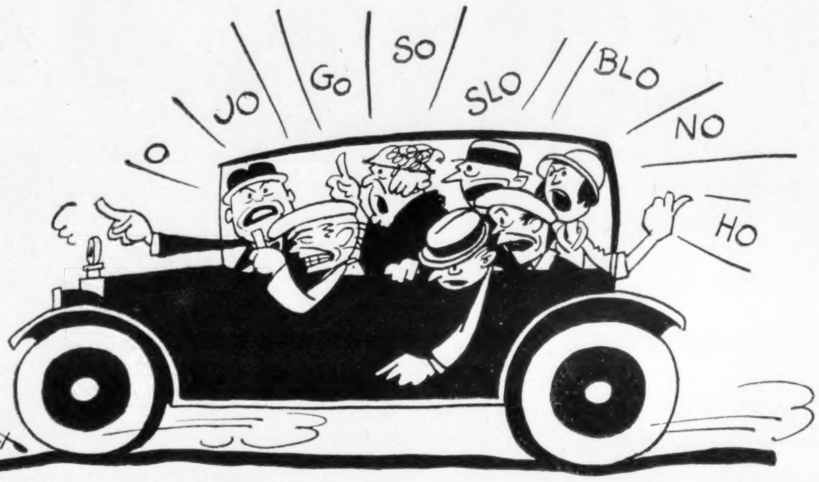
TABOR wondered too, and without much profit to his stand. "Ah, well!" he despaired at length, and tossed aside the paper knife with which he had been absently striking his desk. "I am sure I don't know what my duty is. What is it you want me to do for you?"

"Only the one thing I can't do for myself, sir. It's no good my trying to do anything with Jenny; if I should see her again, there'd be another scene that would end just where it started, where the last one left off—in tears and all that. And I daren't ask a detective agency to act for me, even a reputable one, or another lawyer, anybody I don't know as I do you, sir—"

"What is it"—Tabor's tone of impatience was as cool as spring water—"you want me to do?"

"Simply this. . . ." Fairless placed a long, plain envelope on the blotting pad. "You'll find ten thousand-dollar bills in that, sir—every last cent I can rake together to buy those letters back. It ought to be enough. Jenny needs money. She hasn't any people to fall back on, and she's been rather out of things in her line ever since she met me. She got in the way of refusing jobs that meant going on the road, so the managers got in the way of forgetting to send for her. It's going to take her a while to work back into their graces, and she's got to live meantime. . . . I think she'll be reasonable

(*Continued on page 34*)



BACK-SEAT DRIVERS

To be pasted on the windshield or other prominent place on your new car.

By CARROL JOHN DALY

THIS is my car—of course, I don't know anything about driving it—but this is my car.

The manufacturers have neglected to make arrangements whereby this car may be driven from the rear seat—so don't try it.

Before entering this car be sure to drag your feet through the mud. It is a simple matter to wipe your feet off on the matting or the edge of the seat.

Pull the doors partly closed so that they will rattle and make the driver think that there is something wrong with the engine.

If the car does not ride easy remember it has nothing to do with the rough condition of the roads. The driver is endeavoring to find all the bumps so you may knock his car.

Lighted cigars and cigarette butts should be shoved down the windows or beneath the seat cushions.

The speedometer is to tell how fast we are going, not how fast we can go.

Yes, that was a Ford that just passed us.

If you wish to turn to the left or right, do not tell the driver until the car is directly in the middle of the crossroads. This is very pleasant and exciting for the cars coming behind.

No—we can't make every hill on high gear. We understand thoroughly that you have ridden in hundreds of cars that can.

That queer grinding noise is not a stone quarry—we know that the gears should not make that noise—but at times they do.

By all means stick your feet up on the dash—the car will need repainting some day anyway.

We paid cash for the car—though how we raised the money is none of your business.

Car Owners Manufacturers and Dealers!

THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS have adopted these hand signals—to help make the roads safer for themselves and others.

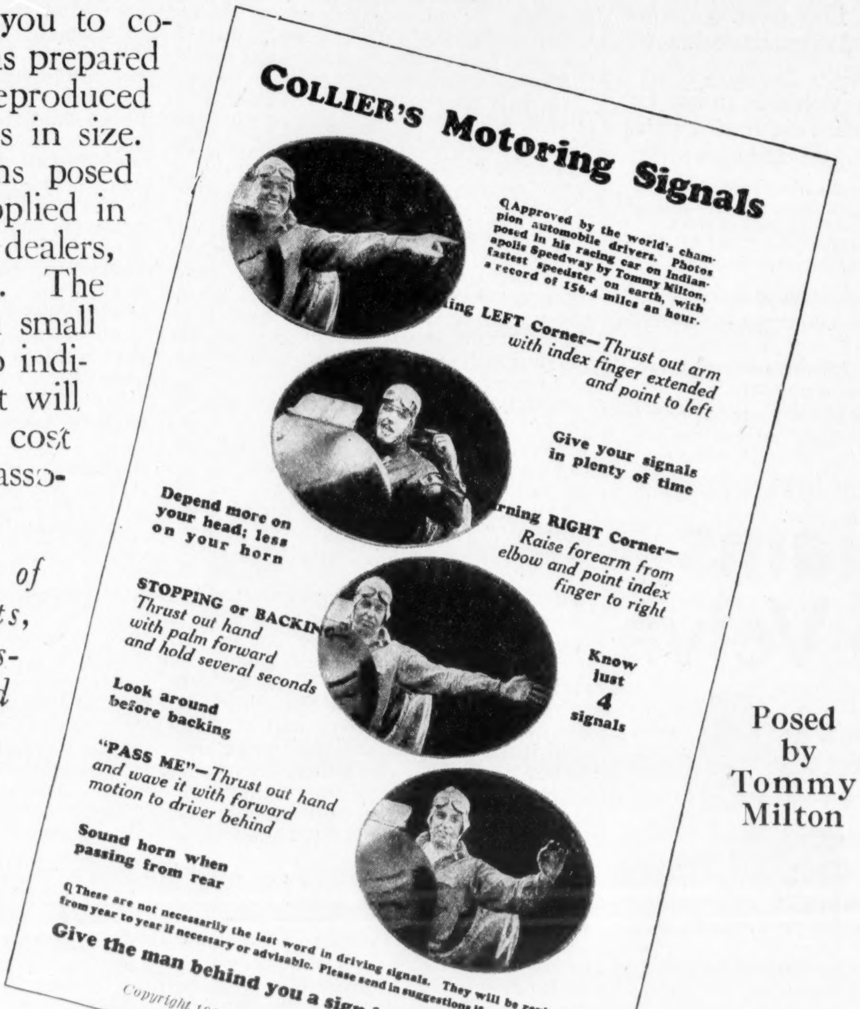
Now Collier's makes it possible for everyone directly or indirectly interested in motoring to get together and make them *standard practice among all car drivers.* Then, perhaps, the annual toll of motor accidents can be materially reduced.

To this end Collier's is reaching a million families with this advertisement and the article on page 18 of this issue by Tommy Milton, one of America's fastest and safest racing drivers.

The four signals sponsored by Collier's and shown here are simple and unmistakable—they apply to all ordinary situations and adhere to all motoring laws. If every motorist uses them, obviously there won't be so many reports in the newspapers about accidents "due to misunderstanding of signals."

In order to make it easy for you to co-operate in this movement Collier's has prepared posters in two colors (like the one reproduced here) fourteen by twenty-two inches in size. They are illustrated by photographs posed by Tommy Milton, and will be supplied in limited quantities free of charge to dealers, garages, service and filling stations. The poster also has been reproduced in small pocket size and will be furnished to individual motorists free on request. It will be supplied in large quantities at cost price to manufacturers, clubs, and associations, for members and owners.

Automobile Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Traffic Departments, Automobile Manufacturers, Accessory Stores, Filling Stations and all who are interested in better, safer motoring are invited to participate. Write Collier's for details and state your requirements.



COLLIER'S Motoring Signals

¶Approved by the world's champion automobile drivers. Photos posed in his racing car on Indianapolis Speedway by Tommy Milton, fastest speedster on earth, with a record of 156.4 miles an hour.

ing LEFT Corner—*Thrust out arm with index finger extended and point to left*

Give your signals in plenty of time

Depend more on your head; less on your horn

rning RIGHT Corner—*Raise forearm from elbow and point index finger to right*

STOPPING or BACKIN
Thrust out hand with palm forward and hold several seconds

Know just 4 signals

Look around before backing

"PASS ME"—*Thrust out hand and wave it with forward motion to driver behind*

Sound horn when passing from rear

¶These are not necessarily the last word in driving signals. They will be revised from year to year if necessary or advisable. Please send in suggestions if you have any

Give the man behind you a sign he can understand

Copyright 1925 by Collier's, The National Weekly

Posed
by
Tommy
Milton

Address: Editorial
Extension Department

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

250 Park Ave.
New York City

In 3 seconds

insure face-comfort after shaving

IF your skin is sensitive and left unprotected, wind and sun may cause it to become dry and stiff—really uncomfortable. Prevent this—keep your skin flexible and pliant, by applying Aqua Velva after your morning shave. It takes only a few drops and only a few seconds.

Aqua Velva *keeps* your face all day long in the same velvety condition in which Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it. It does this by *conserving the skin's natural moisture.* Dry preparations which absorb moisture have exactly the opposite effect.

Because Aqua Velva is made expressly for after-shaving use, it gives the skin complete all-day care:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from sun and wind
—it prevents face-shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Aqua Velva is a crystal-clear amber liquid, not sticky. Easy to apply—no hot towels, nothing to wipe off.

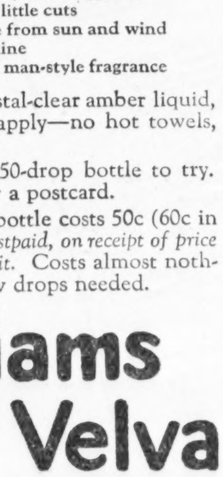
Write for a free 150-drop bottle to try. Use coupon below or a postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle costs 50c (60c in Canada). *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.* Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream


WILLIAMS
Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake a few drops into the hand and simply apply to the face
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A.
The J.B.Williams Co.
(Canada) Limited Montreal

For free test bottle

Address:
The J. B. Williams Co.,
Dept. 38-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

COLLIERS 8-1-25

White Fire

Continued from page 32

when she sees ten thousand in hard money."

"You have not offered so much to her before, I gather?"

"She never gave me a chance. When I told her things couldn't go on, she went all to pieces; there wasn't anything I could say she'd listen to—nothing to do, I finally saw, but ease out and leave her to calm down by herself."

"And since then?"

"Nothing. I mean, we haven't communicated. And that was about a fortnight ago."

"You think, then, the young woman will by this time have come to a state of mind in which it will be possible for me to write to her on your behalf and—"

"Good Lord, no: it would be fatal to write, sir. The only way to handle Jenny is to see her, put the money in her hands, and dash away with the letters before she gets time to think it over."

Tabor slowly shook his head. Gingerly finger tips thrust the envelope away. "I am sorry, Lance; I shall have to ask you to excuse me."

"Please don't say that, Mr. Wynne. Think of Effie. I know what you think of me, and I don't deserve anything better; but I'm sure you've got charity enough to give me this chance I need, the chance I'll get if Effie marries me, to come back and make good."

"It is my observation," Tabor dispassionately remarked, "the only chances a man ever profits by are those he makes for himself, not those he owes to his friends."

"It won't take half an hour of your time," Fairless persevered. "You run over to New York every so often; I don't ask you to make a special trip, but the next time you do go. . . . There's a note for Jenny inside that envelope, introducing you as an old and honored friend. If you'll only do this for me, I promise to prove my gratitude any way you may care to name."

"I will think it over," Tabor concluded, and got up in token of his willingness to end the interview. "But I promise nothing, mind."

"Of course—I quite understand. And it's awf'ly good of you. I mean that, sir." Fairless, gathering up hat and gloves, seemed inspired with complete confidence in Tabor's ultimate compliance. "Good afternoon, sir, and thank you very much." At the door he turned back. "You wouldn't by any chance be running over to-night, would you, or to-morrow?"

"I do not expect to, within several days."

"Not that I want to hurry you, sir. But you will let me know when you do go, won't you?"

"I will let you know my decision to-morrow," Tabor replied. "Good day, Lance."

THE door closed. Tabor consulted his watch. It was time to go to luncheon; but the poor night he had put in had brewed a moody listlessness which he had been fighting off all morning, only to relapse into its power the minute he was left alone. And this call of Fairless' had left a bad aftertaste not altogether figurative. He delayed, covering with a frown that white rectangle on the green pad. When he moved, it was to draw the envelope to him and lift its flap.

The banknotes were new and bright, an astonishingly thin sheaf when one remembered the little fortune they represented, at least to folk of little fortunes like the girl for whom they were designated. The note enclosed in an envelope addressed to "Miss Jennifer Challis," and "Introducing Mr. Tabor Wynne," was properly amiable and noncommittal. Tabor replaced it, however without any lessening of disrelish for the business. And, sealing the flap with sealing wax, he rang for his secretary to take it to his safe-deposit vault; but the office boy reported Miss Wedge "gone to lunch;" so Tabor stowed the envelope away in a pocket and forthwith forgot it.

Late in the afternoon a long-distance message called him to New York for a conference at noon of the next day. When he hung up Tabor remembered June's desire for a "lark" and told Miss Wedge to try to get his wife on the telephone. June was not at home, but it didn't matter; Tabor could tell her at dinner—she would have plenty of time to make ready to go with him by the nine-o'clock express in the morning. He got home at seven to find a note from June.

"Dear Tabor," she had written: "May and Tod have won me over after all. We're leaving some time after luncheon. I hope it won't rain—but I'm so bored I don't care. If nothing unusual turns up, we'll be back for dinner to-morrow night." The signature was quite in character; that is to say, casual: "Aff't'ly—June."

They hadn't lived this number of years together without his growing resigned to the circumstance that his wife was peculiarly the creature of her own quite spontaneous notions. June lived not only for the present but on the immediate minute's very spur.

Still, one would think, she might have telephoned. . . .

"'Bored?'"

That murmur started his man Tinker out of preoccupation with Tabor's dinner clothes: "Beg pardon, Mr. Wynne?"

The note, torn across, fluttered into a wastebasket. "I shan't dress to-night; and tell cook, please, I'd like dinner as soon as convenient. Then telephone the Pennsylvania Railroad and reserve a chair through to New York for me on the nine o'clock to-night. I may be away several days; pack for me with that in mind."

The Todwarrens were in the habit of stopping at the Chatham in New York. Tabor reckoned to be on hand there in good time to greet June when she got in from the theatre with May and Tod. The pretty picture she would make of her astonishment was something to look forward to. And she would, of course, be enchanted with what Tabor had to communicate, the mind he had been making up all day to replace those mock pearls with a string worthy June's wearing. They could shop about for it after his conference. That would make them both happy. The curbed voluptuary in the Quaker once-removed craved the sense of indulgence in forbidden ways that he had of shopping with June, observing the play of her reckless yet ever-delicate extravagances. . . .

On the train his thoughts harked back to Lance Fairless, and in a start of vexation Tabor felt for that precious envelope. The crackle of its thin stiff paper between his fingers made him think, oddly enough, for he was not an imaginative man, of goblin laughter. And in a surge of irritation—to be put in mind of that foul tangle just then was like having mud of the kennels smeared over an idyl sketched in pastel tints—he determined to write Fairless before going to bed and tell the young rip that he washed his hands of the business.

But the discovery that June and the Todwarrens hadn't put up at the Chatham after all proved disappointing enough to render him once again forgetful. It meant nothing, of course, but that they had followed their fancy, for a change, to some other hotel; but it would be a nuisance trying to track them down by guesswork.

THE rainstorm that had broken at nightfall was doggedly holding on when he got up in the morning. He wasted an hour on the telephone, drawing every likely hotel blank, then got home and office on long-distance and left word to tell Mrs. Wynne, when she called up, where he might be found. June would call up, of course, at some time in the course of the day, to say that May simply would not hear of motoring back on skiddy roads, so their return to Philadelphia was postponed till the skies cleared.

With nearly three hours to kill before the time set for his conference, Tabor elected to go hunting for the necklace on his lone. And since he had come away without much money, and wanted to walk away with his purchase, he taxied to the bank where he kept an account for convenience sake in handling the New York interests of clients, and cashed a check that caused the paying teller to bat his eyes, then stealthily consult the bookkeeping department in respect to Tabor's balance before he turned over the money in new thousand-dollar notes.

Tabor habitually carried a billfold in the pocket where he had stowed the Fairless envelope. The wretched thing again gave a ghostly cackle to his touch; and this time he did not forget it so readily.

The jeweler he called on first said he knew where he could lay hands on precisely what Mr. Wynne wanted and promised to have it ready for inspection at any time after three in the afternoon. That left an hour and a half to be put in somehow, with the Fairless affair annoyingly to the fore in Tabor's thoughts. On impulse he decided to call on the young woman after all.

The loutish Negro who infested the hallway of a hive of unpretentious flats

LINES FROM THE OBSERVATORY

The Chinese used umbrellas 1100 B. C. Some of the originals have not yet been returned.

* * *

In England the slang term for tightwad is Scot Somebody must have been entertaining one.

* * *

Why doesn't Mr. Mellon pay the income tax himself and stop all this fuss?

* * *

You don't have to go to a summer resort to count the vaccination marks.

* * *

The open mind is usually full of closed incidents.

* * *

There is one sure thing about Main Street: it is almost always on the square.

* * *

Oh, yes; a couple of weeks' hard work at the office will put us back in shape once more, where we can begin thinking of the wonderful time we had on the vacation that knocked us out.

THOMAS L. MASSON

in the lower fifties near Sixth Avenue said that Miss Challis done move away week befo' las'. Her forwarding address? The Hotel Winston in Forty-seventh Street just off Broadway.

Recalling what Fairless had said about the young woman's condition in life, Tabor surmised a move forced by loss of "allowance" which she presumably had enjoyed before the recent break; a guess confirmed, at least on the face of it, by the grubby leer with which the Hotel Winston shadowed its section of the street.

The elevator left him to shift for himself in a corridor that ran the length of the ninth floor with doors on both sides. Tabor had to peer closely at each door to make out its painted number. Eventually he found the one he sought at one end of the building.

MISS CHALLIS, holding the door open, with windows at her back, posed a featureless silhouette to a vision confused by the sudden stab of light. It was, however, not difficult to detect the coolness which stiffened her attitude. Against this impression Tabor had to set the want of definite emotion in a well-modulated voice that had a slightly husky timbre.

"Mr. Wynne? Please come in."

Tabor said, "Thank you, Miss Challis," and found himself turning in the middle of a bed-sitting-room, to be studied by a self-possessed person who seemed to be at that stage when it is impossible to say whether a woman's years are twenty-seven or thirty-five; Tabor would have guessed this one to be rather on the younger side. If she had been a happier woman she might, he fancied, easily have passed as less than twenty-seven.

If she was not a happy woman in any sense, she was not of the hysterical type which must make a parade of its woes. The pain that lurked in the deeps of gray eyes set wide apart was well in leash. The eyes were steady, and their uncommon spacing gave them a cast of uncommon intelligence. They illumined like lights that open on a sunless day a face of no great pretensions to beauty, but comely. The mouth was sensitive yet firm, the hair of the neutral shade that June was wont to term in light malice "hair-colored." Tabor wondered what the girl would look like if she smiled; had a notion that she would be almost beautiful.

Miss Challis neither smiled nor even once during their conversation employed any of the tricks of the stage to compose a face for Tabor colored by a bid for sympathy. If her expression reflected her mind, she remained throughout thoughtful, and a little tired. She wore a frock of puce color in one piece, with unassertive embroidery edging the neck. Measured by the mode, its skirt was neither long nor short. Her stockings were sheer, of an undecided shade, and ran into shoes that told of right vanity in pretty feet.

The personality thus shadowed forth was not by any means one of striking individuality, but at first blush it seemed such to Tabor, it was so much at odds with the vision which had haunted his memory of that scene at dinner, when Fairless had recalled it. He became conscious that he was, if not actually gaping, at least being guilty of rudeness in standing at tongue-tied gaze. But before he could offer an apology, Miss Challis was discovering a like feeling.

"Pardon me," she said in that odd, husky voice. "I didn't mean to stare, but. . . . Well, you're not exactly the sort of a gentleman I was expecting to see as a personal friend of Lance's. I expect you know that."

"I don't know," said Tabor, more ill at ease than he liked—"I'm sure."

"Well," a sober nod affirmed, "you are. Please sit down. You might as well. I suppose we've got to talk a while—though I don't quite see what's the use."

Tabor heard himself make noises in the sense of thanks, and sat down, holding his hat rather awkwardly on his knees. He inclined to believe he had never felt more awkward—one added touch to the ensemble, he suspected, couldn't make it much worse.

Miss Challis settled herself on one end of a davenport done in threadbare plush. She gave no further sign of sharing Tabor's constraint, but folded her hands in her lap and eyed him steadily. And while he fumbled for words, she found her own and used them with telling composure.

"I said I don't see what's the use, because Lance knows perfectly well nothing he can say to me, whether he says it himself to my face or sends a friend like you, is going to make any difference. I was an awful fool about him; but now I know that, I'm not going to be a fool any more. I've got too much sense—and he ought to have—to believe for one little minute it's any use trying to—to breathe new life into something that's been deliberately killed between two people. When a thing's finished the way it is with us, it's finished, and nothing can ever make it as it was again."

"I am afraid," Tabor said, "I don't quite follow. . . ."

"I should think you would. What I mean is, I'd give anything in the world to have Lance back again the way he was—the way I thought he was when I was in love with him. I'm still in love with the man I thought he was; I guess I always will be; but I'm not in love with Lance Fairless any more, and he can't ever come back and hope to be to me what I always believed he'd be before he showed me what he was. . . . So I just don't see what's the good of your coming all the way over from Philadelphia to try to make me change my mind. I would if I thought there was any chance on earth for me and Lance to go on together and find any sort of happiness; but I know better and—I can't."

SHE halted on a note of flat finality that a quiet movement of hands made graphic. The hands, returning to her lap, became as graphically still. Tabor saw that they were beautiful hands, long and pale and graceful. The way she used them was, he thought, the solitary indication she had thus far given of any training for the theatre. He vaguely wondered how much of an actress she had been before this affair with Fairless had given pause to her career. This girl was so completely atypical in his sight he was constrained to admit he didn't know how to deal with her.

It wasn't that she was what people used to mean when they said "a lady." She wasn't. So would it have been silly to say she might have fitted congruously into the social frame of, say, his draw-

(Continued on page 36)

H. I. PHILLIPS

The lack of polish in cauliflower circles is something awful. True, we're improving. Only a few years ago blows were actually struck! There is still hope. All the leather pushers have to do is read "The Book of Prize-Fighting Etiquette"

in next week's

Collier's

Prest-O-Lite

opens new road to lower battery costs

Saves you 25%

THE Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery that cost you around $20 a short time ago can be bought today for $15.50.

Remember, it's *the same twenty-dollar battery!* Only the price has been changed—not the quality nor the service.

Prest-O-Lite's sweeping price reduction is made possible by eliminating extra profits in distribution.

Many storage batteries pay four profits before they reach the motorist—profits to the factory; the jobber; the distributor; the dealer.

Now Prest-O-Lite has changed the order of things. *Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries are sold by the factory to the dealer or service station and then to you.* Two profits less—service intact—25% saved!

There is a Prest-O-Lite Battery for all makes of cars, with proportionate savings.

No motorist need now take a chance on a battery of unknown quality simply because of the low cost. Prest-O-Lite enables everyone to have the best battery at a remarkably low price.

It was natural that Prest-O-Lite should lead in this revolutionary plan. "The Oldest Service to Motorists" was established twenty years ago by this company. Since that time it has progressed constantly in giving *better service.*

There is a Prest-O-Lite Service Station near you. Take advantage of its "Friendly Service," no matter what make of battery you may have. And when you do need a new battery, save at least 25% by buying a Prest-O-Lite.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.
New York San Francisco
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

FOR RADIO—*Prest-O-Lite Radio Batteries are especially designed for radio and combine many improvements that you will appreciate.*

Is there really a climate-proof smoking tobacco?

Here is some international testimony on the subject

Mr. W. L. Peers is an aviator who certainly has "flown wide," to borrow an expression from his own pleasant and enthusiastic letter.

He writes us that he has smoked Edgeworth under practically every climatic condition in seventeen sections of the world, outside America.

As these localities range from England and France to South Africa and China, we think you'll agree that he makes out a pretty good case for climate-proof Edgeworth.

Also, Mr. Peers is a twelve-year member of the Edgeworth Club. Here's his letter:

Bolling Field, D. C.

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

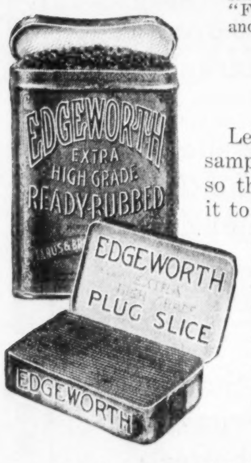
Having been a constant user of your excellent Edgeworth for approximately twelve years, and having smoked it under practically every climatic condition in the following countries: England, France, British West Africa, South Africa, German East Africa, Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, India, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Waziristan, Ceylon, Burmah, The Straits Settlements, and China, I feel it an honor to go on record as a supremely satisfied user of this tobacco.

Of course it was not always possible to obtain the "Old Blue Can" in all of these countries, but where this difficulty was encountered, my fondness for Edgeworth could not be satisfied by an inferior product, so I arranged with my people in Richmond, Virginia, to purchase a dozen or so cans at a time and forward it to me by parcel post.

I was considerably gratified on my arrival at this field to find that the majority of the men here, both commissioned and enlisted, who smoke pipes, are veteran users of Edgeworth. I consider that this shows excellent taste on the part of the men at this station.

May your organization and your Edgeworth always "Fly High, Wide and Pretty."

Yours for pipe satisfaction,
W. L. PEERS.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5H South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

White Fire

Continued from page 35

ing-room at home. She would none the less have figured there without any gaucherie, with entire but never arrogant sufficiency, rather strikingly an individual who pretended to and apologized for nothing, but was what she was and must be accepted as such or rejected altogether. Yet she would be quick, one felt, to observe and adapt herself to such unfamiliar circumstances as might seem good in her sight.

A strange woman for Fairless to have carried on with. Men of his kidney, Tabor had observed, inclined to fasten their trifling affections on women their mental inferiors; loving less to be well loved than to condescend to love; admiration being to them the very life of their content and women their peers in intelligence sure to see them too clearly to admire them as they must be admired. It wasn't difficult to perceive how restive Lance must have grown under the spell of those uncompromising eyes of one who loved him in spite of, rather than in blind thralldom to, his airs and graces.

And now she was giving Tabor to understand by implication that their whirl asunder had been something of her own causing instead of Lance's. Tabor didn't believe she was affecting to see in him an envoy with an olive branch. The rupture, he didn't doubt now that he saw her, heard her speak, had left her with reason to look for overtures toward reconciliation. It wouldn't surprise him to learn it was Jennifer Challis who had given Lance Fairless his congé for cause. . . .

THE force of her personality was such that she was, without stirring or saying more, making him feel her demand for something from him to excuse his delaying to go, now she had so unmistakably said her last word.

"I quite understand," he said; "and I'm sorry I permitted Lance to make me his legate in this unhappy matter; because I have every desire to spare you distress—"

"Don't let that worry you," Miss Challis interrupted. Another woman would have mocked the suggestion with a bitter laugh. The gray eyes shifted toward the windows and curiously seemed to darken as they took the light. "I can't be hurt any more than I have been, I guess. There's a limit to everything, even pain—I've found that out. Nothing you can say now would make it worse." Her gaze swung back. "What is it?"

"There are," Tabor said with reluctance; and felt under it as contemptible a thing as he held the man whose errand he was doing—"I believe there are a number of letters—"

"Lance's letters!"

One of the folded hands closed upon its fellow so that its knuckles whitened.

"He is anxious to get them back. I deeply regret letting him persuade me to ask you to return them, but—"

"Please!"

The girl's eyes seemed to have grown incredibly in bigness—an effect due in the main to the fading of her color, which brought out and darkened violet shadows beneath them.

Those pale hands described an abrupt gesture of apology. At the same time Miss Challis got up and turned away, to stop with back to Tabor and face to the window, while he rose and waited.

"I was wrong," she said after a long minute—"I was wrong just now. I told you I couldn't be hurt more than I had been. . . ."

Tabor made makeshift sounds of contrition. The husky voice went on as though Miss Challis were thinking aloud: "I wonder what he told you about me. . . . But I'm afraid I know. And the worst of it is, it doesn't matter!"

There was a lull. . . . "I don't suppose you want to hear anything more about it; but this hurt's so new I just can't keep quiet and—and spare you. Lance . . . It's going on three years now since we fell in love. The very first time we met, it was. Like a thunderbolt. I'd never dreamed people could be so happy. Lance did love me then—and nothing else mattered. He told me there were family reasons why we couldn't get married for a while; he was dependent on his people and they were all old Quaker stock and thought all actresses were in league with the devil. He said he'd have to go to work and make some money of his own before we could get married. I loved him so much I'd have believed anything he told me. And, anyway, nothing mattered but our being in love. Maybe I've always looked at things the wrong way; but the way I saw it then, if two people loved one another, it wasn't anybody else's business. That was when Lance wrote most of his letters. I was working in a sketch in vaudeville that was booked solid a year ahead, and we couldn't see each other as often as we wanted to; so we had to take it out writing. . . . They're all I've got now to remind me of the one time when I was happy. . . . And he wants to take them from me!"

She came about to face Tabor in a quiver. "Do you call that fair? Or generous? Or kind?"

"I am afraid," Tabor stammered. . . . "Please consider me, Miss Challis, merely a messenger with a most painful errand to discharge."

"But why does Lance want them back? What use are they to him? Is he. . . ." The girl faltered and rested heavily against the davenport. "Is Lance going to marry somebody else?" She didn't wait for confirmation of this guess; or, rather, must have read it in the cringe of Tabor's eyes. "Ah! . . . And did he tell you he was afraid maybe I'd sue him for breach of promise? Or do something to pay him out for the way he's treated me? Did he?"

"I must beg you to excuse me from answering your questions," Tabor feebly fenced. "I assure you I am merely acting under instructions when I tell you that Mr. Fairless is prepared to transfer to you a considerable sum of money in exchange for his letters."

"Money!" The strange voice struck a deep note of pain in anger. "To me!"

The girl's pallor frightened Tabor: he saw her swaying, took a step toward her with a gesture of solicitude, and was stopped by a look like a kick.

"Wait. . . ."

Miss Challis moved past him as if he did not exist. The lid of a huge, old-style theatrical trunk that stood by the folding bed, on the other side of the room, was thrown back to the wall with an echoing bang that had hardly ceased to shake the hush when Tabor saw the girl coming back with a bundle of letters.

"Here." She thrust them blindly at Tabor. "Take them and tell him. . . . Oh, tell him nothing! Only take them and—and go away."

The letters forced into his hands, Tabor mumbled a miserable acknowledgment: "But you will surely permit—"

"Don't you understand I can't bear any more of this? Don't you think I've been insulted enough to deserve to be left alone, now you've got what you came for?" The girl flung to the door and threw it open. "Please!"

Tabor gave a profound and silenced bow, and found himself suddenly outside the door, feeling "like a whipped cur."

He held a dead pause there for some time, hearing no sounds from the other side of the door, but distressfully able to picture to himself the scene it hid. And he reviewed in pity the mean setting that the room made for the passion convulsing its forlorn tenant.

He could hardly be mistaken in assuming that she was desperately hard up—she who had refused even to hear the sum named which he had been given for her.

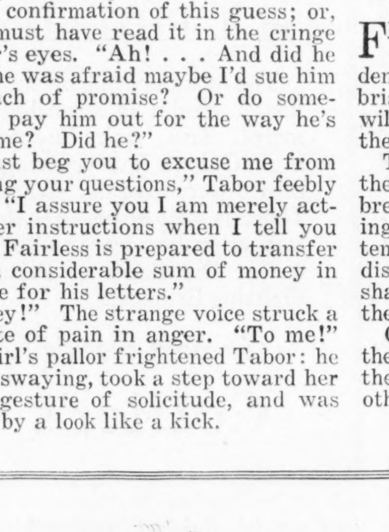
If only he could think of some way to persuade her to accept it . . . or to smuggle it into her possession against her wish. . . .

FROM a door standing open at the far end of the corridor, a bellboy burdened with two suitcases moved at a brisk pace to the elevator shaft. Tabor, willing to remain unseen, hung back in the shadows.

Two figures followed the boy through the door. Tabor's heart tripped; the breath in his throat checked. A deafening drumming started up within his temples, and straining eyes temporarily distorted all they saw into nightmare shapes. They could not, however, deny the evidence presented to them.

One of the two whom he watched as they passed into the elevator ahead of the bellboy was Lance Fairless; the other, June.

(*To be continued next week*)



Again!

—

H. C. WITWER—

with the second story of Bill Grimm and Barbara Baxter

"So This is New York"

in next week's

Collier's

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

International Concerts

THERE is no doubt but that we will be able to listen to European concerts rebroadcast by our local stations this fall. Reports from England state that General J. G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America, has completed arrangements with the parties interested both in England and continental countries. American programs have already been repeated by European broadcast stations. The European concerts will be relayed across the ocean by high-powered long-wave stations, picked up here on sensitive receivers, and then retransmitted by regular broadcast stations.

"—and the worrrld is mine!"

Well, We Like 'Em Too

THE explorers who are going to enter the unknown regions of Peru are taking with them jazz records and radio sets. These implements will be used to appease the savages. This is merely recorded to show that the well-known human race responds to the same kind of stimulus irrespective of color, habitat or condition.

That Touchdown Echo

T. J. RODHOUSE, Jr., is a student in college at Columbia, Mo., where football is the all-important topic in the fall. He writes me, "When a game is on and I am bankrupt, instead of climbing a tree to see the game, I go to my radio den and get a play-by-play report broadcast from the field. The interesting thing about it is that I will be listening when suddenly an ear-splitting cheer will come from the field over the radio.

"Then I take off the phones and about a second and a half later that same cheer comes to my ears direct from the field, which is about a third of a mile away. It sounds exactly like an echo. Another example of the speed of radio waves."

This "Ain't Nuthin'"

MARY WILLIS SHUEY of New Orleans declares that Hammond, La., has the most musical mocking birds in the country, but that radio has ruined them. With the popularization of radio the birds began to imitate jazz until the night air of Hammond outrivaled New York's Broadway. As if that were not bad enough, she adds, the birds have lately developed the finest brand of static ever heard.

Be One of the Winners

SEND us brief write-ups of your most interesting radio experiences or your most helpful radio suggestions, and win $10 if the stories are worth printing. They must be about radio and they must be original. Send them to Jack Binns, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

A Long-Distance Talk

FOR a long time the owners of KDKA have dubbed their station the "Pioneer of broadcasting." Whether this claim is permissible or not, there is no doubt the Pittsburgh station is forever trying the novel. The latest stunt was the transmission of the speech by the Governor General of Canada on its 63-meter wave so that receiving sets in South Africa might reproduce it for the Prince of Wales. KDKA has been heard with consistency in the territory of the South African Union.

His Master's Voice

LUTHER BLAKE of San Francisco started in with a crystal set and then advanced in his radio education. "A few days after the arrival of the three-tuber," he writes me, "I overheard my six-year-old son explaining our latest purchase to a playmate. It was plain that my boy was wondering what to call the loud speaker, for he kept repeating, 'No! No! you don't use the ear things!'

"'Well, how do you hear?' the other boy insisted. 'What kind of music does it make?' Then suddenly my son replied:

"'It's the kind of music the dog listens to!'

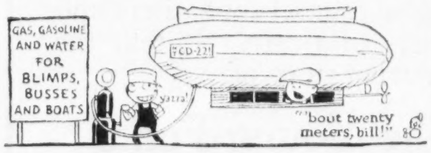
"Which may prove that the trademark of a well-known phonograph does get them young."

Secrecy at Last

FOR several years the leading radio engineers engaged in research work have been seeking means of making radio communication secret. It seems as though their labors have been wasted since our broadcasting sopranos, contraltos and tenors have solved the problem. The only persons who can decipher the words which they sing through the microphone are other sopranos, contraltos and tenors.

All for a Few Postage Stamps

BUY one of our radio maps for 25c in stamps sent to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City. It shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and gives a distance finder.


GAS, GASOLINE AND WATER FOR BLIMPS, BUSSES AND BOATS
ZCD-22
Yatta!
"'bout twenty meters, bill!"

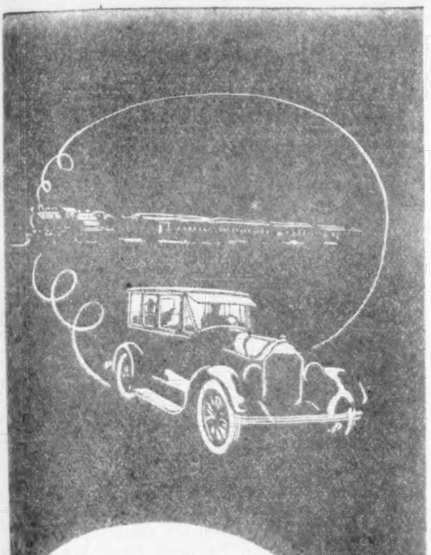
Synthetic Gas

AN IMPORTANT announcement comes from Germany. It is stated that a young scientist of Berlin, Professor Paneth, has succeeded in producing helium by synthetic process. This inert gas is invaluable in aëronautics. It renders large airships impervious to fire hazard.

Aside from this, however, it may have an important bearing upon radio in the development of vacuum tubes.

Listen for These X's

FANS of an experimental turn of mind have ample opportunity now to try their prowess, and at the same time take part in development work. Station WGY, at Schenectady, is transmitting all its programs on four wave lengths simultaneously. They are 39 meters, call letters 2XAF; 109 meters, call letters 2XK; 379.5 meters, call letters WGY, and 1,660 meters, call letters 2XAH. Operators of the station ask all those fans who are equipped to receive these waves to make reports on comparative reception from the four transmitters.



All travelers agree on this—

The worst part of any trip—whether by auto or train—is the dust, grime, soot or cinders that settle down to roost on every accessible part of the body.

A Pullman wash-up is hopelessly inadequate. Even a brisk rub in a tub often leaves you beaten.

Somebody just simply had to discover something!

* * * * * *

Here you are—

Soak a wash-cloth with Mifflin Alkohol; rub it gently but firmly wherever you suspect the presence of the enemy; in two minutes you'll be as fresh—as clean—as keen as the well-known bright new dollar. And a Mifflin Alkohol rub-down is refreshing, cooling and soothing, as well as cleansing. Try it!

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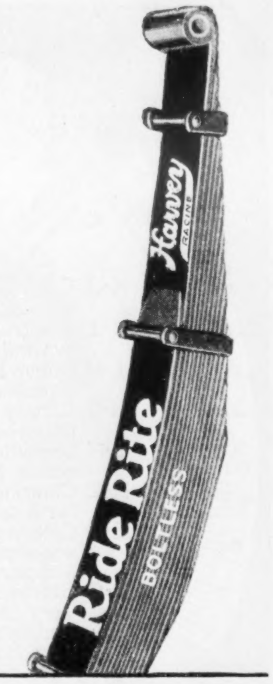

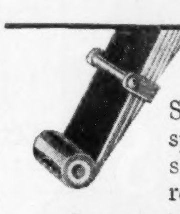

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J·I Fair & warmer, followed by wind & rain.
I·H Storm brewing in direction of wind.
H·G Cloudy & warmer, followed by unsettled.
G·F Unsettled, increasing winds & warmer.
F·E Clearing, slight squalls, fair & cooler tomorrow.
E·D Clearing, high winds, accompanied by squalls & cooler
D·C Stormy.
C Very stormy.
A Usually reaches this section for tornadoes.
A·B High winds & colder.
B·C Continued winds, followed by cool & cloudy.
C·D Increasing winds, followed by colder.
D·E Clearing with high winds & cool wave.
E·F High winds with cool wave preceded by squalls.
F·G Fair with fresh winds tonight & tomorrow.
G Fair with brisk winds which will diminish.
H·I Generally fair, probably cool today, variable winds.
I·J Clear tonight, continued cool, moderate winds.
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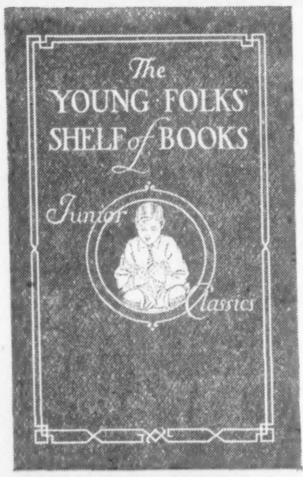
What Should Your Children Read?



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"The Bible is Good Enough for Me"

Continued from page 8

environment; they possessed the same inherited powers and weaknesses, the same capacities and incapacities, in so far as such things are matters of inheritance; they also had the same environment and had equal opportunity to be impressed by the influences that give us our ideals, mold our characters and lay the foundation for the principles that control our lives.

But these two boys differed widely, spiritually. One of them was virtuous; there is no record that he had ever dissipated, had ever sown any wild oats, or had a moral defect. The only criticism made of him was that he resented the favor shown his wicked brother when that brother, after squandering the money the father had laboriously accumulated, after indulging in every form of immorality, and after disgracing the family name, repented, returned, was forgiven, and welcomed with joy by the father.

This resentment was indefensible, but quite natural, because the elder son had never passed through the father's experiense and had never learned the depth of a father's love.

The younger son was wayward; his father's authority became irksome to him. He looked forward to his maturity as the day of his release and freedom. When it arrived, he immediately demanded his portion, then wasted it in riotous living, and finally found but one employment open to him—and that the most repulsive that could have been offered him. He was put to feeding hogs, and would fain have eaten of the husks. Heredity might explain the virtues of the older son or the vices of the younger son; but it cannot explain both; and so environment might explain either, but it cannot explain both.

Religion is the only force known that can explain the conduct of both. There is a spiritual gravitation that can draw all souls toward heaven—a law—the existence of which can be demonstrated as clearly by its results as the law of gravitation in the physical world can be demonstrated by its effect on matter.

Man Can Do What He Wills

THE story was intended to show that, no matter how far one wanders from the path of rectitude, no matter how often he falls, or how deep he sinks in the mire of sin, no cruel law of body or mind can, without his consent, chain him to the bottomless pit.

What is there in evolution to set a single star in the sinner's "sky"? Where is there a place in it for the cry of repentance? What "life line" does it throw out to the drowning man?

All social reform has its inspiration in the possible regeneration of individuals. We have many "twice-born men" who have come out of the slums, been washed clean and filled with a passion for service. Heredity cannot explain these.

If an individual can be changed in a moment by a change of heart, a new world may be born in a day. This possibility stimulates all the well-meaning to the greatest possible endeavor, and encourages us to believe that we may help to bring about these changes and thus lift the level upon which our children will stand—aye, even lift the level for ourselves.

I would propose, therefore, the acceptance of every means that can strengthen the body and improve the mind—accept such means for the benefit of the present generation and for the benefit of succeeding generations, but I would propose, also, religion, which Tolstoi described as the basis of morality. And I would propose the Christian religion as the influence that can overcome inherited defects and bad environment, and save society from the influence of a cold, cruel and merciless hypothesis that not only ignores the highest and best in man, but which, carried to its logical conclusion, condemns Christianity as a degenerating influence, calculated to injure the race by substituting for love and sympathy the killing off of the weak by the strong.

I would propose the Bible as a substitute for all materialistic doctrines, because the Bible is not only the foundation of our present standard of morals but also gives us our only conception of God and tells us of Jesus, the Christ.

The Bible assures us of the triumph of every righteous cause, presents the claims of a universal brotherhood in which men will unite their efforts in the spirit of friendship and establishes the prayer line of communication between the Heavenly Father and His children.

Darwinism enthrones selfishness; the Bible crowns love as the greatest force in the world.

Fast and Safe

Continued from page 19

with the nose of the car in the path of the train. The planks in every grade crossing ought to be smooth and perfectly laid. Splintered and split crossing planks, set far apart, increase the chances for stalling an automobile engine.

It is ignorance that causes automobile slaughter. With ignorance removed you and I and all the others can get more out of our cars. We must—and we can—learn how to use the automobile without danger to ourselves and without taking the lives of others.

The increase in automobile deaths in 1924 over 1923 was four per cent. The increase in 1923 over 1922 was twenty per cent, and there were 2,000,000 more cars in 1924 than in 1923.

This is because we are studying the traffic problem. The figures prove that killings can be reduced.

Tommy Milton's Pointers for Safe Driving

1. Learn your signals and make them carefully.
2. It is dangerous to TAKE your rights; wait for the other fellow to GIVE them to you.
3. There is danger in speeding up when a car passes you from behind.
4. Get your car entirely off the road, if possible, when stopping.
5. Consider as a possible death trap every overloaded, slowly moving truck that takes the middle of the road, instead of one side.
6. Consider as a possible death trap every roadside refreshment stand or filling station where cars stop in the road.
7. Worn tires, especially on the front wheels, are exceedingly dangerous to yourself and others.
8. Your brakes are not safe unless they will hold your car on any hill your car can climb.
9. Know how to brake your car on the engine in an extremity.
10. Too much play in your steering wheel is dangerous.
11. A spotlight on the right side of your car or dazzling lenses are dangerous.
12. Remember that overloaded trucks have overloaded brakes, which cannot be efficient.
13. Keep your car locked and out of the hands of joy-riders.
14. Remember that selfishness and greed in a competent driver may be even more dangerous than the inexperience of incompetent drivers.
15. Follow the rule that it is not speed so much as recklessness that causes accidents.
16. Remember that most grade crossing accidents are caused by drivers who, in excitement of peril, stall their engines.

The End of the World

Continued from page 11

"His hand made as if he'd drag you somewhere!" complained Tilly as they went up the path. "It was as if he said, 'Come on, come on!' Must we let him in?"

"Of course we must let him in! How else?"

"Perhaps when she eats it will be different," said Tilly to herself. "How I wish we had no fresh bread and I could make some funnel cakes for her!"

THE fire purred in the stove; the cat purred on his chair; the dog whimpered in his sleep. There was a lingering odor of roast chicken, of filling delicately flavored with onion and thyme, of stimulating and delicious mince pie. From without came the peevish, ominous sound of the wind, muttering in the tall trees, whispering uncannily in the corn stubble, whining at the keyhole. The afternoon was as dark as the morning had been bright.

Within were two voices raised antiphonally.

"And they sung as it were a new song read Betsey in her deep alto, *"as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."*

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne"—Tilly's voice was like that of dry weeds tortured by the wind—*"and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. . . ."*

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven"—the glory of the words exalted Betsey, their majesty awed her—*"having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."*

"Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him"—Tilly's voice grew shrill; she was increasingly terrified, not only by the Scripture and by the darkness of the day, but by something indefinable in the appearance and behavior of Betsey—*"for the hour of His judgment is come.* How glad I am, sister, that the hour of His judgment will not come in my time!"

Betsey was not listening; she was looking down the road.

"He's coming fast along," she answered in a strange voice.

Tilly closed her book, her eyes on Betsey, her mouth open. Eleazer came round the house and knocked upon the kitchen door, not briskly or cheerfully, but with three firm, deliberate raps.

Eleazer took off his hat, but he had no overcoat to take off and no gloves covered his purple hands. It was wonderful that one could eat at all and remain so shadowy. He sniffed the air and Tilly blushed—doubtless he disapproved of mince pie. The fleeting idea of feeding him entered her brain and passed out; once she had offered him doughnuts and he admonished her to fast. He sat in the middle of the room, and Betsey sat at her window and Tilly at hers. The whole outdoors was gray; the dresses of the sisters were gray; the carpet was gray; the cat was gray, and all the brilliant leopard's spots were hidden by the dog's brown-gray body.

Eleazer sat motionless, his head bent, his hands clasped between his knees. Tilly looked at him askance, her discomfort growing; Betsey looked at him earnestly, as though his silence were full of meaning. The silence grew intolerable to Tilly—what an outlandish way for a guest to behave!

"Oh, sister!" burst out Eleazer. "I bring a message!"

Tilly took courage—after all, everything she loved was enclosed in these four walls and all was safe.

"For us alone?" she inquired boldly.

"For you alone. You're set apart."

"How so?" faltered Tilly less bravely.

Eleazer uttered familiar words in a solemn voice:

"And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together. . . . For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

Suddenly Betsey began to speak. "Revelations opened of themselves in the morning hours."

Eleazer rose. Shadows gathered round him; his outstretched arm and pointing finger issued from a formless mass of shadows.

"A time, and times, and half a time are past."

Tilly was bewildered—Eleazer had gone mad! But when he began, "You remember that this stands in the Bible," she did remember that she knew these mysterious words. She looked at Eleazer's burning eye, and made one feeble effort to resist.

"Those things are too strong for our minds."

Eleazer gazed at her. "Strengthen your mind then! The time has come, I've worked it out by figures and by prayer. Everything has turned out as it was prophesied. Judgment is at hand; I'm here to tell you."

"Why to tell us?" asked Tilly. "Why not tell it in meeting?"

"The first message is to those who have lived alone."

"But we haven't lived alone; we've lived together," protested Tilly quickly. Then she understood Eleazer and blushed. "There are yet other single ones."

"Not many," answered Eleazer. "I and you and Tilly and the Stauffers—there are no others in our meeting except children."

"You mean that the end of the world is coming?"

"That's what I mean."

"Soon?" The double *o* drew itself out in long waves. Tilly leaned forward, hanging upon Eleazer's words. Betsey also hung upon his words.

"On Wednesday at midnight the world will be destroyed. I'm going to Shankweiler's Hill—the question is, will you be there with me?"

BETSEY'S eyes continued fixed upon the eyes of Eleazer. Tilly looked now at Eleazer, now at Betsey. Catching the Airedale's eye, her gaze remained fixed, as though to something stable. She put out a feeble hand toward the Airedale's nose.

"The world destroyed!"

"The heaven will be rolled up as a scroll. Everybody will appear in the judgment."

"Us and William Hershey and the Erlenbaughs?"

"Everybody."

"And William Hershey's little ones? And the beautiful trees?"

"Everything."

Tilly raised her hands and pressed them frantically to her cheeks. Betsey had asked a horrible question:

"Will it be by fire?"

"Fire and hail, lightning and thunder and earthquake. Like a puffball, now it will be, then it will not be."

Betsey remained rapt. Tilly looked at the cat—his head was hidden under the corner of her neckerchief; the dog—his grin was mocking; the gray landscape—rain was falling. She said an idiotic thing:

"Could this not wait till summer?"

Seeing Eleazer's eyes meet Betsey's, Tilly groaned; it was not she and Betsey against Eleazer, it was Eleazer and Betsey against her.

"Do you believe this, Betsey?"

"I do."

Again Tilly looked round frantically, the tentacles of her mind clutching now here, now there. "You believe William Hershey's little ones will be burned and frozen and torn to pieces in an earthquake?"

Betsey and Eleazer looked at her sorrowfully and silently.

"What will we do with the gray one and with him?"

Betsey shook her head, implying cruelly that this did not concern her.

"The gray one once caught three little mice in a nest," cried Tilly. "You know that, Betsey! And him! Think what he did for us already! When the woman came to try to sneak our old things off of us he made as if to bite her."

(Continued on page 40)

Every Champion
Uses a
SMITH & WESSON

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The End of the World

Continued from page 39

Betsey answered with the sweetness of a crooning mother and the positiveness of a seer.

"Everything is to be nothing."

Tilly's arms waved like the wind-tossed branches of a tree.

"Does he think watching on a hill for the end of the world will pay us for not having little ones like William Hershey's?"

Betsey's whisper seemed to come from the depths of her physical being; it came also from the depths of her spirit.

"It ought to, sister. Of all our meeting we have had least; now we are to have this great thing."

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon Tilly walked slowly through the house. Outside the air was cold and crisp and the world full of soft and lovely color. Inside golden gleams brought out the grain of fine walnut and the hidden color of luster ware. Shafts of light shone into all the corners, making plain the beauty of the old house in which no one had ever lived who was not immaculate in habit and simple in taste.

"Good-by!" said Tilly. "Good-by!"

The color was brightening as the sun sank; the world was increasingly wonderful and lovely. The pointed tip of Shankweiler's Hill showed clear against the western sky; in a few moments it would be in shadow. Close to the foot, looking in the distance like a hut, stood the little house of Eleazer. Was he preparing for the night? Or was he still in the cigar factory at Lanesville, calmly working, as Betsey said one should, till the end?

In the kitchen Tilly sat down on the settle. She had not cleared the table or washed the dishes, nor in her distress had she fed the animals. The gray one lay placidly on his chair—he had helped himself from the cream pitcher. The dog was more honorable; he had touched nothing. He came now and placed his head on Tilly's knee and made a little coaxing sound.

Suddenly, as if driven by desperation, she crossed the disorderly kitchen. She touched no soiled dish nor did she feed the dumb beasts; she took a basket from a nail in the cellarway, she brought a bowl and a large spoon, she filled a quart jar with flour and put sugar into a glass with a lid and brought a quart of milk from the cellar.

"Will he have salt?" she asked aloud. "Will he have salt? Surely he will have salt! Will he have soda? Will he have soda?"

She answered by adding the soda can to her other commodities. Did she intend, like primitive man, to take provender for her journey into the hereafter? She fetched a foot of sausage and laid it on top of all. She donned shawl and overshoes and stiff bonnet.

"It's something else," she muttered.

The gray one meowed; the dog looked sharply round as if helping her to find what she sought. Opening the cellar door, she took from a shelf an iron pot filled with lard.

The dog and the cat placed themselves between her and the door.

"Out of my way!" she cried sharply. "You can't stop me!

"It's something else," she said confusedly. She opened the walnut cupboard, displaying a collection of tin utensils, shining like silver. She had no difficulty in finding what she wished, a large funnel with a handle. With the iron pot in one hand, the basket in the other, the funnel lying upon the sausage, she went down the path and out the gate and down the road toward Eleazer's house. The evening had an unnatural brightness; though the sun had vanished, one could see far on every hand.

IN ELEAZER'S kitchen Tilly moved round. Her basket stood upon a chair; its contents were unpacked upon the table. A fire blazed in the stove; over it the lard in the iron pot began to melt.

"Sugar, flour, milk," she said, looking at the articles she had brought. "The milk must be warmed. Has he no pan?"

Her frantic eyes found among Eleazer's meager possessions a skillet and a saucepan and a plate which she set to heat. Her expression was ferocious; thus a soldier might look when, bayoneting an enemy, he cried, "Your life or mine!"

Eleazer's clock pointed to quarter to six. At six he would leave the factory, by half past he would be at home. Unless he should go directly to the hill!

"He must eat," said Tilly. "He has bread and butter. A man can't live altogether on religion. He must have strength to climb his hill."

She could not make the end of the world seem anything but Eleazer's cruel design.

"He ought to have kept this thing to himself," she said shrilly.

When the skillet was hot she placed the sausage in it, and at once a delicious aroma and a pleasant crackle filled the room.

"If only I had brought twice as much!" she cried fiercely.

A faint cloud rose from the lard, and she mixed the batter. "Flour, salt, sugar. Flour, salt, sugar."

She inspected the sausage and stirred the batter and inspected the sausage. Covering the aperture of the funnel with her finger, she filled it with batter. Over the pot of hot lard she removed her finger and gave the funnel a few rapid, deft turns, closed the opening, and moved it to another spot. The batter formed irregular spheres and took on a delicate tan color which deepened to a golden brown. When six islands floated in the boiling sea she dipped them out and created other islands.

"Six and six and six and six are twenty-four," she said at last.

Sprinkled with sugar, the funnel cakes stood at last, a golden heap on the hot plate on the back of the stove, rich, delectable, irresistible, indigestible. The sausage, equally rich, delectable, irresistible, indigestible, sizzled in the pan.

She was back in her house and the things were put away when Betsey entered.

"I'm going to milk," announced Betsey, blinking at the light.

"Why?" Tilly's tone was insolent.

"We must do our duty till the end."

"I haven't cooked supper. We have only bread."

Betsey sniffed the air; the odor of sausage and funnel cakes was not removed from Tilly's thick apparel. Tilly saw with cruel pleasure the disappointment in Betsey's eyes.

TOGETHER at eleven o'clock Betsey and Tilly went down the road. The glazed ruts were treacherous, but Betsey walked boldly, almost heedlessly, as though a broken leg or hip would make no difference at this point in her career, and behind her came Tilly, picking a more careful way. Tilly muttered; in her exhausted and terrified state she could not be sure that she had tempted Eleazer with funnel cakes. She lifted her shawl and sniffed it; surely it had the aroma of fat! Would Eleazer eat? Would he not hurl the cakes into the snow, where they would melt little beds before the cold chilled them into sodden balls? He would be waiting, perhaps impatiently, and together they would ascend the glittering hill. Tilly looked up; Orion lay on his back; it was queer how one could lie so comfortably upside down.

In Eleazer's house a dim light burned. Betsey turned and laid an affectionate hand on Tilly's shaking arm.

"Come, sister."

"I've always tried to do my duty."

"You have done your duty," said Betsey approvingly.

"I had always a good time in life." Tilly spoke as though she were already dead. "We can't ever sing together again."

"We shall sing more beautiful songs."

"Yes, with a hundred and forty-four thousand! It will not be just you and I. And we can't look at the nice out-of-doors."

"It will be beautiful."

"Not more beautiful than this," contradicted Tilly. "How can things go t nothing?"

"We shall soon see." Taking a firmer hold on Tilly's arm, Betsey guided her to Eleazer's door. Ascending the step and modestly refraining from a glance at the window, she rapped. There was no answer. She rapped again. Th step creaked beneath their weight.

"This wood is rotten," complained Tilly. "Why doesn't he mend his things?"

"He's gone," exclaimed Betsey. "We will start too."

Made bold by desperation, Tilly peered in the window.

"He's not gone," she cried triumphantly. "He's laying on the settee! I can see him good."

Betsey rapped; there was something stern and admonishing in her *rat-a-tat-tat*.

"Eleazer!" she called. "Eleazer!"

Still there was no answer. Tilly pressed her face tightly against the pane. The skillet was empty; so was the plate. She opened the door. Trying vainly to restrain her, Betsey followed after.

"He's dead!" she declared solemnly. "He's already called. Come, Tilly, we must go alone."

Tilly seized the prone figure by the shoulder. Eleazer lived and breathed, but in one respect he seemed to be ready for the judgment; he seemed to have come through great tribulation. Tilly looked at him without compunction.

"Get up!" she commanded. "Get up, Eleazer! Get up! The end of the world is at hand."

Eleazer lifted his heavy head. There was about him at this moment nothing mystical, nothing even remarkably devout; he was merely a poor soul who had had too good a meal.

"I'll have nothing to do with it," he declared and lay quickly down. "All I ask is that you leave me sleep."

TILLY'S hand guided Betsey down the step. The multitudinous stars still glittered; the Milky Way seemed to extend from horizon to horizon; Orion looked down benevolently. Sky and air were so clear that a planet could be seen to set as the sun had set.

"We're surely going to the hill!" said Betsey faintly.

Tilly was terrified; she had believed that Betsey had given up the idea of going to the hill.

"Listen!" she cried.

Far away over the icy fields there was a sound. Either their clock was more than usually wrong or they had spent all the hour between eleven and twelve. The Lanesville clocks were striking.

"It's midnight now!" said Tilly.

The sisters stood still and looked up A meteor shot across the sky, and Betsey began to quiver and to sway, but Tilly held her firmly.

"Such a shooting star is like a pebbl kicked by a boy," she explained. "It' a loose star. The big ones are fast lik the mountains. Look up at the big stars sister, and see how solid they are fixed A shooting star"—Betsey's face had never been more rapt than the fac which Tilly lifted—"a shooting star i like the rainbow to show us that thing are to be as they are; anyhow, in ou time."

Betsey let herself be led on, and together they went in the gate.

"These things are too strong for ou minds." Tilly repeated her oft-expressed conviction. "I would rathe read in the front of the Bible where th world is made than in the back where i bursts apart. It's safer."

From within the house came a lon bark. It was a desperately hungr bark, but it was happier than it wa hungry.

"He's glad we're coming home," sai Tilly, opening the door. "Just li once how glad!"

She moved Betsey before her and pu her down on the settle. The dog leape frantically; the gray one arched h back and meowed. Tilly panted—Be sey weighed two hundred pounds. Betse blinked as though she were wakin from a trance.

"Now," said Tilly tenderly, "I'll ma us a little something at once hot an solid; then we'll go to bed. To-morro we'll live right again."

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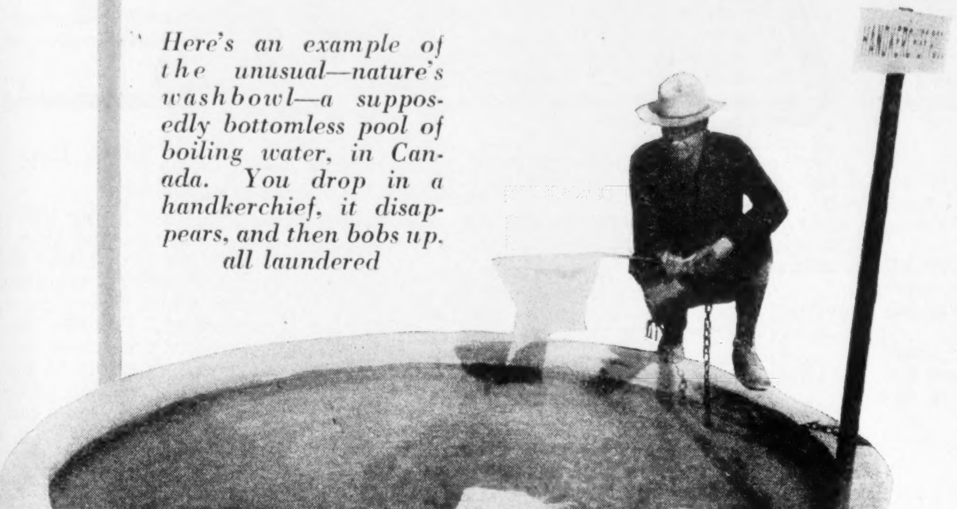
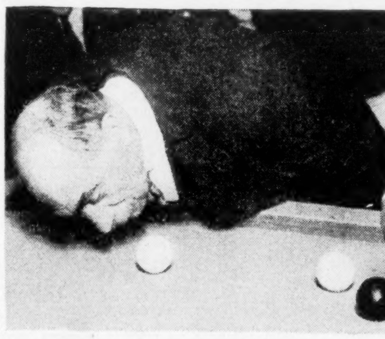


Here's an example of the unusual—nature's washbowl—a supposedly bottomless pool of boiling water, in Canada. You drop in a handkerchief, it disappears, and then bobs up, all laundered



This is a stunt, a man who uses his nose as a billiard cue

Beginning early. This little chap has apparently learned thoroughly his first lesson in hygiene

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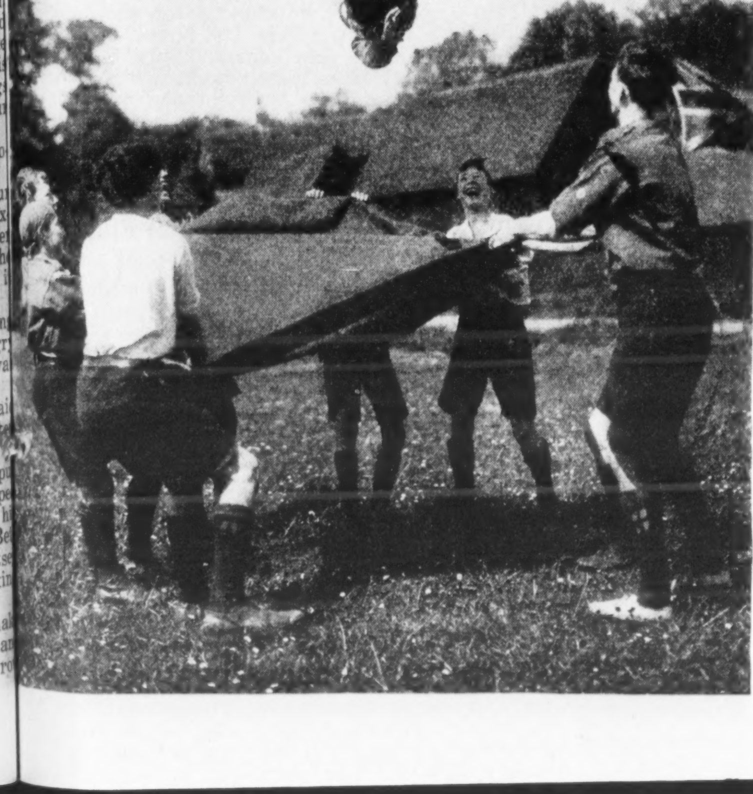
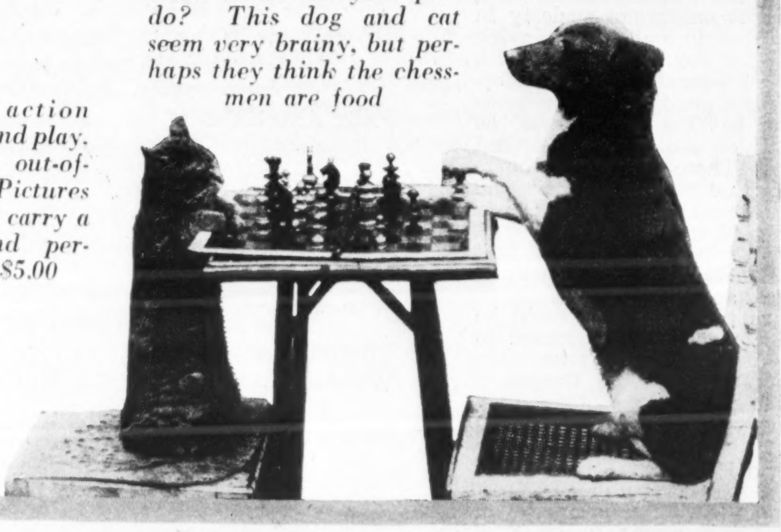


There's action in this, and play, and the out-of-doors. Pictures like this carry a kick—and perhaps $5.00

What tricks can your pets do? This dog and cat seem very brainy, but perhaps they think the chessmen are food



Above are a few photographs which will give you an idea of what we want.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

An Exiled Georgian on the Klan

To the Editor of Collier's:

I HAVE just read with interest your recent editorial on the decline of the Ku Klux Klan. It seems to me that it would be well to say something about the effect of the Klan in Georgia, where it was born, and particularly in Atlanta, the city where the so-called Imperial Wizard and his cohorts hold forth.

In the autumn of 1924, seventy-five leading business men of Atlanta gathered at luncheon to determine why a tremendous business slump had seized the city and state, and to adopt some method for stemming the tide. They openly blamed the Klan, charging its officeholders with increasing taxation and bringing about conditions little short of commercial Bolshevism.

With the Klan still in the saddle their efforts appear to have had little effect. Within the last three months it is estimated that more than 40,000 persons have left Atlanta, mostly for Florida, and the movement southward from other parts of the state where the Klan is in control is increasing daily. It is said that in the Atlanta post office there are 32,000 forwarding addresses to Florida points.

The Negro was the first Georgian to leave. Klan lynchings, burnings at the stake, threats and mysterious warnings soon convinced the Negro that he was unsafe and he left. There may be some justification in the charge that there is no labor in Georgia, but why?

What I have written I know to be facts. I am a native Georgian.

MAXWELL KNOWLES, Miami, Florida.

Write Your Own Title

To the Editor of Collier's:

Being of a virtuous mind I find it necessary to pass my opinion on the young woman's letter which appeared in a recent Collier's, signed "One of Them."

This young woman's standards, and I believe there are others, are entirely too flimsy for her own good—if she but knew. She speaks of wearing underapparel as I would quote a Mother Goose rhyme; she wears men's clothing, which does not encourage modesty in our sex; bathes in public, displaying her body when it should be covered with a sensible woolen dress. I do not understand what she means by a one-piece bathing suit, but I'm sure it must be something which can be easily traced to impurity. There are other things she mentions that my conscience would not allow me to write, but if she cares I would be glad to send her a list of very interesting reading matter that I'm sure she's in need of—something of the upward and onward type.

I feel sure this poor girl could be helped and I would be so pleased to know that— "I'M ONE,"

Mount Hood, Oregon.

Mere Man Gets His

To the Editor of Collier's:

Jonathan Plutes seems to be very much against women drivers. He says they should be done away with or improved. Every Monday our local paper is full of week-end motor accidents, but few are caused by women drivers.

I have been driving for three seasons and cannot remember of ever having a woman driver cut in on me, but I can't begin to tell you of the reckless stunts I have seen the men do.

Have never stripped the gears on my car and if I ever took a left turn when I had signaled to the right it was because some man got in my way.

Keep the men drivers off the roads for six months and you would see the deaths caused by motor accidents decrease about 99 per cent.

AMY KULBARSH, Torrington, Conn.

To the Editor of Collier's:

Who have the greatest percentage of accidents—the women or men drivers? Of course the reason is "when us men see you women coming we always give you the highway and take the ditch for safety." That *sounds* good, but it's a bit old and worn.

Bah! It is all too true that this IS a free and equal country, and the men don't like the women to have an opportunity to prove their qualifications—not only in automobile driving but in a commercial way. B. E. N.,

Bedford, Ind.

Clothes Make the Policeman

To the Editor of Collier's:

Some time ago one of your readers mentioned the predicament motorists are in nowadays in regard to distinguishing a hold-up man from an officer of the law.

My suggestion is that no one be permitted to make an arrest on the road who is not in uniform, and that all of the states adopt state police who are to be given the entire job of looking after motor traffic. C. H. HOLLISTER,

Mukwonago, Wis.

Clear-Visioned All Seven Days

To the Editor of Collier's:

There seems to be one thing people generally are overlooking—and that is that certain states are prohibiting the teaching of evolution without resorting to new legislation which I regard as altogether unnecessary. It has been the practice in the past for school committees and boards of education to wish to know the religious affiliation of the applicant for a position and school committees sometimes decline to employ a teacher who does not bear the proper church stamp.

Another thing is, scientists and modernists have been playing the old game of compromise. This is likely to happen again.

What the scientists seem anxious to accomplish is to create the impression or conviction that scientific discoveries do not run contrary to established Christian dogma. When scientists are scientists on week-days and superstitiously religious on Sundays they are simply playing into the hands of the Fundamentalists.

REV. CHARLES GRAVES,

Hartford, Conn.

It's a Good Story

To the Editor of Collier's:

On reading an article this morning on woman suffrage, this thought suggested itself: The suffrage amendment may have given women equality of opportunity in the field of politics, but it did not give them "freedom of the seas" of matrimony.

Here's an example. Some time ago I ran across an old friend whom I had not seen for years. His first question was, "Why don't you get married?" My answer was the usual excuse. My friend then said, "Stop looking for someone that will suit you and reverse the thing—seek someone that you will suit." I did and, after waiting the prescribed time, was pronounced a benedict.

My local paper now informs me that this friend has become "spliced." To the vast army of unmarried men who will follow the advice given me, I will say, in the language of the late Dr. Munyon, "There is hope!" Unfortunately, this cannot apply to women; they have to be sought after—a heartless custom forbids them to go seek.

W. G. COX,

Burlington, N. C.

For an Equality of Ethics

To the Editor of Collier's:

One of the most pathetic manifestations of modern social progress is the persistent perversion of the right and proper doctrine of the social and political equality of the sexes, on the part of some of the good women who advocate that doctrine. The burden of their argument is to the effect that women have the right to be just as bad as men.

Of course there is no question of "rights" involved. No man, nor woman either for that matter, who does not live up to the generally accepted standard of moral decency has any rights to social standing that society is under the slightest obligation to respect.

The obvious answer is: Penalize all both men and women alike, who violate the rules. C. C., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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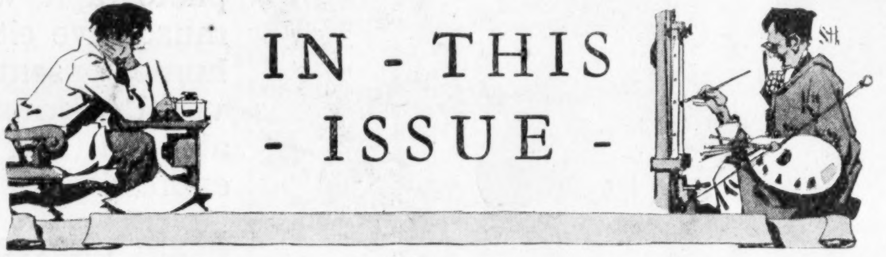

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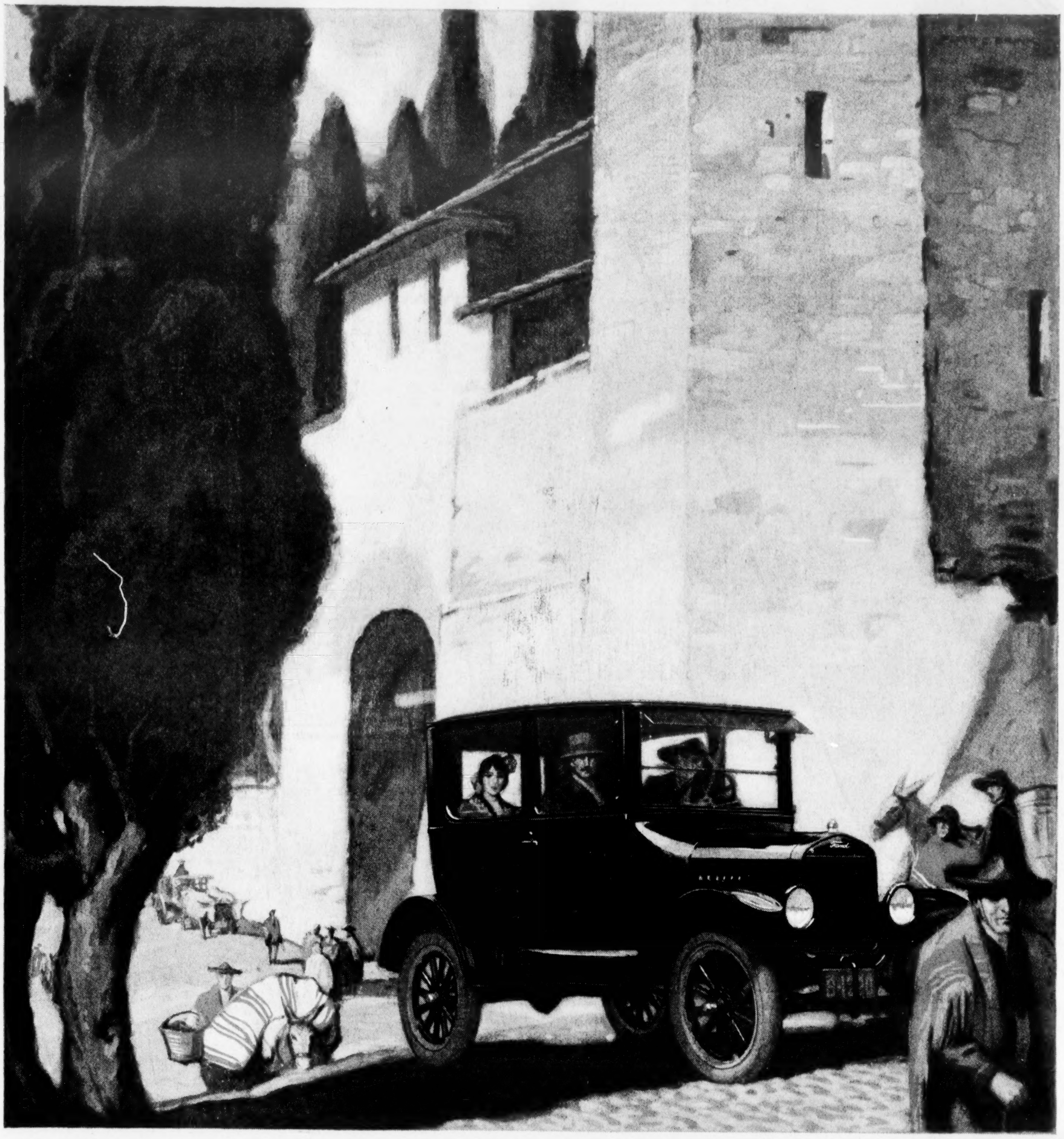

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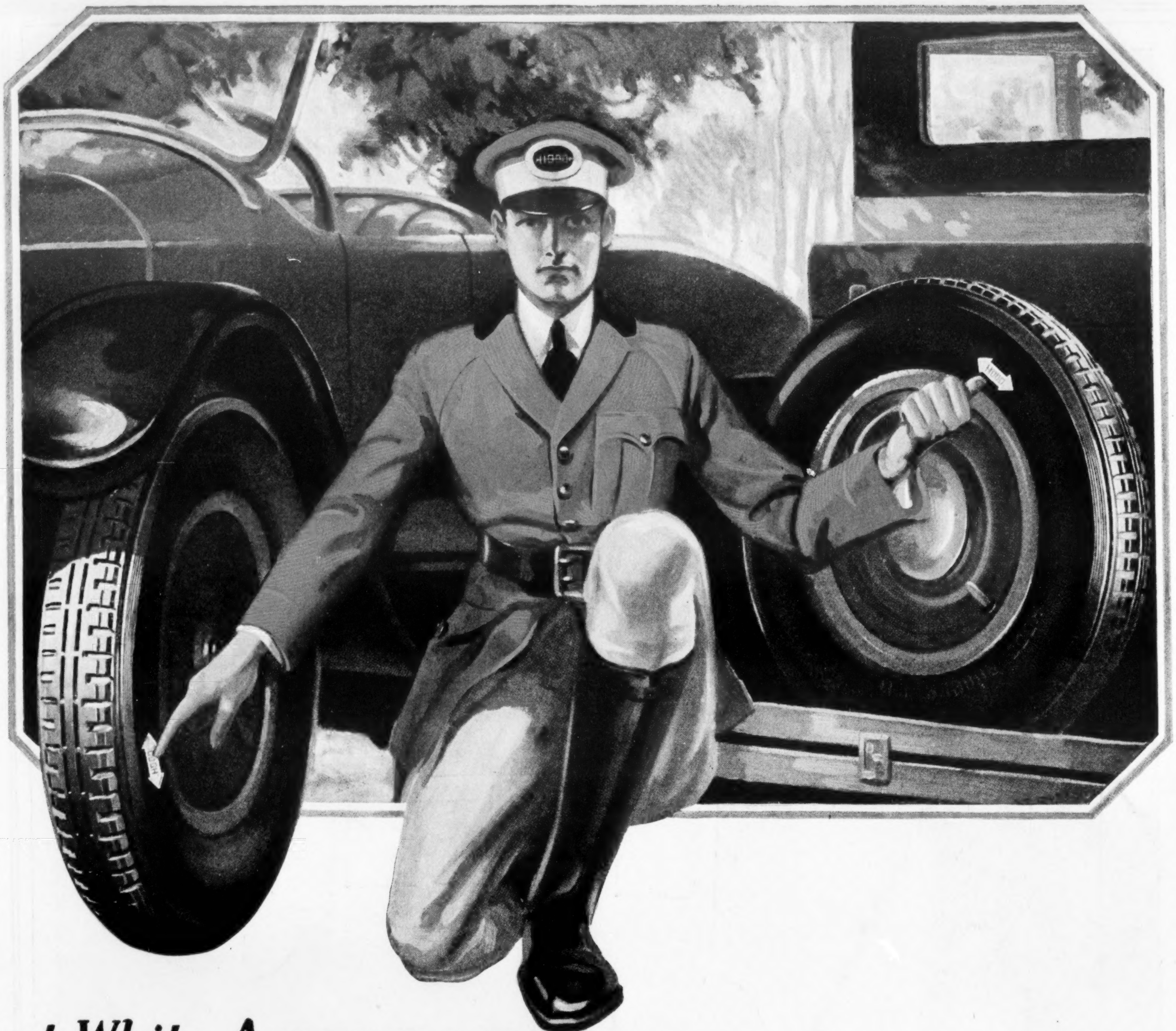

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